

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

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THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER.

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J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton. On MONDAY, FEB. 14, and during the Week, the Grand Pantomime, WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in England. Morning Performances, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Feb. 2, 3, and 5. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.—On MONDAY, FEB. 14, Mr. Irving will appear (for the first time) as Othello and Miss Bateman (also for the first time) as Emilia. Morning Performances of LEAH will be given THIS MORNING (Saturday) and NEXT SATURDAY, at 2 o'clock, terminating at 4.15.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—EVERY EVENING will be performed a New and Original Play, in Five Acts, entitled ANNE BOLEYN. By Tom Taylor, Esq. Characters by Messrs. Howe, C. Harcourt, Arthur Cecil, Conway, Everill, R. Moore, Weathersby, Matthison, Forbes Robertson, Dolman, Kyle, Braid, Clark, Osborne, &c.; Miss Neilson, Mesdames Lucy Buckstone, Minnie Walton, Carlisle, E. Thorne, B. Henri, M. Harris, E. Harrison, Mellish, Beverley, &c. Synopsis of Scenery—Act I, Wood; Act II, Won; Act III, Wed; Act IV, Wronged; Act V, Doomed. New Scenery by T. O'Connor, T. Hall, and G. Morris. Notwithstanding the great success of Romeo and Juliet, it has been withdrawn, it has been withdrawn in accordance with previous arrangements. Due notice will be given of its reproduction. Stage Manager, Mr. Howe. Doors open at 7; commence at 7.30. Box-office open 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.
At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Theresa Valery, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended.—N.B. Morning Performances of "Our Boys" this day (Saturday) and Saturday next, Feb. 19.
Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKAY.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 precisely, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's New and Original Fairy Play, BROKEN HEARTS. Characters will be played by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hollingshead, Miss Plowden, Mr. Kendal, and Mr. G. W. Anson. Preceded by, at 7.30, A MORNING CALL—Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly. At 10, A QUIET RUBBER.—Mr. Hare, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Herbert, and Miss Plowden. Box-office hours 11 till 5. No fees for booking seats.
Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. John Huy.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—THIS EVENING, at 7, TWO TO ONE, AT 7.45, A LESSON IN LOVE—Messrs. Vernon and Grahame; Mesdames Marian Terry and Ada Swanborough. At 9.45, CRACKED HEADS—Messrs. Terry and Cox; Mesdames Claude and Venne. Concluding with THE DOCTOR'S BROUGHAM—M. Marius, H. Carter, and Maria Jones.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.—EVERY EVENING, at 8, Offenbach's celebrated Opéra-Bouffe of MADAME L'ARCHIDUC. The libretto by H. B. Farnie. Artists: Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Violet Granville, Miss Clara Vesey, Mr. W. J. Hill, M. Felix Bury, Mr. E. Connell, Mr. W. G. Bedford, Mr. C. Campbell, Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. B. R. Pepper, Mr. C. E. Parry, and Miss Kate Santley. Musical Director, Mr. Hamilton Clarke. The Opera will be preceded by a New Comedietta, by Mr. G. L. Gordon, entitled A HORNET'S NEST—Mr. Fred Sullivan, Mr. C. E. Parry, Mr. G. L. Gordon, Miss Whitmore, and Miss Annie Palmer. To conclude with Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert's Dramatic Cantata of TRIAL BY JURY—Mr. Fred Sullivan, Mr. Knight Aston, Mr. E. Connell, Mr. C. Campbell, and Miss Clara Vesey. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Commence 7.15; carriages 11.15. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Morton. Stage Manager, Mr. R. Barker.—Notice. A Morning Performance, on SATURDAY, FEB. 19, of MADAME L'ARCHIDUC and a New Musical Absurdity, entitled CRASED. Commence at 2 o'clock.

SURREY THEATRE.—Lessee, W. Holland. Enormous success. Every Evening, at 7.45, Grand Pantomime, JACK THE GIANT KILLER. Written by F. W. Green. Misses Jennie Lee, Nelly Moon, Susie Vaughan, Lizzie Mordaunt, Sisters Elliott; Messrs. James Fawn, H. Taylor, Tom Trump (the smallest man in the world), Harry Croustie (the great Surrey Clown). Scenery by Mr. W. Maugham. Preceded, at 7.30, with Farce. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2. Children half price to all parts of the house. No charge for booking. Stage Manager, J. H. Doyne. Secretary, T. B. Warne. Acting Manager, W. Parker.

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Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Opening of the Grand New Entrances and immense success of the best Pantomime ever produced, THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. Splendid scenery. Mr. Richard Douglass. Gorgeous costumes, brilliant pageants and spectacle. Every Evening, at 7. Morning Performances every Monday and Thursday, at 12.30, to which children under ten half price. The celebrated Paynes from Covent Garden as pantomimists. Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Fred. Payne, Mr. H. Payne, and Mr. J. Barnum, Miss Jenny Beauclerc, Miss Rose Graham, and Miss Emmeline Cole.

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ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing in the New Hall. Every Evening, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SPITZ SPITZE, THE SPIDER CRAB; or, the Sprite of Spitzbergen, written by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and H. Spry. New and elaborate scenery. Music by Oscar H. Barrett. Messrs. Geo. Conquest and his Son, Herbert Campbell, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses Amy Forrest, Dot Robinson, Lizzie Claremont, Lizzie, Laura, and Ada Conquest. Clown, R. Inch; Harlequin, W. Osmond; Pantaloon, W. Ash; Columbines, Misses Osmond and Barry. To conclude with a favourite Drama. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE. Facing the Houses of Parliament. Great Pantomime, LADY GODIVA; or, Harlequin St. George and the Dragon and the Seven Champions. There is but one opinion; the press, the public, and profession pronouncing the Palace of Elephants to be the greatest of all great exhibitions. The Pantomime for 1876 includes all the Remarkable Events of the Times. Cave of Kalaba, Birthplace of St. George, Lady Godiva's Ride through Coventry, Palace of Elephants, Mid-Air Fight, Prince of Wales in India, and the Great Elephant-Hunt, &c. This Pantomime is strictly moral; no indecent dressing.—Sole Proprietors, John and George Sanger. Prices as usual.—N.B. Morning Performances at 1.30 every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday only.

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Admission, 5d., 3s., 2s., and 1s.—W. Morton, Manager.

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PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

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and
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No fees. No charge for Programmes.

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RACING FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.

La Marche 13	Newbridge 21
Bromley First Spring 15, 16	Doncaster Hunt 21, 22
Moreton-in-Marsh 17	Streatham 22, 23
Croydon February 17, 18	Worcester Spring 24, 25
Auteuil 20, 27	Halverstown 29

MARCH.

Sandown Park First Spring 2, 3	Royal Artillery S.C. 18
Auteuil 5, 12, 19, 23, 26	Lincoln Spring 20, 21, 22
Croydon March 7, 8, 9	Liverpool Spring 23, 24, 25
Downpatrick 8, 9	Maidstone 27
So. Wold Hunt (Horncastle) 9	Sandbeck Hunt (Retford) 27
Rotherfield 13	Northampton 28, 29
Grand Military (Rugby) 13, 14	Cragmore Hunt (Ireland) 28, 29
Bristol 14, 15, 16	Crewkerne 28, 29
Wye Steeplechases 16	Southdown Hunt (Ringmer) 29
Kirby Moorside 16	Pontefract Spring 30, 31
Swindon 17	Warwick Spring 30, 31—1

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. D., Edinburgh.—Our contributor failed us. The subject of your letter, however, shall receive our earliest attention.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

Circular Notes.

WITH the fear of the Lord Chief Justice before our eyes, we shall not adduce the I O U-pion Gas Company trial in relation to what Shakespeare (who was more than once guilty of contempt of Court) calls "the law's delay;" but it would be a blessing to all of us if the opening of the New Law Courts heralded an era of briefer trials—of one's patience—than those which have latterly become so fashionable at Westminster and in the City. If the hearings were always entertaining, it would not so much matter; but, unfortunately, Mr. Hawkins is not always in the bill, and oftentimes the part which Mr. Serjeant Ballantine is called upon to play acts like a wet blanket on his natural flow of humour. Moreover, you never know when a weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable case is done with. More frequently than not it resembles one of those embarrassing tales in the *London Journal*, and is "continued in our next." At the same time, it must be owned that we are greatly indebted to reformers of the Dr. Kenealy stamp for having done so much to relieve the tedium incidental to an appeal case. He moves—chiefly in processions—with the spirit of the age. He calls in the aid of brass bands and banners when he makes an appeal to an enlightened and high-minded jury of his fellow-countrymen.

It is said of a certain jocose parson—was it the Rev. Rowland Hill?—that he once interrupted the thread of his discourse to rebuke a number of persons who had taken shelter in his chapel during a shower of rain. "He had often heard of religion being made a cloak, but they had used it as an umbrella." At a recent political gathering—the luncheon of the South Durham Liberal Association—which so far as we can ascertain was not organised on rabidly teetotal principles, the Rev. Thomas Campbell stated it to be "his opinion"—and, "of course, in the estimation of his friends on the other side he was totally wrong, that good Liberalism is just the principle of the

New Testament carried into the region of good government." In this column we are not politicians, but we would, nevertheless, earnestly enjoin Mr. Campbell to either abstain from making party speeches after Liberal luncheons or else to brush up his logic. According to him Mr. Disraeli and the right hon. gentleman's colleagues, who are not "good Liberals," cherish and act up to principles which are not to be found in the New Testament, and are therefore—the reader may finish the inference for himself.

While our contemporaries' "sporting articles," as they are termed, are so rich in "information," we may be spared the task of "tipping" on our own account. It is notorious, not only that "reliable vaticinators" never err, but that their phraseology is the only arrangement of words and sentences which ought properly to pass current amongst the lovers of horse-racing. We have gone to a rill from the well of tipping pure and undefiled. There lies before us an article a column and a bittock in length, which is labelled with the conventional title-line "Notes and Anticipations." We have learned a good deal therefrom which we did not know before. The Anticipations our readers must look out for themselves, but it will be interesting to the latter to know that a person who makes a handicap is not a handicapper; but "a compiler of the weights." "Monetary transactions commence in earnest, and long lists of quotations may be daily expected to emanate from Tattersall's." Who will dare to deny the straightness or value of this kind of information? Inasmuch as the "tactics of the stable are mysterious, it will, perhaps, be more prudent for the public backer to wait." What the private backer is to do Heaven only knows! "I am still of opinion that Mr. Howett will depend upon Gem of Gems, and, until I know for certain that some accident has happened to her, or that she will not be among the competitors, I shall be firm in my allegiance to my first love for the first big handicap of the season." Verily a brave resolve! May one ask if our most luminous guiding star would regard a bad quarter of an hour at the Victoria in the light of an accident? "From Eltham I hear great complaints of the number of notoriously bad characters who obtained admission to the stand and inclosures. The evil has long been a crying one, and unless clerks of courses and lessees, more especially in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, take energetic measures to abate the nuisance, the respectable portion of the racing community will retire from an active pursuit of the sport in disgust." By "retiring from an active pursuit of the sport" he probably means that they may decline visiting Eltham altogether, as he did; but he might well have gone further in his expressions of righteous indignation. He ought to know that "the respectable portion of the racing community" are oftener than otherwise conspicuous by their absence at meetings of the Eltham calibre. On the whole, we have greatly profited by a careful perusal of a "sporting article."

Hull, which is not, as a rule, a lively place, is waking up. A certain portion of the public "are earnestly requested not to attend theatres, concerts, music-halls, and such-like wicked places, as a series of entertainments will be provided for their special amusement—such as religious bazaars, teas, congregational concerts, Saturday-night entertainments, spelling bees, sacred concerts, at which comic and sentimental songs, readings from plays, &c., will form the staple amusement." We wish we could read between the lines of the above extraordinary advertisement. As it stands it looks very like a joke. Not but what religious bazaars are occasionally festive enough. For instance, lotteries, which are illegal, habitually form an integral part of the constitution of religious bazaars.

Mr. J. C. Buckmaster, F.C.S., has been making turtle soup, frying soles, and cooking omelettes in the Quaker town of Darlington. He has not, so far as we are aware, been grazing there. He would appear, indeed, to have sickened of the graminivorous diet which he has been advocating elsewhere than in Darlington. If Mr. Buckmaster is not careful South Kensington will have to appoint another lecturer. There are men (and women) unaccredited by South Kensington who can fry fish as artistically as he; whose hands are as deft at the production of an omelette. We look to him to prove that beans and cabbage are as palatable and nutritious without bacon as they are with its aid, and we expect him to flourish on the Lenten fare which he so glibly prescribes for the entertainment of the working classes. Until Mr. Buckmaster can produce a toothsome omelette without eggs, or pease-soup without the help of its most expensive element, he must not feel annoyed if we set him down as an impostor. Besides, have not we a right to know what he lives on? Again we ask him to produce his last month's hotel bills.

A suburban workhouse chaplain has resigned. He had no fault to find with the board of guardians or the salary which they paid him. The real cause of his lamented secession is to be found in the fact that Moody and Sankey's hymns were for ever being sung by the inmates of the workhouse. Who is entitled to the greater amount of sympathy—the indoor paupers or the chaplain?

As Newcastle-on-Tyne is, or was, famous for its coals, so is Nottingham for its worms. Just as people send to Banbury or Shrewsbury for cakes, or to Grantham for gingerbread, so do gentle anglers send to "the Forest" for "lob worms," or, as they are probably termed, for "cockspurs." It will grieve the heart of the votary of old Izaak to know that the price of worms has gone up. Whereas from half a crown to three shillings per thousand was the price formerly paid, the present rate is nearly double. We have been told of an expert at the difficult game of extraction that he recently declared his intention "not to pull another worm under six shillings a thousand."

With no reference to recent or impending trials, we turn up Hood, and find in his inimitable poem, "A Black Job," the following significant lines:—

To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks or fancy bread of rubble,
To light with gas the whole celestial cope,
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And, Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

It is to be hoped that Mr. Tom Taylor's play will run, if only for the sake of hard-up writers of good burlesque. There never was a drama which offered so many legitimate opportunities for genuine fun. What would not a Strand or Criterion company do with the baby, and the dance, and the yawn in the first scene, and the author's dreadful habit of alliteration? Why, if the dance could have been seen before Christmas we should have had it in every one of the pantomimes! At the Haymarket the hop is just quaint; at any other house it would be intensely comic. Touching the alliteration, all we have to say is that Mr. Tom Taylor ought to be ashamed of himself. The trick is ridiculously easy. Any idiot—even such an idiot as the author of "Edward VII."—could manage it. Lines like "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," "A 'eart that is 'umble might 'ope for it 'ere," and "O 'ow 'appy ought the rich to feel," are outdone in numberless instances in the harsh blank verse of Mr. Taylor's play. Then the bow-and-arrow business, and the crushing of the King's miniature—why, the whole play comes so close upon the line which, according to Mr. Edmund Burke, separates the sublime from the ridiculous, that the piece ought to run, if only for the sake of those irreverent humourists who—on this side of the Channel, at least—furnish funny libretti for the entertainment of a "Strand" audience.

CHAMOIS-SHOOTING.

It is not so very long since we had the pleasure of conversing with one of the best Scotch deer-stalkers and most successful of chamois-hunters. According to this gentleman's experience, getting a shot at red deer is mere child's-play compared to getting within range of the lynx-eyed and keen-scented chamois. No one need to sleep out all night upon an icy mountain ledge to kill a red deer; but, in order to circumvent a chamois, the ardent sportsman is often compelled to adopt this course for many nights at a time before he even sees his quarry. Then, again, deerstalkers crawl up the mountain side as a rule, while the chamois-hunter's object is to attain a high altitude first, and then creep down towards the object he wishes to "draw a bead" upon. At grey dawn the chamois-hunter is on the alert, and by the aid of his clear-eyed Swiss guide and one of Steward's best "deerstalker's" glasses he sweeps the rocky peaks and ledges within his ken. If he is lucky enough to "spot" the "sentinel" chamois perched on some pinnacle of rugged granite, the party separate in order to circumvent the flock—a proceeding which, in nine cases out of ten, ends in miserable discomfiture. Sometimes, however, the party above the chamois get a crack, at others those below. The Swiss guide in our illustration has got below the "sentinel" this time, and with his old-fashioned Swiss double-barrelled rifle is about to take aim at the out-maneuvred old goat on the pinnacle above him. Even should the bullet take effect, not a bone of the quarry may ever be picked at the camp fire. Sometimes the death-struck chamois topples off the giddy ledge, and bounding from projecting crag to crag, as he falls downwards, eventually lodges in some inaccessible crevice, a mere pommelled mass of shapeless skin and bone. At other times the hunters find it impossible to get at the ridge upon which the chamois has fallen. Should the party, however, succeed in putting their hands upon the "old goat," great is the rejoicing and horn-blowing, and many the "nips" of old cognac indulged in. The flesh of the chamois eats more like goat's than deer's meat, and, from a gourmand's point of view, is a dead failure. The wild, sterile, and romantic scenery, the dead silence of the Alpine heights where the dangerous sport is pursued, and the extreme arduousness of the pursuit, all have charms for the true sportsman and lover of nature. Sportsmen—we mean the genuine article, not the base semblance but now too common—love sport for sport's sake, and it is not the prize they value so much as the winning of it. The Swiss mountaineers are ardent chamois-hunters, and many of the goitre-afflicted inhabitants of the Alpine hamlets lose their lives yearly in hunting the wild goat.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' BALL AT WILLIS'S ROOMS.

THE non-commissioned officers of the 2nd Life Guards held their annual ball at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Friday, the 4th inst., their Colonel and most of the officers being present, the guests numbering over three hundred. The music was excellent, and dancing was kept up in real earnest till after six a.m., and even then the guests seemed loth to depart. The supper was of a most recherché kind. Much credit is due to Corporal-Major Hornblower, under whose able management the whole was conducted, with the assistance of Corporal-Majors Grieves and Mervyn.

WILDFOWL PRESERVATION BILL.—In the House of Commons, Mr. Chaplin has obtained leave to introduce a bill relating to the preservation of wildfowl.

GAME LAWS (SCOTLAND) BILL.—In the House of Commons, Mr. McLagan has obtained leave to introduce a bill to amend the laws relating to game in Scotland.

In consequence of the death of Earl Howe, the Atherstone hounds will not hunt until further notice.

The *East Anglian Daily Times* announces that Captain White, master of the East Essex foxhounds, has intimated his intention of resigning the mastership, and that Colonel Jelf Sharpe will also resign the mastership of the Essex and Suffolk foxhounds at the close of the present season.

SKATING PARTY AT THE BLACKHEATH RINK.—On Tuesday evening a skating party was given at the Blackheath rink by a committee of gentlemen, and was numerously attended, the interior of the building being converted into a very elegant ball-room by the employment of flags, flowers, and other means of decoration. Dancing—or, rather, skating—commenced at eight o'clock to the music of the Royal Horse Artillery band, and was maintained, with but slight intervals, until twelve. A large proportion of the dances on the programme were waltzes, the long, swinging movement of wheel-skating rendering the execution of this dance tolerably easy, although quadrilles and lancers were also gracefully accomplished by the couples who ventured on this somewhat novel style of dancing. "Sir Roger de Coverley" brought the evening's entertainment to a successful termination.

"GEORGE PAYNE."

In every walk of life there will be found certain individual whose names, divested of all titles of courtesy or dignity are household words in the mouths of the public, who regard such familiar appellations as that which appertains to the subject of this sketch in the light of compliments to the men they most delight to honour. These are the happy instances in which familiarity does not breed contempt; and whether in statecraft or sport our assertion will be found to hold good. Ministers are endeared to their several sets of followers by such affectionate diminutives as "Pam" or "Dizzy," while none could be found to take such liberties with the names of Gladstone or Kenealy. In the same way the racing division, which would shrink from disturbing the serene austerity which clings to such followers of the sport as Falmouth or Lonsdale, takes a hearty pleasure in reckoning as one of them the evergreen and ever-popular "George Payne." To be hail fellow well met with all classes of the great turf community, without losing caste or dignity in any degree; to be endowed with the gift of consummate popularity, combined with the will and power to keep men in their proper places; to earn golden opinions without exciting envy or engendering opposition,—such characteristics fall not to the lot of many, and least of all to those who have experienced the vicissitudes of a long life devoted to sport. The so-called racing public, fickle and inconstant to a degree, perpetually setting up idols only to cast them down from their pedestals, and enlisting under one flag after another as fortune or caprice dictates, have been unwavering in their faith and true and fast in their allegiance to the black and white stripes of George Payne.

And yet it cannot be said to be due to the luck of the man that he has thus succeeded in achieving the position which he holds in the affections of those connected with racing. Never, probably, has it fallen to the lot of anyone so long engaged in the game to hold worse hands, or to encounter more adverse luck in playing them. Disappointments which would have cowed many a less elastic spirit, and suggested ideas of retirement and "sales without reserve," have only had the effect of raising a laugh at the pranks of the fickle goddess; and after many a knock down blow George Payne has come up smiling from his corner, still keeping a good heart in adversity, and sustaining a buoyant, boyish spirit, which is the true secret of many a careless life. We may be sure that a real love of sport has attached him to the many departments of it in which he has shone so brilliantly, and that no vain longing for notoriety or sentimental craving after fashion has influenced him during a life devoted to manly pursuits. He has entered heart and soul into whatever he took in hand; and hence we see in him no change in principle nor relaxation in practice, and his appetite for sport is as keen as in the days when the Pytheley was a model of what a hunt should be, and when "Nat" took his orders from the cleverest tactician on the turf. Such men cannot forget or forego what with them is second nature; and we may be sure that the magpie colours will be expunged from the *Calendar* by no hand save that of Fate itself; and long may her envious scissors spare the string on which hangs the life of so thorough a type of the fine old British sportsman as George Payne!

No great race-meeting of the year, and but few of the minor gatherings, would be complete without that well-known figure, the owner of which has seen more of men and manners on the turf than Admiral Rous himself. With his black-and-white choker, black frock coat, and knowingly-balanced top hat, George Payne would remind us more of the shrewd and prosperous City man of business, of strong Conservative tendencies, and a liking for old port, than the most dashing of speculators on the "green" of racecourse or card-table, and the good all-round sportsman which an older generation has produced. Be it in the enjoyment of unfettered ease upon Newmarket Heath, or upon the lawns of Ascot or Goodwood, there is no change in the habiliments which stamp him as one whose body belongs to a former generation, but whose heart "beats for ever like a boy's" in the cause of a quiet afternoon's sport behind the Ditch or a morning's ramble among the yearling boxes at Doncaster. If the familiar black-and-white stripes are less known than in the days of Welfare, they are none the less respected: while his popularity as a steward is manifested by the frequent appeals to his good nature to undertake that thankless and occasionally burdensome office. He is, perhaps, the man of all others especially fitted for that invidious post; for racing men are well contented to abide by his decisions, which are enunciated in that courteous but emphatic style so much to be desired on occasions for dispute unfortunately arising. The number of cases which have been referred to George Payne would have gone far to make the fortune of many an arbitrator-counsel; and the committee of Tattersall's—of which he has long been, so to speak, "managing director"—would be nothing without his judgment and fine sense of honour in acting as umpire in the complicated betting disputes brought before them.

And as in a public capacity he has done good service to the sport to which he is passionately attached, so in his private character as "standing counsel" to the powerful Fyfield stable, he has thrown all his energies into its successful management, though, perhaps, results have been hardly commensurate with the pains taken to render them profitable to his friends. He was one of the few intimates with whom the late eccentric Earl of Glasgow cared to associate; and the obstinate old nobleman would listen to reason from the lips of George Payne, when others had retired after vain endeavours to induce him to reconsider some strange determination. Hence he inherited the greater part of that Broddignagian stud, the annual "lettings" of which we have recently witnessed, though Musket was the one real prize among a number of blanks. It had been stipulated that the horses should carry the colours of their old master; consequently it was in the white and crimson sleeves instead of the black and white that the stout son of Toxophilite did all his best things. With ample means at his command, and with no necessity for considering the requirements of posterity, if he has played high and lost heavily it can never be said of him that he has sacrificed honour to lust of gold, or that his love of speculation has led him to wager wildly and foolishly after the manner of the golden youth he has seen burst into flower, glitter, and die around him. The former confederate of Mr. Greville, and staunch friend of "the Admiral," George Payne has accommodated himself with dignity and comity to the various changes which have from time to time tended to revolutionise sport, and "semper idem" might be appropriately suggested as a motto befitting one who has so happily contrived to hold his own without incurring the imputation of *laudator temporis acti*. Long may the well-known form of "George Payne" be pointed out with pride as one "that, take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

Mr. J. W. Benson has received the appointment of goldsmith to the Imperial Court of Russia in consideration of his having produced the gold casket presented to the Emperor by the Corporation of the city of London.

Our Captious Critic.

"The character and life of Anne Boleyn have been a battleground of religious parties. In this play I have represented her as from the study of contemporary and recent history she appears to me to have been."

Preface to the Play of *Anne Boleyn*.

ACT I.—WOODED.

Scene.—Chamber of the Queen's Ladies, Hertford Castle.

Margaret Shelton.

Of all the stupid pieces 'tis the worst
That e'er I played in.

Mary Cheyney.

Nay, my dear, you're wrong;
Dundreary's drearier.

Margaret Shelton.

Alas! it is.

Joan Parker.

Silence, I prithee, girls!—this is a play!
None of your flippant comicalities
That draw the vacant laugh—this is a play;
There's writing in't.

Margaret Shelton.

There is a heap. Think you

It will succeed?

Joan Parker.

It must! The language, child,

Will carry't through.

Margaret Shelton.

Who told you that?

Joan Parker.

The author!



*I had the misfortune to sit
behind the representative of
Reynolds who of course refused
to remove his hat in the presence
of Royalty*

Margaret Shelton.

I am already tired to death. Let's see
Who is in front. What noble-looking man
Is yon within that box?

Joan Parker.

What, he who leans
Half out, as if to catch one smallest word?

Margaret Shelton.

The same.

Joan Parker.

'Tis Depworth Hixon, who discovered
America and Russia. But for him
This play had ne'er been written.

Margaret Shelton.

Then 'twere well
He never had been born. And who are all
Those hungry-looking men i' the stalls?

Joan Parker.

The Critics
Daily and weekly "hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night."
But, hold—where is the plot? We've lost the plot
O' the piece. Search, ladies, round the room.
(They search in vain.)

Margaret Shelton.

I fear

We did not bring it in with us.

Joan Parker.

Then why

Come in at all?

Margaret Shelton.

Oh, ask the author that.
Here come the gentlemen. Methinks 'twere best
To dance a gentle breakdown as a sort
Of timely prophecy.

The Gentlemen.

Hurroo! Come on!

(Dance.)



Prophetic of a Frost.

ACT II.—WOULDN'T!

Scene.—The Pleasaunce at Hever Castle.

Anne Boleyn.

I pray you of your knightly courtesy
Tell me, Sir Thomas, am I well made up?
Do I look like an invalid?

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

I'faith

Right heartily, I swear thou dost indeed.
Now, by mine halidame, I will prescribe—
Take every morn a goodly syllabub,
And then at night a syllabub again.

Anne Boleyn.

Nay, prithee, I'd much rather have a song;
Go fetch thy banjo.

Enter Francis Weston, &c., with banjos.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Whence come these blooming popinjays?

Francis Weston.

To hear thee warble we have come from far.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

'Tis well. I am delighted. (Sings.)

Anne Boleyn.

Od's my life

Th' Historic Drama is a noble thing.



*The "Ronde"
as danced by the Shakers
in the new piece at the
Haymarket.*

ACT III.—WHY.
Scene.—Room in Greenwich Palace.

Anne Boleyn.

My noble Henry, you are much improved
Since act the second. As for me, you know—
Descended from a long illustrious line
Of Spanish parents—the sonorous roll
Of our good author's verse befits me well.

Henry VIII.

Now, by the Rood, it does!

Anne Boleyn.

I wonder when

The piece will end?

Henry VIII.

Lord knows. In time, I hope,
To catch the closing tavern. By my beard,
There is a parching and a thirsty air!

Anne Boleyn.

Yes. I observe but half the journalists
Come back.

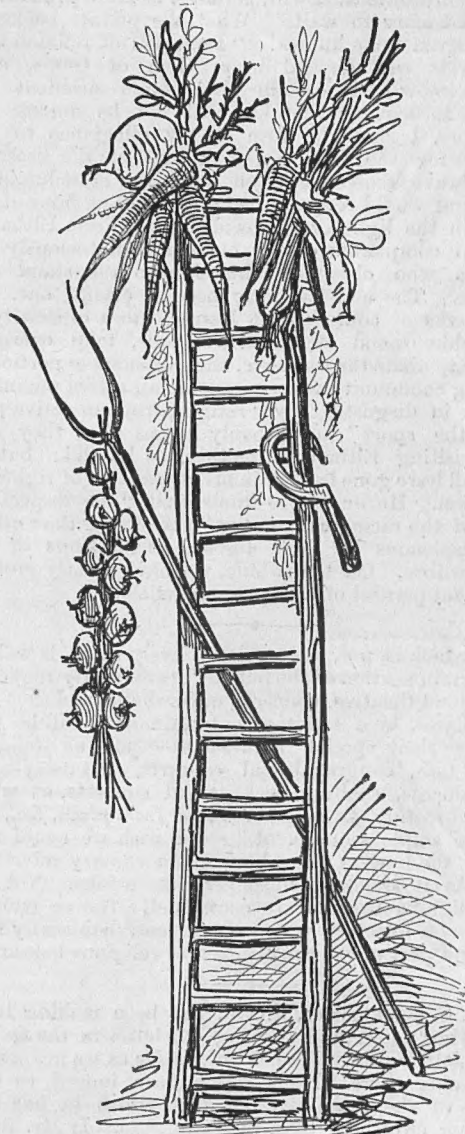
Henry VIII.

They are not far to seek.

'Tis aye more sooting to their jaded tastes
To drain a stoop o' wine i' the house next door,
Than here to drink long draughts of Helicon.
And by my kingly troth I blame them not.

Anne Boleyn.

'Tis easy seen you were not born, like me,
In Saragossa.



*A few Horticultural Trophies
Presented to
Miss Neilson, by
The Captious Critic*

Henry VIII.

No, alas! I was not.
Yet per-ma-fay I have not done so ill
I' the market for a stripling.

Anne Boleyn.

No, you'll do,
But act it even as you do it now!

ACT IV.—WHEREFORE.

Scene.—The Park at Greenwich.

Anne Boleyn.

The king gave thee this bow and arrows?

Jane Seymour.

Yes.

Anne Boleyn.

Ah! now I have a glimmering of the plot.
I am to place an apple on thy head,
Then, with a jerk o' the bowstring, shoot it off.
If I succeed in hitting fair the mark
I still am Queen; but if I fail, and kill thee,
Then art thou Queen of merrie England.

Jane Seymour.

Nay, that is William Tell.

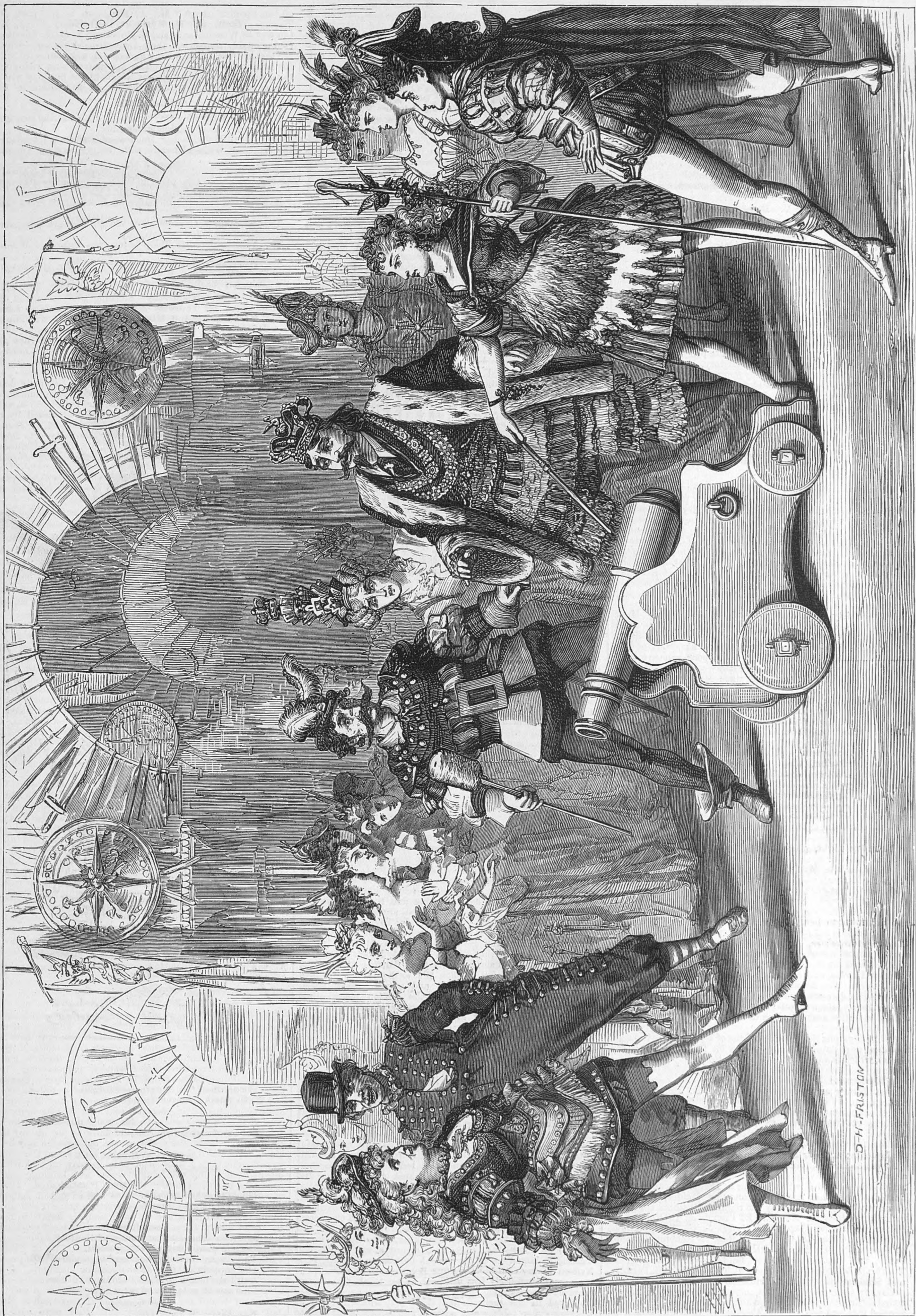
Anne Boleyn.

'Tis all the same;
We must do something now to wake them up.
Look, half the audience is asleep.

Jane Seymour.

Too true.

'Twas those allusions to the Testament



SCENE FROM "PIFF-PAFF," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

D. H. FRISTON

Did make them fancy that they were in church:
Suppose we swear a good round oath or two.

Anne Seymour.

Ay, lass, a dozen an thou wilt. Go on.

Jane Seymour.

Marry come up!

Anne Boleyn.

Gadsooks!

Jane Seymour.

By Cock and Pie!

Anne Boleyn.

Oh glorious, great Elizabethan tongue,
So plain yet so expressive! With what art,
Nay, with what genius hath our author caught
The very tone o' the period.

Jane Seymour.

Zooks! as much

Can not be said for Mr. May, of Bow-street.

ACT V.—D.—D.

Scene.—State Room in the Tower.

Francis Weston.

I'll to the block with great hilarity
So 'twill conclude the piece. Where is
This merry headsman?

Anne Boleyn.

'Tis now dead midnight, and cold, fearful, drops
Stand on each trembling critic's weary brow.
Yet still our author hounds the drama on,
And swears he is not yet weary of 't.
Oh, mercy, mercy! Let there be an end.
See even Depworth Hixon hath succumbed;
And, groaning, wishes that his facile pen
Had never dealt with English History,
But been contented with polygamy
In modern times. Oh, lead me to the block
And there cut short the dire monotony
Of my blank-verse existence. Ah! Thank
Heaven:

[CURTAIN.]

The Drama.

THE important event and only novelty of the week was Mr. Tom Taylor's new historical play, *Anne Boleyn*, produced at the Haymarket on Saturday night. On Saturday also morning performances took place of *Hamlet*, for the last time, at the Lyceum; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, at the Gaiety, where, also, Mr. Toole appeared in *Dearest than Life* on Wednesday afternoon; of *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville; of *Madame L'Archiduc*, at the Opéra Comique; and of *All for Her*, at the St. James's; while a special morning representation of the Irish drama *Peep o' Day* was given at the Adelphi on Tuesday. Numerous changes, however, have taken place in the nightly programmes.

At the Gaiety *Toole at Sea* has been replaced by Mark Lemon's farce of *Domestic Economy*, with Mr. Toole as John Grumbley.

At the Strand the clever and amusing burlesque of Mr. Gilbert's *Broken Hearts*, produced at a day performance for the benefit of Mr. Arthur Swanborough last week, under the title of *Cracked Heads*, has been added, since Monday, to the programme, displacing *Antarctic*.

At the Lyceum Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) has nightly repeated her great impersonation of *Leah* in the drama of that name; and on Monday next *Othello* is to be produced, with Mr. Henry Irving (for the first time) as the Moor, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), also for the first time, as Emilia; Miss Isabel Bateman as Desdemona, and Mr. Forrester as Iago.

At the Criterion, where *Piff-Puff* (of which we give an engraving) has been considerably improved since the first night, Mr. Byron's comedy *The Old Story* has been replaced by Mr. Collette's farcical eccentricity with the unpronounceable title. An English version of *La Boule* is in rehearsal here, and will shortly be produced, under the title of *Hot Water*.

At the Royal Park, the pantomime, after a run of six weeks, has been withdrawn, and the bill underwent an entire change on Saturday night, when a new comedieta was produced, under the title of *Sport*, the humour of which arises from the jealousy of a wife, Mrs. Backall (a part admirably played by Miss Rose Evelyn), who mistakes for a rival in her husband's affections a certain "Agnes" mysteriously whispered about and alluded to by him, whereas it turns out that "Agnes" is the name of a famous mare that her husband has, in secret and unknown to her, backed in a forthcoming race. This amusing trifle is followed by Mr. H. P. Grattan's Irish drama *The Fairy Circle*; or, *Con O'Carrollan's Dream*, which has been successfully represented at several other metropolitan theatres, was produced for the first time at this now favourite and well-conducted house, under the management of Messrs. Parravicini and Corbyn. The drama, from its stirring incidents and happily-blended domestic and comic interests, is admirably suited to the local patrons, and is very efficiently performed, the author and Miss Amy Sheridan doing full justice to two of the leading characters.

At the Olympic, the representations of *Clytie* will be brought to a close next Saturday, to make way for the new drama *The Gascon*, which is announced for production on the following Monday, the 21st inst., and in which the principal characters will be supported by Mrs. Rousby, Miss Fanny Josephs, and Messrs. Henry and George Neville, W. H. Fisher, Lytton Sothorn, &c.

The morning performances to-day will comprise the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and others; *The Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Phelps as Shylock and Miss Rose Leclercq as Portia, at the Gaiety; *Leah*, with Mrs. Crowe, at the Lyceum; and *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville.

At the Alhambra, to-night, *Lord Bateman* will be replaced by a revival of Mr. Byron's musical burlesque of *Don Juan*, in which Miss Rose Bell will reappear as Don Juan, and Mdle. Fanchita make her first appearance as Haidee, the other characters being supported by the regular Alhambra company, including Misses A. Newton, E. Chambers, L. Robson, A. Hilton, E. Beaumont, &c.; and Messrs. Jarvis, Hall, Paulton, &c. In the second act the "Casanobas," a celebrated troupe of Spanish dancers from Madrid, will appear in their national dance, and the burlesque will be followed by the grand Turkish ballet from *Lord Bateman*, with Mdles. Pitteri, Pertoldi, and Sismondi as premieres danseuses.

COVENT GARDEN.—The pantomime *Cinderella* has been preceded during the week by a version, or rather perversion, compressed into two acts, of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which Mr. Charles Rice, the manager, appears, for the first time in London, as Shylock, which he has frequently represented in the provinces. In this version is comprised only those scenes in which the Jew appears. In the first act take place the borrowing of the ducats and Shylock's exaction of the cruel bond, followed by the flight of Jessica and the remorse of her father

on his return and discovery of his loss. The only other act is entirely occupied by the trial. Mr. Rice's impersonation, although displaying some vigour and earnestness, and much thoughtful by-play, lacks nearly altogether the intensity of hatred towards his Christian persecutors and scoffers which is usually associated with Shakespeare's Jew; and the whole interpretation, though his conception is consistently carried out, is too unconventional and colloquial to be pronounced as adequate. Though more spirited, Mr. Charles Rice's Shylock is more colloquial than Mr. Coghlan's late embodiment, and, with the exception of Mr. Standing, who very well represented Bassanio, the other characters are but indifferently supported. Miss Maud Brennan, sprightly and piquant enough as Plunkin in the pantomime, is sadly out of place as Portia.

GLOBE.—The *Duke's Daughter* (*La Timbale d'Argent*) has been transferred from the Royalty to the Globe, where, after two or three postponements, it was represented for the first time on Saturday night, with some changes in the cast—Madame Selina Dolaro sustaining the rôle of Malvina, in succession to Miss Rachael Sanger, who now appears as the Minister's scape-grace son, Valentine, played at the Royalty by Miss Marion West. Madame Pauline Rita, having recovered from her illness, made her reappearance in her old part of Muller; and Messrs. Bryce, Osborne, and Kelleher continue their humorous impersonations of the two Dukes and the Prime Minister. The representations of the *Duke's Daughter* will terminate next Saturday, as Mr. Edgar Bruce commences a short season at this theatre on Monday week, the 21st inst., when he will produce a dramatised version of "Bleak House," in which Miss Hibbert will appear as Lady Deadlock, Miss Jennie Lee as Joe, Mr. Flockton as Tullingshorn, Mr. Charles Steyne as Guppy, and Mr. J. B. Rae as Snagsby.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ANNE BOLEYN.

In his new historical play *Anne Boleyn*, produced here for the first time on Saturday night, Mr. Tom Taylor, in the first place, sets forth the entire career of the beautiful but ill-fated Anne Boleyn, from 1524—when, as one of the maids of honour to Queen Catherine of Arragon, she was the life and soul of the gay Court, her attachment to and subsequent renouncement of Lord Henry Percy, her appeal to the King to save her from a marriage with her kinsman James Butler, projected by relatives; the dawning of the Monarch's passion for her; her flight from the Court, by the assistance of Sir Thomas Wyatt, to Mechlin, to avoid this marriage; and the too evident advances of the King;—to 1531, when the lady is home again at Hever Castle, and has been won by her kingly lover, who only awaits the completion of his divorce from Catherine to make Anne his queen;—to 1534, when we find her a happy Queen at Greenwich palace, surrounded by her old attached friends and admirers, Wyatt, Weston, and Mark Smeaton, as well as by arch-enemies, the Earl of Surrey (now Duke of Norfolk), Eustace Chapuis, the Spanish Envoy from the Emperor Charles V., and Lady Rochford, who conspire to effect her downfall; here takes place the episode of the King's jealousy and indignation being aroused by finding the Queen's tablets, his first gift to Anne Boleyn, in possession of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who had shortly before in a playful mood taken them from her Majesty. Sir Thomas is sent to the Tower, and the King confronts the Queen and taxes her with infidelity. The perfect innocence and truthfulness of Anne's explanation, and her unfeigned joy at recovering the much-prized gift, and at the hands of the donor, at once remove all suspicion from the King's mind, and a reconciliation ensues. In the next stage, two years afterwards, the most dramatic and very strong incidents occur. The King has grown somewhat weary of Anne, and is attracted by the designing and mockly coy Lady Jane Seymour, to whom he pays ardent devotion, and presents with his portrait. The Queen, meeting Lady Jane soon after, discovers the portrait, tears it from Lady Jane's neck, crushes it with her heel, and overwhelms the cringing maid of honour with her jealous invectives. The King is heard returning, and Anne from behind a tree hears her husband declaring his love to Lady Jane Seymour. She comes forward and bitterly, but sorrowfully, rebukes his Majesty, who furiously retorts upon her, announces his determination to be rid of her, and follows after his new love. Anne is overwhelmed with anguish. At this moment Mark Smeaton, who has long in secret hopelessly loved the Queen, rushes in and, kneeling at her feet, offers his sword and services to redress her wrongs. The wily Lady Rochford, ever on the watch to compass the Queen's downfall, has vindictively brought the King to witness this scene, which is pretext enough for him to order both Smeaton and the Queen to the Tower, where, after a long and almost unnecessary act, the heroine meets her doom. Secondly, Mr. Taylor presents us with vivid pictures of the life and manners of the Court, with the embroidering and gossiping pastimes of the ladies, their flirtings with the gallants of the King's chamber, their joint madrigal singing, and their dancing of a quaint "ronde" of the period. Then the author again displays his facility in writing excellent and smooth blank verse, and his skill in characterisation—the diction being often vigorous and lofty, and always most appropriate to the personages, and several of the characters are cleverly contrasted, especially the heroine with her rival and eventual supplanter in the affections of King Henry, Lady Jane Seymour; and the smooth-tongued and intriguing Spanish Envoy, Chapuis, with his fellow-conspirator—or rather, tool—the bluff, straightforward Englishman, the Duke of Norfolk.

In this eventful story of the love, brief period of happy wedded life, cruel wrongs, and sad doom of Henry VIII.'s second Queen: the dainty pictures of Court life and manners; skilful and cleverly-contrasted characterisation, and excellent writing, combined with the further advantages of picturesque Tudor scenery and dresses—and finely acted throughout—ought to be found the elements of an interesting and successful historical play; but Mr. Taylor has introduced such a multiplicity of characters, with an equal redundancy of speeches, that the attention of the audience is in a great measure distracted from the main interest of the story; and consequently, from the preponderance of talk and so few incidents or action, except in the fourth act, the new play was dull and wearisome in the extreme. With wholesale excisions—both of characters and speeches—the compressing the first two acts into one, and the omission of the fifth act altogether, *Anne Boleyn* would become an interesting play, and secure a run which can scarcely be hoped for in its present inordinate length. Miss Neilson is very charming as Anne Boleyn—she is more spontaneous and infinitely less artificial, as we think, than in any previous impersonation. The former quality was conspicuously displayed in the scene in the third act, where her joy at recovering her tablets was so true and sincere as at once to make the King believe in her innocence; and in the fourth act her acting was intensely powerful, without any exaggeration. Mr. Harcourt has made another advance by his masterly performance as Henry VIII.; Miss Carlisle's Lady Jane Seymour gained well-deserved applause for its well-studied and artistic finish of delineation. Mr. Howe was excellent

as the Duke of Norfolk, and Mr. Arthur Cecil gave a remarkably artistic and well-sustained representation of the Spanish envoy. Mr. A. Matthison as the poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Mr. H. Kyrle as Lord Henry Percy, Mr. Conway as Weston, and Mr. F. Robertson as Mark Smeaton, commendably supported their respective characters—which are the few secondary ones which are closely connected with the principals of the story. The first-named sang with great taste and skill the song "Forget Not Yet," the music of which was composed by Mrs. Tom Taylor to the words by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

HIS Royal Highness Prince Leopold attended the performance at Drury-Lane on Monday evening.

HER Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh honoured the Prince of Wales's Theatre with her presence on Tuesday evening.

A SPECIAL morning performance of the pantomime *Whittington and his Cat* will take place at Drury-Lane on Monday next for the benefit of the Royal Dramatic College.

A SECOND morning performance of *Leah* will be given next Saturday.

TWO morning performances of *All for Her* are announced for next and the following Saturdays.

MR. ARTHUR CECIL is likely to join the Prince of Wales's company next season.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM will shortly join Mr. Henderson's company at the Criterion.

UNCLE Dick's Darling, with Mr. Toole in his old part, is announced for next Wednesday's morning performance at the Gaiety, where, on Thursday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann, Mr. Creswick, and Miss Genevieve Warde will appear in *Othello*.

BLACK-EYED Susan will very shortly be withdrawn from the bills of The Duke's, to be replaced by a new comical musical piece, written by Mr. Burnand, and entitled *The Rink; or, the Girl He Left Behind Him*.

MR. TOOLE and Mr. Hollinghead's Gaiety Company have arranged to give a short series of dramatic performances at the Crystal Palace, commencing on Tuesday, the 15th, with *Off the Line and Ici on Parle Français*; to be followed by, on Friday, 18, *Uncle Dick's Darling*; Tuesday, Feb. 22, *A Thumping Legacy and The Spitalfields Weaver*; Thursday, 24, *Dearest than Life*; Tuesday, 29, *The Steeplechase*, Mr. Toole's Burlesque Lecture, with imitations of Popular Actors, and *Domestic Economy*.

A MORNING PERFORMANCE of *Rip Van Winkle* will take place at the Princess's on Saturday next, the 26th inst., for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund.

THE SINGAPORE AUTUMN MEETING.—We are indebted to an obliging correspondent for the accompanying portrait of the horse which won the club cup at the Singapore Autumn Meeting, and the name of which serves to illustrate the world-wide popularity of Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., the "Sailor's Friend." Up to the moment of our going to press, however, the promised description of the race in question has not come to hand; but the account will, doubtless, arrive in time for publication in our next Number.

MISS HELEN BARRY at TORQUAY.—For the last month Torquay has been roused from its theatrical apathy by the appearance on the boards of the Lyceum Theatre of Miss Helen Barry, who has just concluded a most successful season there. Nightly crowded houses proved that artistic talent will always meet with encouragement. There has been no lack of change of pieces, and consequently the greatest interest was evinced in the numerous characters represented by Miss Barry. The following were some of the principal pieces in which Miss Barry sustained the leading rôles:—*Clancarty*, *Led Astray*, *East Lynne*, *School for Scandal*, *London Assurance*, and the *Lady of Lyons*. Judging from the flattering notices Miss Barry has received from the local press, her return to Torquay will be welcomed with unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT CLANDON PARK.

On the evenings of Saturday and Monday last large and distinguished companies assembled, by invitation of the Earl and Countess of Onslow, to witness the annual theatrical performances, for which the little Palladio Theatre fitted up in the mansion has been famous. The piece selected for representation was Mr. T. W. Robertson's well-known comedy entitled *M.P.* The curtain on both nights rose to crowded and expectant houses. The following was the cast:—

Dunscombe Dunscombe.....	Sir Baldwin Leighton.
Chudleigh Dunscombe.....	Mr. Herbert Gardner.
Talbot Piers.....	Earl of Onslow.
Isaac Skoombe.....	Mr. William Hay.
Mulhewther.....	Lord Eliot.
Bran.....	Earl of Ellesmere.
Brag.....	Viscount Pollington.
Cecilia Dunscombe.....	Countess of Onslow.
Ruth Deybrooke.....	Hon. Evelyn Gardner.

At the close of the performances all the performers were called before the curtain.

CHARLES MATHEWS'S LAST.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS made a characteristic speech on the occasion of his farewell benefit at English's Theatre, Calcutta. After describing the rapidity with which his eyes had been "dazed with diamonds, pearls, emeralds, and cloth of gold; with rajahs, maharajahs, and babus; balls, dinners, garden parties, races, regattas, steeplechases, polo-matches, tent-pegging, illuminations, fireworks, receptions, levées, presentations, installations," Mr. Mathews continued as follows:—

"When I first came out I contemplated a stay of some two or three months, having been assured that to play more than once or twice a week would be out of the question, as the heat would be so excessive that I should have to lie on my back, prostrated, between the performances, and breathe only by the aid of a punkah. Instead of which I have found the climate so enjoyable that I have been able to play nightly without inconvenience, thus abridging my stay and bringing my engagement to an end in half the time I anticipated. Indeed, our sojourn here has been so short and so full of delightful and novel excitement, that on our return home it will appear like a pleasant dream, and we shall scarcely be able to realise it. Brief though it has been, it has been rendered most agreeable by the extreme kindness and attention we have received. I was a little disappointed at first with the 'City of Palaces,' expecting to see nothing but marble studded with precious stones; disappointed also at the lack of elephants. I have only seen two since I have been at Calcutta—two little fellows about the size of polo ponies, who were invited to meet the Prince of Wales on his first arrival at Government House, but who grew so very sleepy that they were sent home and put to bed before his Royal Highness made his appearance. I am told that elephants are not allowed in the city for fear of their frightening the horses; but, from what I have seen of the native cattle in the streets, I should say they were more likely to frighten the elephants. The grand parade of seven hundred and fifty at Bankipore, with their painted

foreheads, war trappings, and gorgeous howdahs, must have been a magnificent sight, and we are promised an introduction to a number of splendid specimens to-morrow at Barrackpore. I hope we shall not be disappointed. I announced my intention of making my re-entry into London on one of the largest I could obtain; but I fear, after all, I shall have to drive up in a native bullock barouche—a 'byle garee,' I believe it is called. It is true, I might present myself in a palanquin, as a more dignified conveyance, but I should be afraid of being mistaken for a patient on his way to the hospital, for such was my impression on first beholding the funereal-looking 'plaki' (I believe 'palki' is the correct name). My Hindustani is not very pure, I am aware. I have only mastered a few usual phrases, such as 'Raho,' 'Jaldi jao,' 'Ag lao,' and 'Pani lao,' and am not quite sure that I know what they really mean. Some words though, I must confess, are significant enough. For instance, husbands are designated by the term 'kussum'—a term, I fear, sometimes used by Mem Sahibs without being aware that they were speaking Hindustani. But though disappointed at the first sight of the 'City of Palaces,' I soon found, on driving among its innumerable palatial villas, and visiting their elegant and costly interiors, that the epithet was well deserved and quite appropriate, and if I may be permitted to add another title I would proclaim it the 'City of Politeness and Hospitality.' Allow me to thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the support you have given me, and for the many kind attentions received by myself and my 'Mem Sahib,' and to assure you, though far away, that we shall never forget them."

Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

ENGLISH OPERA AND CARL ROSA.

A GOOD many famous sayings, attributed to famous people, have proved to be apocryphal; and it is possible that Napoleon Bonaparte (the Great) never uttered the words, "Those English never know when they are beaten!" That the obstinate tenacity of their resistance on that famous day of Waterloo secured the rout of the great Corsican is, however, an admitted fact; and in other arenas perseverance has been the characteristic of our race. We do not know when we are beaten; and, just when we are supposed to be in *articulo mortis*, we "come up smiling," little the worse for previous punishment. It is, perhaps, owing to this national quality that English opera has never been entirely stifled. It has had little help, much discouragement. From its outset the favour of the fashionable world was bestowed upon foreign music and foreign musicians; and there is no denying the fact that up to this present year of grace Italian opera has secured the almost exclusive patronage of the Court and aristocracy, while English opera has had to rely for support upon the humbler classes of society. What might by this time have been the position of English opera had it been fostered by the State like the operas of Germany, Italy, and France, it is useless to inquire; but the disadvantages with which it has had to contend ought to be borne in mind, when it is unfavourably compared with its Continental rivals. Having no recognised status as a national institution, it has ever been subject to the caprices, the vanity, and the selfishness of speculators, whose desire has been to cultivate it as a means of money-making rather than from patriotic or artistic motives. A gallant stand was made by Dr. Arne; but since his time English opera has failed to assert itself on any but sordid grounds. Henry Bishop, who possessed the ability to produce sterling work, contented himself with writing ballad operas and mutilated adaptations of foreign works, and did more to retard than to promote the growth of English operatic art. Barnett, in his admirably-written *Mountain Sylph*, Loder, in his *Night Dancers*, and Mr. Macfarren, at a later period, made efforts in the right direction; and Balfe and Wallace rendered English opera popular by the fertility of their melodies, although they seldom soared far above the limits of ballad opera. All these composers were in the hands of managers, who naturally looked for speedy profits, and had no aesthetic views; and, unfortunately, the managers were too often vocalists, whose jealousy of other singers made their operatic speculations professional cabals, rather than generous encouragements of art. It was not merely essential that the artist-manager should have a good part. He insisted on having the best part; and every other part was dwarfed, and the music emasculated, that his part might be additionally conspicuous. It is true that the whirligig of time brought about its revenges, and that men like Braham and Harrison ultimately paid dearly for their whistles; but meanwhile the cause of art suffered. English opera has also suffered from the short-sightedness of the patriots who maintained that English-opera companies, although unaided by the State, were bound to give none but operas written by English composers. We have on former occasions denounced the fallacy of this argument, and have endeavoured to show that, as in Italy, France, and Germany the works of all composers—no matter of what nationality—are treated as Italian, French, and German operas if performed in the Italian, French, or German languages, so should English opera be held to mean performances of operatic music—no matter of what nationality—sung and spoken in the English language by English singers. For two years we have, almost alone, contended for this just concession; but it was not until five months ago that the entire body of the London press adopted these views. At that time English opera seemed to be on its last legs. A melancholy and abortive attempt had just been made, at a metropolitan theatre, to attract the public to the customary kind of "English operatic" entertainment; and the public carefully stayed away from representations supported by no good prima donna and hardly anyone else worth listening to. At this juncture some interest was awakened by the announcement that the Princess's Theatre was to be opened by Mr. Carl Rosa for forty-two performances of English opera. The success of that too-short season is matter of history; and it is soon made evident that English artists could prove themselves capable of rivaling their foreign competitors in the representation of the masterpieces of foreign composers, when supported by a first-rate orchestra, efficient chorus, and admirable mise en scene, and directed by a thorough musician, isolate on doing justice to great masters, and unsparing of himself or of others in the preparation and rehearsals of the work performed. Towards the end of the season the house was crowded nightly, and hundreds were refused admission. It was at once admitted that this was the kind of English opera that had long been wanted; and the silly old delusion about performing only English works was forever swept away.

Last week we had the pleasure of announcing that the Lyceum Theatre will be opened by Mr. Carl Rosa in September next for an eleven weeks' season of English opera; and we were the first to make the announcement, which has in some

quarters been received with incredulity, that Richard Wagner's opera *The Flying Dutchman* (*Der Fliegende Holländer*) will be presented during the season. The following arrangements have since been authoritatively announced:—

The season will commence at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday, Sept. 9, and will last till the end of November, eleven weeks in all. Some important novelties will be produced. Amongst these will be an English version of *Der Fliegende Holländer* (*The Flying Dutchman*), one of the best known among the early works of Richard Wagner; an English version of Nicolai's *Die lustige Weibe von Windsor* (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*), and an English version of a French comic opera which has a classical reputation. The English version (*The Water-Carrier*) of Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées* will be an almost entire novelty, as it was only played at the close of last season; and a classical English opera will be revived. The *Lily of Killarney* will be performed, with additional music by Sir Julius Benedict (including a new scene for Mr. Santley, in the rôle of Danny Mann); and Weber's *Der Freischütz* will form an important feature in the arrangements of the season. Most of the leading favourites of last season are re-engaged; and the chorus and orchestra will be almost identically the same as then. For the spring tour of this company, which commences at Hanley, March 11, Mr. Rosa has engaged Madame Marie Roze Perkins, who will be an attractive addition to the list of members of Her Majesty's Opera who have joined the Carl Rosa Company, including Miss Rose Hersee, Mdle. Torriani, M. Campobello, Mr. Lyall, and Mr. Santley.

We have only to add that Mr. Carl Rosa has fully secured the confidence of the public as manager and musical director; that he may be sure of a successful season; that the success of his efforts is likely to stimulate native talent; and that the resuscitation of English opera which he has effected, or, rather, its elevation to a position in the world of art far higher than it ever before occupied, will ensure for him an enviable place in the history of English music.

MDLLE. TITIENS AND AMERICAN CRITICISM.

MDLLE. Titens, we are glad to learn from private sources of information, has made a legitimate success in New York, in the rôle of Norma. A young American débutante, Miss Beaumont, appears to have made a creditable appearance as Adalgisa; but the prima donna was in other respects badly supported. We have received the *New York World* of the 25th ult., which contains a notice of the performance, nearly a column and a half in length. About a fifth of this notice may by courtesy obtain the title of criticism, and the rest consists of that curious kind of padding which (with some honourable exceptions) American critics employ for the purpose of concealing their lack of musical knowledge. That at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other great American cities, capable musical critics are to be found, must at once be admitted; and some of the special musical journals of America are admirably conducted, notably the *Music Trade Review*, a fortnightly journal, published at New York, which is full of varied and interesting information from all parts of the world, including a capital summary of English musical affairs by a London correspondent who signs himself "Obey." The original critical articles published in the *Music Trade Review* are evidently written by skilled and conscientious critics, who have no occasion to use clouds of words to conceal deficiency of knowledge, and whose fearless and temperate criticisms convey valuable instruction. It has occasionally criticised the "criticisms" printed in other journals, and may do real service to music and musicians by persevering in this course. Here is a gem from the *New York World*:—

And nowhere along the banks of the flowery Italian current will we find anything so sentimental, so purely unintellectual, so vagrant, voluptuous, and weak as Bellini. Two cunningly-wrought monuments of pallid material survive him. They are *Norma* and *The Sonnambula*.

That the "banks of the flowery Italian current" have exhibited such composers as Zingarelli, Vaccaj, and a host of equally pale reflexes of Bellini, is evidently unknown to this writer; and it does not seem to strike him that "cunningly-wrought monuments" are seldom produced by "purely unintellectual and weak" people. The adjective "pallid" was probably introduced for the sake of "fine" writing and in ignorance of its etymology. The most "cunningly-wrought" works of Phidias, Canova, and Thorwaldsen were executed in "pallid" marble or stone. One more extract must suffice:—

What Robert Schumann said of Rossini's melodies might with greater truth have been said of Bellini's. They are Tizianisches fleisch ohne geist, and it is the profusion of soft tints, the warm, languid beauty of the voluptuous South, breathing upon the sense as it breathes alone (?) on Monte Perigrino at the shrine of St. Rosalie. Donizetti may have carried the opera which Rossini left much farther on towards conventional commonplace, as Verdi carried it toward noisy melodrama, but Bellini kept it within the scented atmosphere of the orange groves. He never escapes from the silken meshes of his own languor. The lascivious pleasing of the lute is heard as a prelude to the prayer of Norma, and there is a morbidezza in the final rondo of *The Sonnambula* (one of the best he wrote) that recalls to sensitive ears the supersensuous polacca in *Puritani*. And yet the gondoliers chant these melodies to this day, and the tones seem a part of the amorous air itself in which they live. Indeed, it has been remarked that some of the most trite and faded of Bellini's themes and phrases have been the best loved of other than the singers on the lagoons.

It would probably shock the Teutonic writer to be told that Rossini and Bellini will be famous long after Schumann is forgotten. Bellini's music is not entirely without "geist," and most certainly it is not without heart. The prayer of Norma is preceded by arpeggi from the harps of the Druids, and not by the "lascivious pleasing of the lute." The discovery that the joyous and exulting rondo finale of *La Sonnambula* exhibits "a morbidezza" is probably due to the fact that the meaning of the word was unknown to the writer, and that it seemed likely to be serviceable—as a long, sonorous, and, above all, foreign word, which might run in harness with that still finer expression, "super-sensuous," subsequently applied to the sparkling polacca from *I Puritani*. The best comment on the "high falutin'" of the article is to be found in the two last-quoted paragraphs, in which the writer makes admissions which entirely nullify his previous depreciations of Bellini. Without claiming for Bellini an artistic rank which his deficiency of technical knowledge hindered him from obtaining, we may at least feel grateful for the melodies with which he has enriched the world; and our gratitude must compel us to enter a protest against any attempts to depreciate his actual merits, when made by unqualified pretenders to the sceptre of criticism. That the Norma of Mdle. Titens is one of the finest combinations of lyric and dramatic genius at this time to be witnessed, we know without the help of information to that effect from the *New York World*, but that these special beauties of her performance, which have long delighted critical judges on this side of the Atlantic, should pass so completely unnoticed as in the article above referred to, and that the American public can accept such stilted "fine writing" in the place of genuine criticism, excites our special wonder.

Mr. Campobello has organised an Italian operatic tour in the provinces. The chief artists will be Madame Campobello-Sinico, Mdle. Bauermeister, Madame Démeric-Lablache,

Signor Vizzani, Mr. Campobello, and Signor Foli. With such a company and so good a manager as Mr. Campobello a successful tour may be anticipated.

Signor Arditi will leave London on Monday next for Vienna, where he is engaged as conductor at the Italian Opera, with a company which will include Madames Patti, Lucca, Heilbronn, and Cari; MM. Mariani, Capoul, Padilla, Rokitsanski, &c., and will return to London in May, to prepare for the next season of promenade concerts at Covent Garden.

Mdlle. Virginie Gung'l, daughter of the famous dance composer, Joseph Gung'l, of whom we recently gave a portrait and memoir, has made great successes in Germany as prima donna in the leading operas of Meyerbeer and Wagner.

Mr. Kuhe's Annual Brighton Festival will commence on Tuesday next. The only vocalist will be Miss Rose Hersee; the solo instrumentalists, M. Sainton, Mr. Radcliff, and Mr. Kuhe. Several important orchestral works will be performed, under the direction of Mr. Kuhe.

At the Crystal Palace Concert this afternoon Mr. Sullivan's Symphony in E will be performed, and the vocalists will be Miss Rose Hersee and Mr. Shakespeare.

The New Philharmonic Concerts will commence on April 29. The 138th anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians will be held on March 22, under the presidency of the 'Earl of Shrewsbury. The society at present supports 16 members, 42 widows, and 20 children.

Mr. Walter Bache will give at his annual concert, in St. James's Hall, Feb. 24, Liszt's "Legend of Saint Elizabeth," with full orchestra and chorus.

Madame Christine Nilsson Rouzeaud is not likely to resume her professional avocations for some time to come, owing to the serious illness of M. Rouzeaud. A telegram just received describes his condition as being one of almost complete prostration.

Her Majesty has promised to attend a concert at the Albert Hall on Friday, Feb. 25. No statement has yet been published as to the destination of the proceeds.

MADAME PATTI IN RUSSIA.—A St. Petersburg correspondent writes that Madame Patti's latest triumph is in *The Crown Diamonds*, which opera she has introduced there for the first time:—"It is difficult to say in which of the acts she delights her audience most, whether as the coquettish and graceful gipsy in the first, as the eminent lady in the second, or as the beautiful queen in the third. Enough that after each act Madame Patti is called and recalled, and has made, indeed, such a success in Auber's sparkling work that the Russians ask for nothing else."

"PIFF-PAFF."

THE author is in the smallest degree answerable for such a result, but, strange as it may appear to those who were present on the first night of its production, *Piff-Paff* bids fair to become a solid managerial success. The piece is shaping into something amusing, thanks to the strenuous efforts of Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Miss Ella Chapman and Mr. Willie Edouin, visitors to the Criterion are sent away in the greatest good-humour. Every night the piece improves. We should be too sanguine, perhaps, in anticipating for *Piff-Paff* a run in any degree equal to that which distinguished *Blue Beard*; nevertheless we may just now promise admirers of the inimitable company at the Criterion a treat of an uncommon order.

A JAPANESE TOILET.

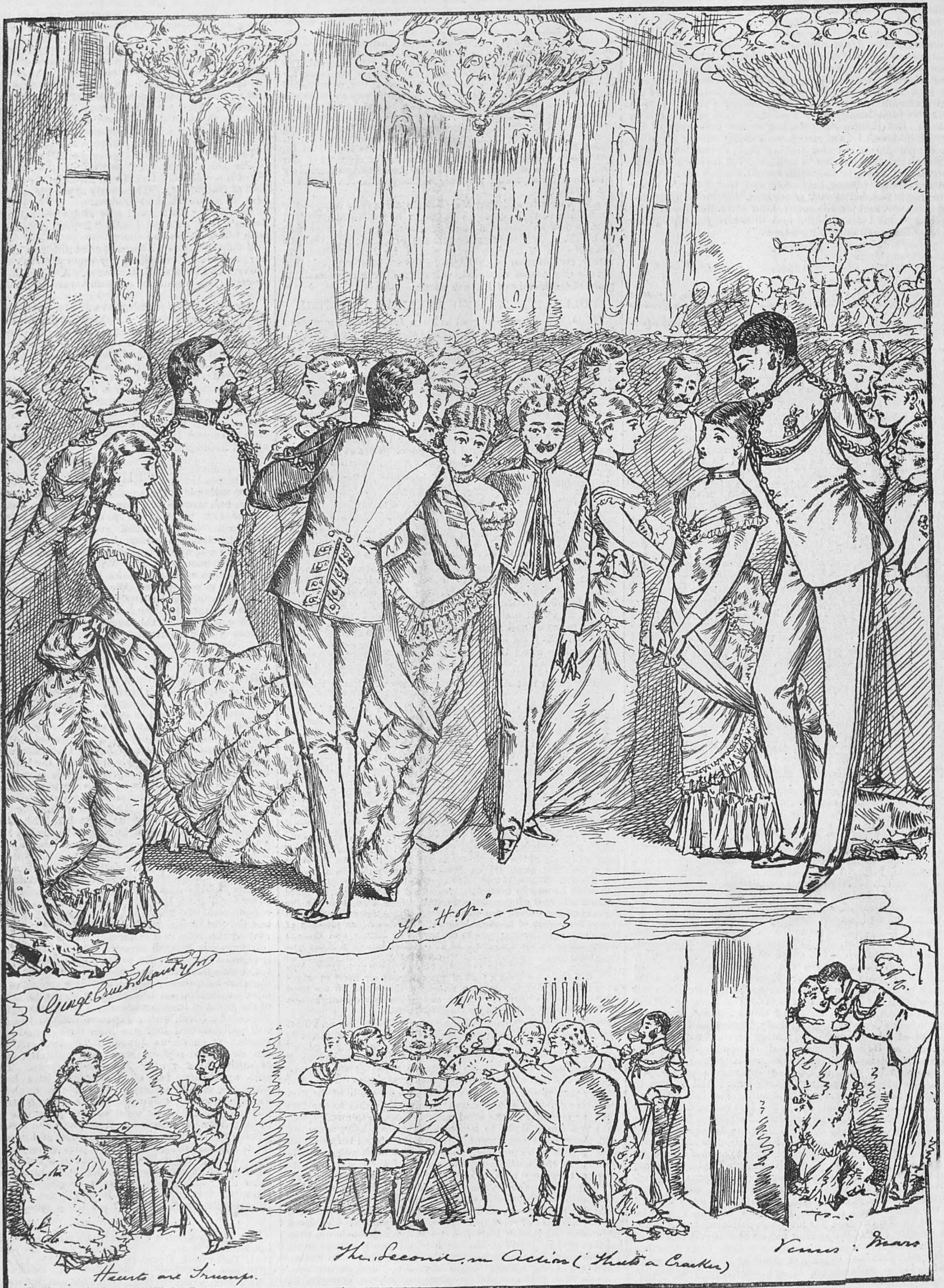
OUR Illustration gives a capital idea of the interior of a wealthy Japanese lady's boudoir—say a well-to-do silk merchant wife's. The scene of the picture is laid at Yokohama, Japan. If "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," no one can dispute the fact of the lady of the house being most becomingly attired, as she fitfully plays with her guitar while her hair is being dressed according to Act of Parliament. For, be it known that the present style of attiring the hair in Japan was instituted by a former Empress of that country many years ago. The *dame des coiffures*, while performing the operation (which lasts, at least, a couple of hours), relates all the scandal and twaddle she knows. The conversation often runs thus:—

"Madam's mind must be perturbed by the enormous thunder of the foreigners' huge guns in the bay?" "Oh, yes! Thunder itself is put to shame. What long legs foreign men have; and their language sounds like Burr-urr-r bizz-z-z-z."

The mirror in front of the *dame des coiffures* is made generally of polished steel, often of polished silver; and all the lacquered toilette utensils as a rule are beautifully inlaid with gold or silver. All these little odds and ends shut up in a different receptacle of the "whatnot" on which the mirror is standing, and the cost of the entire dressing apparatus suitable to the rank of the lady in the picture would cost from twenty to thirty pounds English money. The pretty and accomplished little maid carrying up a tea-tray containing a light repast of tea, cuttle-fish, and rice-cakes, spends much of her money upon her head-dress; indeed, Japanese women of all ranks are most particular upon this point of their toilette. On the left of the group in the illustration may be seen a magnificent gold-lacquered cabinet, with a Japanese doll on top, while a large silk particoloured ball has been pushed underneath. The *kimono*, or enormous Japanese "bustle," on the back of the *dames des coiffures*, was also instituted as an article of attire by a former Japanese Empress. This fashionable appendage has of late years been imported into European ladies' costumes with a not unpleasant effect. Taken altogether, a Japanese lady's attire is very pretty and picturesque. As these toilettes take place during the afternoon, foreign gentlemen strolling along the *hatoba* or wharf outside the open window often lean over and have a chat with the fair ladies inside, who on their part converse with ease and gracefulness. Altogether, the scene is a charming one, and an everyday phase of Japanese life. Of course, the lady who owns the boudoir might have a dressing-gown on, to suit European tastes; but then it would not be a picture of Japanese life; and—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

THE ROYAL CINQUE PORTS YACHT CLUB.—The Marquis of Londonderry is elected vice-commander of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, Dover, in the place of Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., resigned.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—On the occasion of the benefit of either Mr. Moore or Mr. Burgess a programme of especial attraction is invariably given in St. James's Hall—generally in the larger hall, for the smaller one would not contain a tithe of the warm admirers of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. Tuesday last was no exception to the rule. St. James's Hall was filled at both the morning and evening performances, and the *bénéficiaire*, Mr. Frederick Burgess, could have had no grounds to complain of the lack of public support. Another week we shall have space to enumerate the novelties that were most warmly applauded by large audiences, and to commend as they deserve the new ditties of Mr. H. W. Leigh and Mr. C. J. Dunphie, whose "Song of the Times" is sung so capably by Mr. Walter Howard.



MILITARY BALL.

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STUD NEWS.

Glasgow Stud Paddocks, Doncaster.—Arrived to Landmark: Mr. Ridley's Shybird. To the Rake: Mr. Pryor's Trouble-some, Tragedy, and Mantilla; and Mr. Greaves's Mirth.

Finfall, Bromsgrove.—On Feb. 3, Mr. Adkins's mare by Tim Whiffler out of Honey Dew, a filly by Paul Jones, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Cardinal York: The Stud Company's Menace, by Wild Dayrell, in foal to Joskin; and their Reine Sauvage, in foal to Macaroni.

The following mares have arrived at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, W.:—To Lord Lyon: Thais, in foal to Albert Victor; Editha, in foal to Lord Lyon; a Macaroni mare, in foal to Turntable; Nutbeam, by Lord of the Isles, maiden; Lady Bothwell, in foal to Lord Lyon; Miss Ellis, by Lord Clifden, in foal to Cremorne; Fairwater, in foal to Marsyas; Fairminster, barren.

At Woodlands Stud Farm, arrived to Macgregor:—Mr. W. H. Scott's mare by Blair Athol out of Molly Carew, in foal to Suffolk; Red Hind by Breadalbane, in foal to Rupert; and mare by Claret, in foal to Glenlyon; Mr. Frizzle's mare by Saunterer, Mr. A. Harrison's Changeable (dam of Weathercock) by Weatherbit, in foal, Bonnie Roe (dam of South Bank), in foal. To Idus:—Palm Leaf by Ratan, and mare by Oxford out of Smilax. To Stentor:—Arabella by Eudango, in foal to him; and Lady Lyon by Skirmisher, also in foal to Stentor.

At Mentmore, Jan 24, Lord Falmouth's Gertrude, a chestnut colt by Thormanby, and will be put to King Tom; 26th, Mr. Houldsworth's Gondola, a bay colt by Cathedral, and will be put to King Tom; 31st, the Mentmore Stud's Bay Rosalind, a bay colt by King Tom, and will be put to Favonius. Arrived to King Tom:—Mr. Houldsworth's Sunshine. To Macaroni: Duke of St. Albans' Noblesse and Mr. Cookson's White Squall. To Favonius:—Mr. Houldsworth's Miss Marion and Red Riband, the Cobham Stud's Meteorite and So Glad, and the Duke of Westminster's Red Start.

At Blankney Paddocks the following have arrived to Hermit:—On Jan. 25, Sir J. D. Astley's Vexation, in foal to Broomielaw; Jan. 26, Baron de Rothschild's Chantress and Old Maid; Jan. 31, Prince Batthyany's Lightning, in foal to Hermit; and the Duke of St. Albans' Gardenia (sister to Stephanotis), barren.

At Holywell Stud Farm, Watford, on the 31st ult., Eleonora, a chestnut colt by Sundeelah, and will be put to Kingcraft.

At Buckland Court, on Feb. 3, Mr. Waring's Penelope Plotwell, a bay colt by King of the Forest, and will be put to him again. Arrived to King of the Forest: the Stud Company's Mrs. Croft and Mrs. Naggleton and Mr. M. Dawson's Wildfire by Artillery.

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush. Marsyas has arrived from his owner's place at Windsor. Oxford Mixture will be sent either to George Frederick or to Favonius.

Cock of the Walk will stand at Highfield Hall and not at Shepherd's Bush, as stated last week. Lord Lyon has already almost a full subscription-list, and a good proportion of the home mares will be put to him.

The Stud Company (Limited), Cobham.—Feb. 2, the Stud Company's Foible, a colt by Wild Oats, and will be put to him again; the Stud Company's Black Rose, a colt by Macaroni, and will be put to Blair Athol; Lord Falmouth's Lady Coventry, a filly by Parmesan, and will be put to Blair Athol; the Glasgow Stud's Sister to Stafford, a colt by Cardinal York, and will be put to See-Saw. Feb. 4, the Stud Company's Trickish, a filly by D'Estournel, and will be put to Blair Athol. Feb. 5, the Stud Company's Wild Swan, a filly by Macaroni, and will be put to Carnival. Feb. 7, the Stud Company's Coimbra, a colt by Hermit, and will be put to Blair Athol; the Stud Company's Albatross, a colt by Chattanooga, and will be put to Caterer. Arrived to Blair Athol: Feb. 8, Mr. Henry Jones's Eastern Princess, in foal to Blair Athol. Arrived to Carnival: Feb. 4, Mr. John Wardell's Bicycle; Feb. 8, Mr. Bowes's Go-Ahead, in foal to Mandrake. Arrived to George Frederick: Feb. 4, Mr. John Wardell's Cygnet; Mr. George Lowe's Bon Accord.

Moorlands Stud Farm.—On Feb. 4, Mr. G. S. Thompson's Progress, by Thormanby (dam of Advance), a brown filly by Speculum, and will be put to him again; 7th, Mr. Barlow's Hesperia, by Cape Flyaway, a bay or brown colt by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to King Lud. The following additional mares have arrived to Knight of the Garter: Mr. J. M. Brooks's Britannia, by Kettledrum, barren; the Earl of Ellesmere's Salute, by Musketeer, in foal to Warrior; the Earl of Rosslyn's The Gift, by St. Albans, in foal to Warrior; and Venice, by Stockwell, barren; and Mr. Thomas Harrison's Peas Blossom, by Blair Athol, barren. To King Lud: The Earl of Rosslyn's Flying Cloud, by Deerswood, in foal to Macaroni; the Earl of Zetland's Flotilla, by Kingston, barren; and Blanchfleur, by Saunterer, out of Queen Bertha, maiden. To Speculum: The Earl of Ellesmere's Howsham, by Costerdale, in foal to Turntable; Mr. Burton's Recluse, by The Hermit (dam of Kaleidoscope, Lingerer, &c.), in foal to Jove (son of Thunderbolt); Mr. Thompson's Remembrance, by Wild Huntsman (dam of Memoria, Telescope, &c.), in foal to Speculum; and Jung Frau, by Flying Dutchman (dam of The Wizard), also in foal to Speculum. To Martyrdom: Captain Prime's Astrea, by Adventurer out of Adeliz, maiden.

At Easton Lodge—The Earl of Rosslyn's Guile, a bay filly by Gladiator, and will be put to Bertram.

At the Durdans, Epsom—La Muta, a bay filly by Orest, and will be put to Couronne de Fer.

Newbridge-hill Stud Farm, Bath, Feb. 4.—Toison d'Or, a bay filly foal by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to Asteroid. Arrived: Mr. Maule's Toxophilite and Clarissimus mares, barren, and will be put to Asteroid.

Wareham Stud Farm, Guildford.—Jan. 30, Lord Alington's Malpractice, a chestnut colt by Blair Athol; Jan. 31, Mr. Alexander's Botany Bay, a bay colt by The Speaker; Feb. 2, Mr. Cowper Temple's The Flower Safety, a brown or black filly by Sir Walter Tyrrell; Feb. 4, Mr. Alexander's Concordia, a bay filly. All the above will be put to Thunderbolt.

Malton, Feb. 9.—Caller Ou has proved barren to Hermit, and will leave Malton in a day or two to be put to him again. Nutbush has proved barren to Adventurer, and will accompany Caller Ou to Hermit. Borealis, barren to King Tom, will leave at the same time to be put to Musket; and Blue Light and Red Light, both barren to Speculum, are under orders for Moorlands, to be put to King Lud.

Woodlands Stud Farm, Knitsley Station, Durham.—Feb. 3, Mr. Arthur Harrison's Bonnie Roe (South Bank's dam), a grey colt by Strathconan, and will be put to Macgregor; Feb. 4, Mr. A. Harrison's Changeable (Weathercock's dam), a filly by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to Macgregor, to whom have arrived also Mr. Etches's Cheesecake, by Sweetmeat, barren to Favonius, and Fascination, by Wild Dayrell, in foal to Macgregor. Arrived to Idus: Queen of the May (dam of Jack-in-the-Green), by Oulston.

ROWLANDS' EUKONIA is a new and fragrant powder for the face and skin, and is specially recommended to ladies; 3s. per box. Rowlands' Odonto whitens the teeth and prevents their decay. Rowlands' Macassar Oil preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the human hair. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers.—[ADVT.]

Whist.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

For the subjoined ingenious hand we are indebted to a correspondent.

The players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given—A and B being partners, against C and D. The index (♣) denotes the lead, and the asterisk the card that wins the trick.

THE HANDS.

B's HAND.

Hearts —King, 8, 6, 5.
Clubs —8, 6, 5.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 9.
Spades —Ace, 6, 4.

C's HAND.

Hearts —Ace, Queen.
Clubs —Ace, 7.
Diamonds—Ace, Queen, 8, 3, 2.
Spades —King, Queen, 10, 7.

D's HAND.

Hearts —9, 7, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs —Queen, 9.
Diamonds—King, 7, 3.
Spades —Knave, 8, 2.

A's HAND.

Hearts —Knave, 10.
Clubs —King, Knave, 10, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—6, 4.
Spades —9, 8, 5.

Score—A B, 4; C D, Love.

D deals and turns up the Seven of Hearts.

Trick 1. B leads with the Seven of Hearts. C follows with the Ace of Hearts. D follows with the King of Hearts. A follows with the Knave of Hearts. B returns his partner's original lead.

Trick 2. B leads with the Ten of Hearts. C follows with the Queen of Hearts. D follows with the Jack of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. D leads from his five Trumps.

Trick 3. B leads with the Nine of Hearts. C follows with the King of Hearts. D follows with the Queen of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. A strengthening lead on the part of B. It is an open question, however, whether he ought not have returned his partner's Clubs. D, having three Diamonds only, properly covers the honour.

Trick 4. B leads with the Eight of Hearts. C follows with the King of Hearts. D follows with the Queen of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. B, knowing the remaining Diamond to be in C's hand, passes the trick, as if he trumps D will over-trump him, and then draw his remaining Trump, which, with the Queen of Spades declared in C's hand, will make them game (see Trick 5). D plays very ingeniously in trumping his partner's trick, as otherwise he would be compelled to win the eleventh trick, and then lead a Trump up to B's minor tenace, who would thus save the game. This is an instructive position, and is worth a little examination.

Trick 5. B leads with the Seven of Hearts. C follows with the King of Hearts. D follows with the Queen of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. C, having cards of re-entry in both Clubs and Diamonds, opens his Spade suit. As he does not continue the Trumps, D concludes that he has no more, and accordingly places the minor tenace (Eight and Six) in B's hand.

Trick 6. B leads with the Six of Hearts. C follows with the King of Hearts. D follows with the Queen of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. B returns his partner's original lead.

Trick 7. B leads with the Five of Hearts. C follows with the King of Hearts. D follows with the Queen of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. It is clear from the fall of the cards that C must hold the Three of Diamonds.

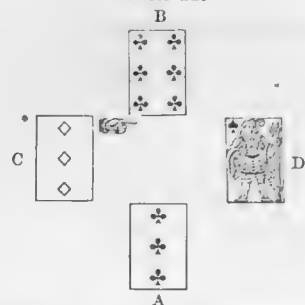
Trick 8. B leads with the Four of Hearts. C follows with the King of Hearts. D follows with the Queen of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. B, knowing the remaining Diamond to be in C's hand, passes the trick, as if he trumps D will over-trump him, and then draw his remaining Trump, which, with the Queen of Spades declared in C's hand, will make them game (see Trick 5). D plays very ingeniously in trumping his partner's trick, as otherwise he would be compelled to win the eleventh trick, and then lead a Trump up to B's minor tenace, who would thus save the game. This is an instructive position, and is worth a little examination.

Trick 9. B leads with the Three of Hearts. C follows with the King of Hearts. D follows with the Queen of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. B, knowing the remaining Diamond to be in C's hand, passes the trick, as if he trumps D will over-trump him, and then draw his remaining Trump, which, with the Queen of Spades declared in C's hand, will make them game (see Trick 5). D plays very ingeniously in trumping his partner's trick, as otherwise he would be compelled to win the eleventh trick, and then lead a Trump up to B's minor tenace, who would thus save the game. This is an instructive position, and is worth a little examination.

Trick 10. B leads with the Two of Hearts. C follows with the King of Hearts. D follows with the Queen of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. B, knowing the remaining Diamond to be in C's hand, passes the trick, as if he trumps D will over-trump him, and then draw his remaining Trump, which, with the Queen of Spades declared in C's hand, will make them game (see Trick 5). D plays very ingeniously in trumping his partner's trick, as otherwise he would be compelled to win the eleventh trick, and then lead a Trump up to B's minor tenace, who would thus save the game. This is an instructive position, and is worth a little examination.

Trick 11. B leads with the Ace of Hearts. C follows with the King of Hearts. D follows with the Queen of Hearts. A follows with the Ace of Hearts. B, knowing the remaining Diamond to be in C's hand, passes the trick, as if he trumps D will over-trump him, and then draw his remaining Trump, which, with the Queen of Spades declared in C's hand, will make them game (see Trick 5). D plays very ingeniously in trumping his partner's trick, as otherwise he would be compelled to win the eleventh trick, and then lead a Trump up to B's minor tenace, who would thus save the game. This is an instructive position, and is worth a little examination.

Trick 11.



Tricks 12 and 13 won by D. C D make five tricks and the game.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

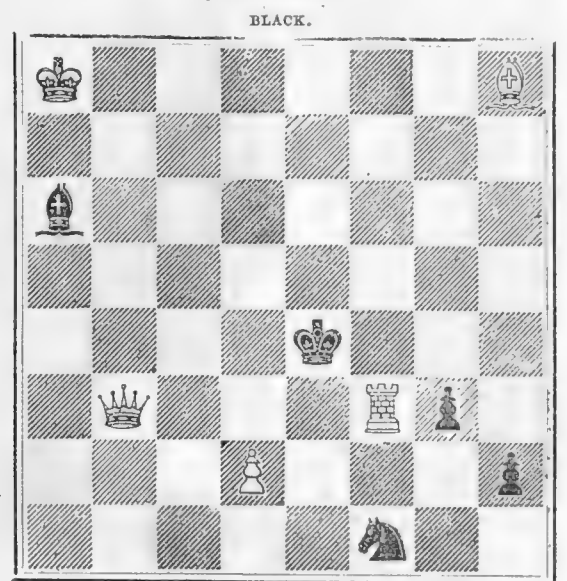
CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from E. G. Boys, Alten, A. V. S., and W. Purdon. That by Amateur is wrong. W. C. Bowyer.—The last problem sent is almost identical with a position by D'Orville.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 85.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch) K takes R (best) 3. Kt mates.
2. Q to Q B 3 (ch) K takes Q

PROBLEM NO. 86.

By Mr. T. HAZEON.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following was the concluding Game in the recent match between Messrs. MASON and BIRD.—(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K B 4	P to K B 4	22. Kt to R 3	Kt to Kt 5
2. P to K 3	Kt to K B 3	23. B to B sq	P to K Kt 4
3. P to Q Kt 3	P to Q Kt 3	24. Kt to K 5	K Kt takes Kt
4. B to Q Kt 2	P to K 3	25. B P takes Kt	P to Kt 5
5. B to K 2	B to Q Kt 2	26. Kt to B 4	Kt to Kt 4
6. B to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	27. K to R sq	Q to B sq (d)
7. Kt to K R 3	B to K 2	28. B takes P (e)	Q to R 3
8. P to Q B 4	R to Q Kt sq	29. B to R 3	P takes P
9. Castles	Castles	30. P takes P	P to B 4
10. P to Q 3 (a)	P to Q 4	31. P to Q 5	Q R to Q sq
11. P to Q 4	Q to K sq	32. P to K 4	Q to R 5
12. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K sq	33. K P takes P (f)	P takes Q P
13. R to Q B sq	P to Q B 3	34. P takes P	Kt takes P
14. Q R to B 2	P to Q R 3 (b)	35. P takes Kt	R takes P
15. B to K 2	Kt to B 2	36. Kt takes R	Q to K 5 (ch)
16. Kt to B 2	B to Q R sq	37. R to B 3	B takes Kt
17. B to Q 3	Kt to R 3	38. Q R to K B 2	B to R 5
18. B to K 2 (c)	R to Q B sq	39. R to B sq	Q takes K P
19. Kt to Kt sq	Kt to R sq	40. Q to Q 2	B to K B 3
20. Kt to Q 2	R to K Kt sq	41. Q to K B 4	Q to K 7.
21. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 2		and Mr. Bird resigned.

NOTES.

(a) By no means a good move. This Pawn should be kept as long as possible on its own square.
(b) We are really at a loss to comprehend the purpose of this move.
(c) This vacillation is very unlike Mr. Bird's usual vigorous style.
(d) An oversight, apparently, as it loses a valuable Pawn.
(e) He ought first to have taken Pawn with Pawn.
(f) This is simply suicidal. By playing P to K Kt 3 he would have obliterated all attack and been left with a winning game.

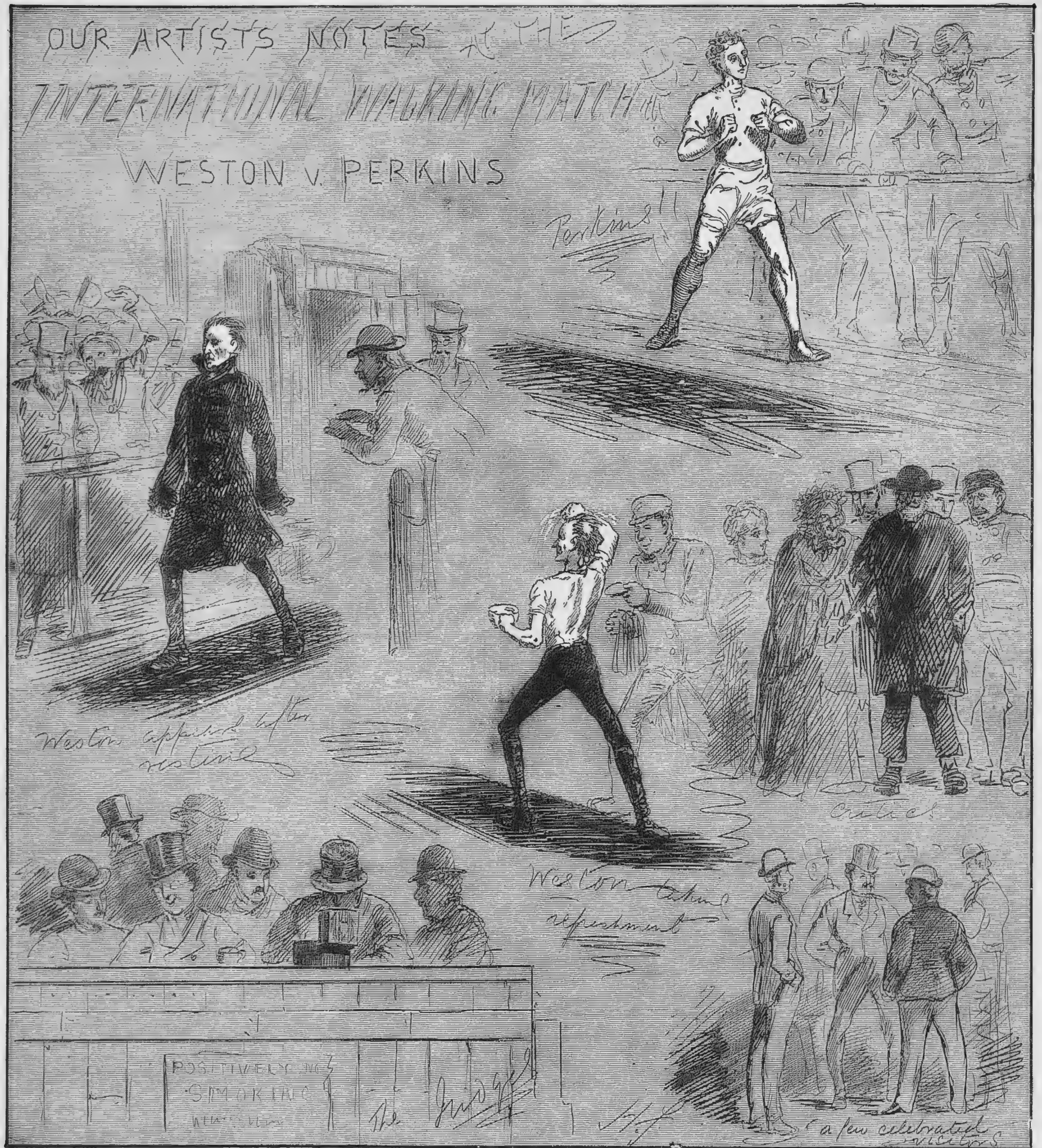
MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. BLACKBURN AND STEINITZ.—The Times announces that this long-pending contest will be commenced on Thursday, Feb. 17. The stake is stated to be £60 a side, and the match will consist of the first seven games exclusive of draws.
ST. GEORGE'S CHESS CLUB.—Mr. Löwenthal has been unanimously elected hon. sec. of this society.

BETTING IN FRANCE.—The French Jockey Club has rejected an offer by M. Oller to pay a sum of 100,000f. a year for ten years, or a total of one million, to be allowed to erect offices on the racecourse at Paris and Chantilly, for ready-money betting by himself or by persons to whom he might sub-let places. The club committee again affirms its resolution to separate the national work of improving the breed of horses it has undertaken from the speculation to which racing has given rise, and to which the stewards decline to give a sanction by recognizing it.

BETTING PROSECUTION AT KEIGHLEY.—At the Keighley Petty Sessions, on the 4th inst., Thomas Bancroft, farmer, Keighley, was charged with having, on Jan. 22—he being the occupier of certain grounds near Cross-roads, in the parish of Bingley—allowed them to be kept open for the purpose of betting at a pigeon-shooting match. The magistrates said they had no hesitation in saying that defendant knew of the gambling and permitted it. He was fined £10 and costs. A case was granted.

THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM COMPANY held a general meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Tuesday last, when a dividend of 10 per cent and a bonus of 5s. on each share were declared, and the chairman (Mr. Stevens) paid a well-deserved compliment to Mr. Reeves Smith, the general manager, on his appointment to succeed Mr. Wybrow Robertson as manager of the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

Ruff's Guide to the Turf, the sportsman's indispensable companion, makes its welcome appearance, chronicling, as usual, the races of the past year, giving the nominations for 1876, tabulating the winners of the great races from their commencement, enumerating the winning mounts of the leading jockeys for 1875, and containing its customary valuable racing index.



THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' WALK.

THE "fine Roman hand" of the king of showmen was undeniably visible in the invitation addressed to "the medical profession" to attend the twenty-four hours' walk at the Agricultural Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday last. Of Edward Payson Weston and William Perkins, and of the extraordinary task which the pedestrian representatives of America and England set themselves, it was announced:—

"The wonderful capabilities of the human frame (which has never indulged in unwise or immoral habits) to endure unremitting labour without sleep or rest, as exemplified by Edward Payson Weston, has been a theme of investigation among the most prominent physicians of America for the past six years, and as it is likely to soon become the subject of very general discussion in London, members of the medical profession are most respectfully invited to witness the international walking-match, for twenty-four consecutive hours, between Mr. William Perkins, the champion walker of England for short distances (the only man who has ever walked eight miles within the hour), and Mr. Edward Payson Weston, who will confidently attempt to walk within the above-specified twenty-four consecutive hours a distance of 115 miles. Neither of the pedestrians has ever seen the other, and they will meet on the track for the first time at nine p.m., Feb. 8,

to test in friendly rivalry the relative pedestrian powers of England and America. Each man is determined not only to surprise and delight his own countrymen, but to actually astonish the entire civilised world with achievements for speed and endurance combined which shall positively eclipse all previous efforts on record. Gentlemen of the most undoubted integrity—of spotless reputation, and well known as the highest authority in all England on athletics—will act as judges, that both walkers may have an opportunity of achieving records which the world may receive with equal confidence, delight, and astonishment. Both men will be dressed in chaste and genteel apparel, no drinks will be sold at the bar stronger than coffee, smoking is positively forbidden in the building, and hundreds of ladies belonging to England's proudest nobility have already promised to be present."

Of the attendance of "ladies belonging to England's proudest nobility" on Tuesday night and following morning "Exon" will, doubtless, speak in his record of the match on another page, for "Exon" was among the patient watchers, whose twenty-four hours' vigil we do not envy. With what unobtrusive simplicity the Ladies Corisande present on Wednesday evening were attired will be found indicated in the sketches of Mr. Harry Furniss. Whilst noblemen (Nature's) were represented, as far as we could judge, by Captain Webb (cheered to the echo at every step he took) and Joseph Goss,

the grand dames of "England's proudest nobility" might almost have been taken for so many Mesdames Brown, thanks to their successful assumption of plebeian manners and fashions. Even in the "stalls," this extreme humility of rank and fashion was so rigorously carried out that a sceptical visitor might almost have mistaken a large proportion of those present as regular frequenters of "Hackney Wick."

Strolling about on Wednesday evening in the large arena in the centre of the hall ycleped the "stalls," one found the study of even the ladies of "England's proudest nobility" and the proudly-exhibited form of Captain Webb palled after a time. The plucky American journalist and pedestrian arrested and soon monopolised attention. He had been engaged on his herculean task fully twenty-three hours. His fleet English rival had been beaten off over eight hours ago. Walking still with astonishing "vim," the muscles of his thin, sallow face set into an expression of stern determination, and grasping his jaunty riding-whip in one hand, Weston still strode along the narrow sandy path at a rare pace. Once he had worn an overcoat. Now he was simply clad in his white shirt, velvet trousers with leather leggings, and stout boots. He walked well from his hips, and at every stride jerked his head to the right. When he wanted a fillip he waved his whip as a signal to the conductor, and the band struck up a tune which might have been livelier and more appropriate, though

it could hardly have been played more vigorously. As the resolute walker kept on "pegging away," and the moment for the conclusion of his feat drew near, a cheer came unbidden to the lips, and called up a grateful smile on the worn face of the persevering pedestrian. To the very last the stanch judges in their tribune—Mr. Griffiths (*Bell's Life*), Mr. Wilkinson (*Field*), and Mr. Atkinson (*Sporting Life*), prominent among them—kept as true to their post as Mr. Vandy did to his work of chalking up each lap and mile covered; and when the clock, at length, pointed to twenty-five minutes past nine, the public enthusiasm knew no bounds. As Weston gallantly and heroically spurred along the people closed in upon him, and heartily cheered him, and would unquestionably have rendered the "pilgrim's progress" a matter of impossibility had not the gallant Joe Goss, wielding his umbrella as skilfully as a cavalryman goes through the sword exercise, cleared a way for the triumphant "ped," game to the end, and well deserving of the volley of British hurrahs that greeted him on the accomplishment of 109 miles and 832 yards in 24 hours.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

"May Heaven bless good Saynte Valentyne!" sings a popular writer of equally popular lyrics. We have no objections. Neither, we should imagine, has Mr. Rimmel. Nobody in the wide world of advertisers is much better known in connection with the feast of the saint of the hour than Mr. Rimmel, and, perhaps, nobody is so heartily banned by the post-office officials. His inventive powers are never at rest. The success of one season is overwhelmed by the triumph of the next. One may be always certain of meeting with him—or rather his deft handiwork—in any crowd of valentines. And his is such a crowd! Amongst the children's

valentines we find sachets—of the sweetest savour—cards, "bouquets," fans, and "the new Language of Flowers." Elsewhere, in his marvellous collection "Home Ties"—which is, if you please, a family valentine—"The Flowers and Fruits of Hymen," the Leap-Year Valentine, Hand-painted and Artificial Flowers, "The Wounded Heart," "The Caledonian," "The Hibernian," and "The Bengalese Valentine." For the rest we must refer our readers to the proprietor's address in the Strand and his wonderful stock. Those anxious ones who yearn for practical valentines containing fans, smelling-bottles, parures, head ornaments, &c., know to whom to apply. From our point of view, all we have to say is that good taste presides over the production of every dainty contrivance which leaves Rimmel's marvellous establishment. Miss Braddon's ballad we noticed last week.

The valentines of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. are remarkable inasmuch as they represent a phase of art which is a credit to the age. We are not by any means committed to an approval of the excesses of "the Mediæval Revival" as made manifest in certain phases of fashionable wall-decoration, and in dresses, Christmas-cards, and valentines; but, if ever pioneers deserved the thanks of the Art-World, Marcus Ward and Company are the men. They have daringly gone outside the conventional grooves in search of high results, and verily they have not been disappointed. The public have learnt to like the severe lines and quiet, yet rich, tones used by their artists—have grown into an appreciation of the sweet arrangement of colour which invariably characterises their work. Therefore it is only requisite for us to mention in passing that St. Valentine's Day and its manifold requirements have found the quiver of the eminent firm in question full of arrows. Nothing could be more appropriate than "the conceits" of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.'s valentines, and nothing more exquisitely beautiful.

JANE'S LONG DAY.

Above the plain fronting the glen hung the tranquil autumn moon. The air was filled with a silver haze that floated like a curtain at the remoter limits of the plain. The pines and beeches of the glen stood mute, their voices hushed in heavy moisture. Far down the plain a jagged blur of light showed where the city slept, and from either edge of this jagged blur of light the river stretched like a silver belt with the city for a golden clasp.

In the glen no sound stirred the silence, save when a dew-drop fell from a spray or bough and shuddered through the sleeping leaves to the ground. The shadows of the trees filled the place with unexplorable darkness. Here and there shining walls of moonlight stood between the trunks of the trees and rested upon huge lush ferns and tangled brambles clinging to the precipitous sides. Half way down the glen a black parapet, reaching from side to side, cut the fleecy air. A gaunt arch pierced the parapet, giving a dull steel-grey mill-pound lower still, and where the moonlight shot up through the arch and struck the glen a ragged silver pool shone tangled among the rocks and the claws of the pines and the lush long ferns drooping low. No water fell through the gaunt arch into the moonlight beyond. The silver pool was only a seed of the torrent cast into a hollow nook, there to lie until the yellow foam sprang out of the heart of the mountain higher up and swept through the pool, to fall in a roaring cataract towards the river in the plain.

A furlong farther up than the bridge, and high above the shadow it cast, stood a large white cottage fronting the moon. From the lower levels of the glen it looked like a cloud which had wandered from the sky and floated down the glen until it rested on the ledge.

The silence of the place at length was broken, and footsteps



ST. VALENTINE'S MORN.

approached by the path along the dry bed of the torrent. From the shadow of the parapet two figures emerged slowly. As they drew near the cottage they looked black against the light; but where the arm of the woman bent level with the moon through the arm of the man, the sleeve showed a sparkle of white fringe to the moon. The head of the man inclined so as almost to meet hers. Now and then he raised her hand and touched it with his lips. Lovers wandering through that luxurious solitude, by those tall nodding grasses and mellow ferns.

They advanced until they were close to the garden wall of the cottage. In the pulseless stillness of the hour their voices floated wide and seemed to clothe the glen with mystic life. The listening spirits of the verdurous arcades echoed their words in fine, faint tones.

"The time won't be long coming round, darling." He put his arm about her and brushed the hair back from her face.

"No, Luke."

"And, Jane, when the day does come you won't be sorry, will you?"

He pressed her closer and drew her head down upon his shoulder.

"You won't be sorry, Jane," he repeated, "when the day comes and I raise the veil and kiss my wife?"

She did not speak, but a long tremulous sigh floated into the night. He continued to speak:

"And when you are my wife I will not only do all I can to make you happy while I am with you, but work hard to assure your future when I am gone; for, Jane, I am ten years older than you, and men are shorter lived than women, and I shall die long before my darling."

"Hush! Stop, Luke! What do you mean? Why do you talk of dying?"

"There! I will not again."

"But, Luke—my Luke, you are strong. Why do you put

such thoughts into my head? It has always seemed to me as if you could never die. Oh, Luke, my love! you will not die; you must not die." She clung to him and held him wildly, and looked with distracted eyes into his face, as if she feared evil approaching from behind those mute, watchful trees.

"Don't be uneasy, Jane. Never fear. I shall live as long as ever I can for you. Why, it seems to me as though I shall live for ever if I am to have you. I was a fool to talk as I did. The moonlight made me melancholy; it always does. Sweet-heart, do you not feel my arms round you? What harm could come while we are thus? and as for the future"—

"But you will go away now."

"And in one short month you will come away with me."

"Oh, Luke!"

"What?"

"I dare not say it, and yet I cannot keep it to myself."

"Tell me. Trust me."

"A month seems so long. I know it can't be sooner—but a month. You will come to-morrow evening, won't you?"

"Yes; and every evening."

"I must go now. You will be here to-morrow evening, surely?"

"Surely."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

"To-morrow evening."

"To-morrow evening."

With a cry that was half a moan, she ran swiftly to the cottage, and he strode fiercely down, breasting the moonlight and tearing his shadow into a thousand fantastic shapes among the tangled weeds and shrubs.

When she reached her room she knew she could not sleep. She drew back the curtain of her window and let in the moonlight. The moon was setting. It wanted about an hour of midnight. The glen was silent, and, save when the clocks of

the city struck, no sound reached her. She could not dismiss his words. They made a tumult in her brain. "Do what she might, they came trooping in upon her ears, like unbidden guests. Over and over again she tried to banish them. She sought to stimulate her imagination pleasantly about the future. She strove to think of her new home and of the love between her and Luke daily deepening into a calm, unbroken, full-toned peace. All in vain. Turn where she would, the vista ended at a tomb. At length, in despair, she closed the curtains on the setting moon, and, with a plea for delivery from her fears, went to bed.

At two o'clock the moon set. A light wind rose and blew the vapours from the plain and fanned the stars into trembling flame. Soft music wandered through the trees.

Still she could not sleep. As she lay the striking of the distant clocks came to her on the wind. Three o'clock drew near. The murmuring of the leaves and fatigue began to dull her hearing. She was growing drowsy at last.

"I shall be asleep before three," she mused dreamily, "and when I awake it will be day, and he will come in the evening."

At half past three she awoke with a violent start. She had had a fearful dream which she was unable to recall. But there had been great noises in it, great noises of bells and shoutings of despair.

She sat up. The casement was now quite dark. She brushed back her hair and listened. All the clocks of the city were striking together. What a noise they made in the silent night! And how long they continued striking! She had been listening several minutes and they were all striking still!

She pressed her hand over her face, and rose, and went to the window and looked down at the city in the plain.

The air was cool and clear. The sounds came fuller and deeper. No clocks now, but bells. The bells of the city ringing an alarm, and in the core of the city a red patch like the hectic spot on a dull cheek.

Something in the sound of the bells and sight of the fire stimulated her strangely. She drew back, dressed herself hastily, and stepped with great caution out of the house, and stood awhile at the low garden wall watching the throbbing spot in the plain. She turned her eyes inquiringly from right to left. No foot of man or beast passed over the grass. Drawing her shawl tightly around her she descended to the path and moved rapidly in the direction of the bridge. When she gained it she leaned over the parapet.

The clamour of the bells could now be more distinctly heard, and she could see that a great fire was raging in the most populous district of the city. A vague terror took possession of her. His words were still wandering through her mind. His talk of death now seemed a pertinent preface to a great catastrophe. Driven by the breeze the fire crept in the direction of the glen. His house lay straight in the way of the flames. Where was he now? Had those awful bells roused him? Was he, like her, looking at the conflagration?—or was he sleeping in the path of the destroyer?

She turned her white face to the calm stars and then glanced round the glen. She felt half conscious that her alarm was exaggerated, that the risk was slight; but as often as she quieted her heart some silent spectre seemed to point to the city, and some mysterious voice cried out she knew not what. Tearless and terrified, she grasped the parapet and watched. Her nerves tingled and her breath came thick and short. At length a vast volume of smoke, and sparks, and flame shot into the air. Then for a while the fire abated. Presently bitter eager tongues flew up towards heaven nearer to his house, closer to where he, perhaps, lay sleeping and dreaming of her. The effect was electrical. She had no consciousness of having moved until she found herself at the end of the glen beginning to cross the plain. For one brief moment she threw herself on her knees and lifted up her hands and heart. Then she rose and ran onward without looking to right or left.

Luke had heard the first alarm. He had risen and gone out. The fire originated in a large carriage manufactory. Full of inflammable substances, the place burned with amazing fury; nothing could save that building. All efforts were then directed to arresting the spread of the element. But, aided by the wind, it soon extended its lines until one whole side of the street was blazing.

Luke had been among the earliest volunteers. The brigade was utterly insufficient to deal with so colossal an enemy. Therefore the rank and file of the brigade became captains of amateur bands.

When ruin had reached the end of the street people thought it would travel no further. The flames were not long enough to bridge the roadway. A barrel of varnish, saved from the carriage manufactory, had, with other salvage, been thrust into an archway under a house on the opposite side. Suddenly, when all had begun to hope the worst was past, came a dull explosion from the archway, and a roaring mass of flame broke out of it into the street and ran up the front of the house, like an inverted cataract. A wild cry of terror burst from the people as they dashed back in dismay.

"My daughter!" shouted an old grey-bearded man, breaking from the general mass of the crowd and standing in front of the doomed house.

"Any one in there?" demanded a fireman standing by.

"Yes; my daughter! My daughter Jane! Help, for Heaven's sake! Look! She is at the window."

All eyes were turned upward. In the window of a top room the figure of a young girl could be seen through the smoke and glow.

"Break in the door!" shouted the fireman, seizing a pole that lay near. "She must be saved through the door. The escape would be burned before it could touch the wall."

In an instant the door flew open. But the insidious flaming liquid had found its way into the hall, and a pool of fire barred the way. Through the waving banners of flame the staircase could be seen. Already the balustrail had begun to writhe and twist.

"The roof!" roared the fireman. "The roof is the only hope. To the roof!" He gesticulated wildly at the girl, but she stood still as one frozen.

"Will no one save my daughter? My little Jane?" wailed the old man.

"It would be certain death to try the hall. Here, policemen, let no one go this way."

Two policemen placed themselves in front of the door. Then, crying "The roof! The roof!" the fireman burst in the door of an adjoining house and disappeared, followed by a dozen volunteers.

"It is no use. There is no trap-door. My daughter! My darling little Jane, good-by!"

The old man waved his hand, bent his head, and broke into sobs.

"Room!" shouted a voice from the heart of the crowd. "Room! Way there!" The people receded from a point as if there had been an upheaval of the earth, and a tall, powerfully-built man pushed to the front. He ran past where the old man stood, saying, "I'll save your daughter—or perish."

The policemen at the door drew close together to bar the entrance.

"Stand back!" cried the man. "Back!" he shouted in an excited voice. "Back!" and, without giving time for further combination against him, he sprang forward, and, clashing his hands before him so as form his arms into a wedge, rushed with all his weight between the two policemen, drove them heavily aside, and disappeared in the flames.

A faint wail passed through the crowd, followed by a deep silence, and for a moment the vast gathering seemed not to breathe. Then, as though a tempest of wind prayed, a great cry went up and shook the pall of smoke and made the flying embers tremble. Behind the girl at the window stood the man.

But up to this she had shown bright against a dark background. Now her figure and that of the man showed dark against red! For the glare of the fire had reached the landing and was flooding the space behind.

The man did not remain a second inactive. He commenced knotting long strips of sheeting and counterpane together. Again a shout went up from the multitude, and then ten thousand voices were still, as though speech had never been known. All eyes were watching him and calculating the issue of the race between him and the flames.

At that time the white figure of a woman came hastily along a distant edge of the crowd and approached the burning house. The woman was young, scarcely more than twenty. Her long light hair followed her mistily, half borne by the air, and quickened into vivid gold by the ruddy rays.

Ere she reached the burning house the rope was complete. The man had tied it under the arms of the girl and was leaning out of the window counting the risk. Already the fury of the flaming fluid was exhausted. There came but fitful flickers, still enough to destroy his rope. Now and then his eyes explored the room. Flames had by this time crossed the threshold. People below could see them shoot round the ceiling. For a moment the man left his post, and was seen drawing some heavy piece of furniture towards the window. With the sublime patience of capable heroism he waited and

waited, counting the chances. Volumes of smoke burst through the sash, and the glass fell with a sharp metallic clatter to the ground beneath.

"My daughter! My Jane!" cried the old man in an agony of hope and fear.

The man above bent over the sill and, making a trumpet of his hands, called out,

"In a moment you shall have her safe. Courage!"

The woman in white looked up. "Luke!" she screamed.

He passed his hand across his eyes and then gazed into the street. Once more he spoke,

"Jane, stand back. The floor is hot. Stand back. If the floor falls the walls may too."

Then, casting one more look into the room and one more at the windows, through which the flames shot now but seldom, he lowered the form of the girl from the sill and paid out slowly.

When all the rope was gone she still hung several feet from the ground. Retiring into the room he undid the rope. He advanced gradually to the window. Still the rope was some feet short. Strong men stood below with outstretched arms to receive the girl. Without warning, she fell into their arms.

The rope fell with her!

All looked up. In his hands were a few feet of the rope. Despair had taken possession of his face. A blade of flame had shot out of the window below and cut his only means of reaching the ground.

"Another rope! Make another rope! Quick!" shouted a man of the brigade.

The man above paused a moment irresolute. Then he moved back into the room, and those who stood far off in the crowd saw him tearing up something. All at once he shot downward from their view. A mighty crash followed; a flight of glittering splinters swept into the air and hung in a pall of dusky red over the four bare walls.

With a cry that was half a groan, half a yell, the people swayed hither and thither; and then, as if by some universal impulse, they bowed their heads and stood still.

The glen is famous for its blackberries, and often in the holidays children go up there with baskets on their arms. They all know Jane, who wanders up and down by herself. She does not speak unless she is addressed, but then she answers very civilly and in a sweet low voice that makes the eyes of the children open wide. Once a saucy boy asked her if she did not feel lonely all by herself in the glen. But she said,

"Yes, dear. A little lonely now. But evening will soon come, and Luke will then be here. He promised. If you meet Luke, dear, as you go home, tell him you saw me, and ask him to come early. Say mother died, but I am waiting still. The reason I want him to come early is because he frightened me last night with his foolish talk. Do you hear all the bells of the city ringing? But it's not for our marriage, dear. We're not to be married for a month. The bells are ringing all day. It's some one's marriage. The bells are so loud I can't hear the birds sing. But in the evening, when Luke comes, it will be quiet, and no bells will ring, and it will be dark. Oh! I wish it was evening! It's a long day—a long day—a long day."

And then she raised the ruddy boy in her arms and kissed him, and went away.

As soon as the boy got home he told his mother. She took him up and kissed him and wept, he knew not why. When he was in bed she came and sat by his side, and bent over him until he was asleep. "She looked," the boy said afterwards, "as if she was saying prayers for Jane with her eyes."

RICHARD DOWLING.

Bucks Past.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLECHASES.

TUESDAY.

The OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE of 40 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 3 sovs. About two miles.

Mr. T. Betts's Bushranger, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. Swift	1
Dewdrop, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. Boyce	2
Mrs. Meynell, aged, 13st	Lord M. Beresford	3
Pearl King, aged, 12st 10lb	Mr. G. Darby	0
Brandwood, aged, 11st 7lb	Owner	0
St. Domingo, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. J. D. Lloyd	0
Crawley, aged, 13st	Mr. Barnes disq.	0

11 to 4 agst St. Domingo, 3 to 1 agst Crawley, 5 to 1 each agst Dewdrop and Bushranger, 6 to 1 each agst Mrs. Meynell and Brandwood. Won by two lengths. Mrs. Meynell was awarded third place, Crawley having gone the wrong side of a post.

SOLIHULL HANDICAP PLATE of 3 sovs each for starters, with 40 added. Two miles.

Mr. P. Hobson's Strong-i-th-Arm, 5 yrs, 12st	Fox	1
Sunny, aged, 12st 10lb (inc 7lb ex)	R. P. Anson	2

3 to 1 on Sunny. Won by twenty lengths.

HUNTERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. About three miles.

Mr. J. Hill's Little Johnny, 6 yrs, 12st	Mr. J. Laxton	1
Merrythorne, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb	Mr. J. Jordan	2
Inez, aged, 12st	Mr. R. Van Straubensee	0

13 to 8 on Little Johnny, 5 to 2 agst Merrythorne, 5 to 1 agst Inez. Won easily by three lengths. Winner objected to for going the wrong side of a post.

ERDINGTON PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs. Three miles.

Mr. R. Anderson's Saracen, aged, 10st 13lb	J. Rudd	1
Remus, aged, 10st 5lb	J. Jones	2
Hearty Girl, aged, 10st 4lb	Levitt	3
Greenhill, 6 yrs, 10st	G. Waddington	0
Royal Charlie, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb	Mr. Thomas	0
Referee, aged, 11st 3lb	J. Adams	0
Neptune, 5 yrs, 10st	W. Daniels	0

7 to 2 agst Saracen, 4 to 1 each agst Referee, Royal Charlie, Hearty Girl, and Greenhill, 5 to 1 agst Neptune. Won by four lengths; six lengths between second and third.

MAIDEN HUNTERS' SELLING PLATE of 19 gs. Two miles.

Mr. Dodson's Bloodshed, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb (car 10st 9lb)	Mr. E. P. Wilson	1
Little Johnny, 6 yrs, 11st (car 11st 2lb)	Mr. J. Goodwin	2
Garter, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb	Mr. J. Laxton	3
Alice Grey, aged, 10st 7lb	W. Daniels	0
Sister to Comberton, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr. C. Davison	0

6 to 4 agst Bloodshed, 45 to 20 agst Little Johnny, 5 to 1 each agst Sister to Comberton and Garter. Won by three lengths, bad third.

SELLING PLATE of 3 sovs each for starters, with 40 added. Two miles.

Mr. Gregg's Bell Tinker, aged, 11st 7lb (£40)	Owner	1
Dunois, aged, 12st (£40)	W. Daniels	2
Lucerne, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb (£40)	Fox	3
Edward, aged, 12st (£40)	Mr. R. Shepherd	0

Even on Dunois, 2 to 1 agst Edward, 4 to 1 agst Lucerne, 5 to 1 agst Bell Tinker. Won easily by three lengths; a bad third. Winner objected to for going the wrong side of a post.

RED-COAT STAKES of 3 sovs each for starters, with 25 added. Three miles.

Mr. H. S. Lucy's Cornopean, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb	Mr. E. P. Wilson	1
Gruby, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb	Owner	2
Bedford, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb	Mr. Hathaway disq.	3

11 to 10 agst Cornopean, 5 to 4 agst Bedford. Bedford beat Cornopean by a head; but the winner was objected to for going the wrong side of a post, and was disqualified.

The objection to Little Johnny, winner of the Hunters' Plate, was withdrawn; while Bell Tinker, who was protested against for going the wrong side of a post in the Selling Plate, was disqualified, the race being awarded to Dunois.

WEDNESDAY.

HUNTERS' SELLING STAKES of 3 sovs each for starters, with 40 added. Three miles.

Mr. J. Turner's Fanny Lear, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb (£50)	J. Adams	1
Titterstone, aged, 11st 12lb (car 12st 2lb) (£50)	Captain Aubertin	2
Orange Boy, aged, 11st 2lb (£50)	W. Daniels	3
Grobby, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb (£50)	Owner	0

Even on Grobby, 3 to 1 agst Fanny Lear, 5 to 1 agst Titterstone. Won by ten lengths; a bad third. Winner bought in for 66gs.

SCURRY HANDICAP PLATE of 3 sovs each for starters, with 50 added. Two miles.

Mr. Digby's Sunny, aged, 12st 7lb	W. Daniels	1
Erin's Pride, aged, 11st 7lb	J. Adams	2
Lucerne, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb	Fox	3
Strong-i-th-Arm, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb	R. P. Anson	0

5 to 4 agst Erin's Pride, 3 to 1 agst Sunny. Won by twenty lengths; bad third.

MAIDEN PLATE of 10 gs. Two miles and a half.

Mr. J. Jessop's Boyne Water, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb	J. Harding	1
Pembroke, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	R. P. Anson	2
Crescent, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	W. Daniels	3
Roley Foley, aged, 11st 7lb	Mr. Thomas	0

Mr. T. Calder's g by Reckless, aged, 11st 7lb. Mr. E. P. Wilson 0
6 to 4 agst Pembroke, 7 to 4 agst the Reckless gelding, 5 to 2 agst Boyne Water, 20 to 1 agst others. Won by a length; a bad third.

BIRMINGHAM GRAND ANNUAL HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 added. Three miles and a half.

Lord M. Beresford's Mrs. Starr, aged, 10st 10lb	Jones	1
Last of the Novelists, aged, 11st 1lb	J. Holman	2
Victoire, aged, 12st 6lb	Mr. Barnes	3
St. Aubyn, aged, 11st 10lb	Major	0
Scots Grey, aged, 12st 1lb (inc 5lb ex)	Mr. G. Moore	0
Little Tom, aged, 11st 6lb	Mr. E. P. Wilson	0
Solon, aged, 11st 2lb	Mr. Dalghish	0
La Pareuseuse, aged, 10st 12lb	Cassidy	0
The Poet, aged, 10st 12lb	Mr. Thomas	0
Hearty Girl, aged, 10st 10lb	Levitt	0
Vanity Fair, aged, 10st 10lb (car 10st 11lb)	Mr. W. H. Johnstone	0
Purity, aged, 10st 10lb	J. Adams	0

5 to 2 agst Mrs. Starr, 5 to 1 agst Victoire, 6 to 1 agst Little Tom, 7 to 1 agst La Pareuseuse, 8 to 1 agst Solon, 10 to 1 agst Purity, 100 to 8 agst Scots Grey, 100 to 7 agst Last of the Novelists, 20 to 1 agst St. Aubyn. At the water-jump opposite the stand the favourite drew ahead, and came on slightly in advance of Vanity Fair and Victoire, with Purity at the head of the others. This way they ran till rising the hill, where Victoire took up the running, which she carried on, attended by Vanity Fair, Mrs. Starr, and Solon, till rising out of the dip, when the favourite resumed the command, and, never afterwards being headed, Lord Beresford's mare won by three lengths; a bad third. La Pareuseuse was fourth, Hearty Girl fifth, Little Tom sixth, Purity and St. Aubyn cantering in the next pair. Solon fell half a mile from home.

OLTON SELLING PLATE of 40 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. H. Hobson's Flint Jack, aged, 12st 7lb (£80)	R. P. Anson	1
Edward, aged, 12st (£50)	Mr. R. Shepherd	2
Poins, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (£80)	Cassidy	3
Dunois, aged, 12st 7lb (£80)	W. Daniels	0
Evelcen, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb (£50)	Fox	0

5 to 4 on Flint Jack, 3 to 1 agst Poins, 4 to 1 agst Edward. Won by four lengths; a bad third. Winner bought in for 185gs.

PAGET HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. R. Anderson's Saracen, aged, 12st 9lb (inc. 10lb extra)	J. Rudd	1
Neptune, 5 yrs, 11st	W. Daniels	2
Greenhill, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb	G. Waddington	3
Bashful, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb	Mr. Dalghish	0
Tocher, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb	J. Jordan	0
Remus, aged, 11st 4lb	J. Jones	0
Referee, aged, 12st 3lb	J. Adams	0

Betting opened at 2 to 1 agst Saracen, but closed at 2 to 1 agst Neptune, 3 to 1 agst Saracen, 4 to 1 agst Bashful, and 9 to 2 agst Greenhill. Won by six lengths; a head between second and third. Remus fell.

GRAVEN CUP, value 100 sovs. About three miles.

Mr. J. Coupland's Royal Charlie, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb Mr. Thomas w.o.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY STEEPLECHASES will take place over the Croydon course on Saturday, March 18.

FRENCH RACING FIXTURES.—At a meeting of the committee of the Société D'Encouragement, on Feb. 4, the following dates were fixed for the meetings at Paris, Chantilly, and Fontainebleau:—Paris—April 2, 9, 17, 23, 30; May 7, 11, 14; June 4, 8, 10, 11 (Grand Prix); Sept. 10, 17, 24; Oct. 1. Chantilly—May 21, 25, 28 (French Derby); Oct. 8, 15, 22. Fontainebleau—June 18; Sept. 3.

THE OBJECTION TO BAILIFF for the Kentish Selling Hurdle Race at Eltham, on the ground of his having run at a meeting where the Grand National rules were not in force, has been withdrawn.

MR. G. DARBY, the well-known gentleman rider, met with a severe accident at Birmingham Steeplechases on Tuesday, four of his ribs being fractured through a fall while riding Pearl King.

MR. THOMAS HARGREAVES, the well-known bookmaker, died suddenly at his house in Manchester early on Sunday morning, at the age of forty-five.

DEATH OF MR. P. G. NUGENT.—The Irish Sportsman announces the death of this gentleman, brother of the late Sir Percy Nugent, which took place on Jan. 31, at his residence, Waterstown Lodge. The deceased was the owner of Bobby Holmes and some other horses; was very fond of racing, and was always to be seen at the principal Irish meetings.

THE STEEPLECHASE SOCIETY OF FRANCE on Monday last went into the charge brought against M. Boquet, accused of having caused his mare, Viche, to be pulled in the Prix du Cercle Massena (steeplechase) at Nice, on the 27th ult., and decided that M. Boquet be disqualified from in future ever entering or owning any racehorse on the French turf. The jockey is likewise fined 500f. (£20), and suspended from riding during the year 1876.

ACCIDENT TO MR. T. M'GEORGE.—We are sorry to state that Mr. M'George, the well-known starter, was thrown whilst hunting on Friday, the 4th inst., with Mr. Musters's hounds. His horse was cannoned against when taking a fence, and Mr. M'George's shoulder was dislocated. Two doctors were fortunately present, and, having set the limb, the patient was removed in a carriage from Bingham, where the accident happened, to Nottingham, and subsequently to his residence at Newark. We are glad to report that he is now going on favourably.

RUFF'S GUIDE TO THE TURF (WINTER EDITION, 1875-6).—"Invaluable to students of racing form."—Sporting Life. "The most useful and complete of all the cheap racing records."—Sporting Times. "As full of useful information as ever. The oldest and most compendious of all the racing manuals." Weekly Dispatch. "Fully up to its well-known form."—Sportsman. Published (price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 8d.) at the office of "Ruff's Guide," 23, Tavistock-st., Covent-garden. [ADVT.]

ACCEPTANCES FOR THE NORTHAMPTON AND PITCHLEY HUNT MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23.

THE GREAT NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES of 300 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 15 ft; the winner of a handicap value 100 sovs after Feb. 3, at ten a m., 5lb; twice, or 200 sovs, 10lb extra. About two miles. 60 subs, 30 of whom pay 3 sovs forfeit.

8 12 Louise Victoria, a	6 8 Pettition 5 yrs	6 0 Mont Valerian, 6 y
8 8 Talisman (Figaro	6 8 Parthenise (breddin	5 13 Rob Roy, 5 yrs
II.) 5 yrs	France), 4 yrs	5 13 Princess May, 4 yrs
8 4 Freeman, aged	6 7 Catalcym, 4 yrs	5 13 Cross Keys, 4 yrs
8 2 Munden, 5 yrs	6 5 Harmonides, 4 yrs	5 9 Lauzun (late Mr.
8 0 Prodigal, aged	6 4 Monaco, 4 yrs	Toots), 3 yrs
7 8 Almaraz, 4 yrs	6 2 Akbar, 5 yrs	5 7 Bolero, 3 yrs
7 5 Volturno, 5 yrs	6 2 Semper Durus, 4 y	5 7 C by Distin—Co-
7 2 Stray Shot, 4 yrs	6 1 Julia Peachum, 3 y	sette, 3 yrs
7 0 Chaplet, 4 yrs	6 1 Velvetene, 4 yrs	5 7 Rosabelle, 3 yrs
6 10 Hollywood, 5 yrs	6 1 Finis, 4 yrs	5 7 Sibell, 3 yrs
6 10 Innishowen, 4 yrs		

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT TATTERSALL'S.

On Monday last the following lots were sold by Messrs. Tattersall, at Albert-gate:—

PROPERTY OF MR. LIEBERT.		Gs
Old Fashion, br m, 5 yrs, by D'Estournel—Eakring	Mr. Lowe	310
Bully, 4 yrs, by Grinston—Thuis	Mr. Crofton	30
Jack Brag, 5 yrs, by Joco or Nottingham—Souvenir	Mr. F. G. Hobson	400
Lady Ada, 5 yrs, by Adventurer—Adelaide's dam	Mr. W. Quartermaine	60
Prince of Orange, br c, 2 yrs, by Young Melbourne—Queen Mary	Mr. Foster	53

PROPERTY OF LORD ROSEBURY.		Gs
Fairfield Selection, b g, 8 yrs, by Van Galen—Repulse	Mr. Eyre	30

VISCOUNT GALWAY, M.P. for East Retford, expired at his residence, Serlby Hall, near Bawtry, last Sunday night, in his seventy-first year. He met with a very severe fall in the hunting-field some short time since, but was again in the saddle a fortnight ago, although it was evident that he had not recovered from the effects of the accident. Deceased was an ardent fox-hunter, his first start as a master being in the Rufford country, where he succeeded Lord H. Bentinck in 1836, but resigned it in 1838; and for some years past he had held the mastership of the Grove Hunt, in which country he was immensely popular, being an excellent, kind-hearted landlord, and most liberal in his charity. He had represented East Retford in Parliament twenty-nine years, having been returned without opposition

A PALAIS ROYAL FARCE.

One of the Paris Correspondents of the *Daily News* writes:—"If the late Lord Lytton had associated himself with Mr. H. J. Byron, or, still better, with the late Mr. Poole, burlesque writer, for the purpose of composing a screaming farce in three acts, they might perhaps have produced something like the astonishing piece entitled *Le Prix Martin*, which was represented on Saturday night at the Palais-Royal. It is written by M. Emile Augier, the famous philosophical dramatist and Academician, in collaboration with M. Eugène-Marie Labiche, author of the *Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, and half a hundred more of the most eccentric vaudeville which have appeared on the French stage since the year 1845, when M. Labiche revealed his talent for burlesque to the public in a piece called *Deux Papas très-bien*."

"The plot of the piece may be thus summarised, omitting much which is out of harmony with the tone of public feeling in England. M. Martin, a citizen of credit and renown, has a wife named Loisa, who does not, as the Americans say, amount to much. He has also a friend, M. Agenor Montgommier, who plays a quiet game of cards and gossips with him of an afternoon; and a volcanic cousin, who alleges that he is king of some South American Indians by reason of his having married their Queen. Madame Martin is disposed to look with a great deal too much favour upon Agenor Montgommier, her husband's sworn ally and crony. She insists on making appointments with him at street corners, post-offices, and pastry-cook shops, till the life of Agenor becomes a burden and a weariness to him. He even consults her husband in a frantic endeavour to escape from the ignominious servitude which afflicts him, and this French mentor gives him some remarkable and rather shrewd advice. M. Martin, looking diligently back into the recollections of his own life, remembers that he was once pursued by an over-ardent lady, who gave him no rest till, moved by a sudden inspiration, he took off his wig, and revealed to her the humiliating secret that he was a bald man, after which she never more returned to trouble him." "Alas!" groans M. Agenor, on receiving this excellent counsel, "would that I were bald." "You have hair, certainly," replies M. Martin, in a consolatory voice, "but it is dyed." "Why, no," protests M. Agenor, unwilling to renounce his personal advantage, "I only use a little pomatum." "Well, then, give up that pomatum," says his friend, dryly. "Tiens, c'est une idée," observes M. Agenor, much relieved.

"Accordingly, after a stormy interview with Madame Martin, who reproaches him bitterly with neglecting to keep his appointment with her the day before, he tells her he was unable to do so. 'Why?' she screams. 'Pardonnez-moi,' he pleads, with every sign of regret and contrition, 'Je séchais' (I was drying). Madame Martin, however, is in no sense disturbed by the information that M. Agenor dyes his hair. On the contrary, she curiously remarks that she has been aware of that fact for the last three years, whereat M. Agenor winces. But she adds that she does not admire him for his good looks, seeing that he has few or no physical advantages. She loves him for the graces of his manner, for his vivacity, his courage, and because by transposing the letters of his name it becomes Montgomerie, which is the name of a noble family.

"There is obviously no escape from this dilemma, and M. Agenor, whose friendship for the lady's husband is more sincere than his affection for her, exhausts his intelligence to devise means to evade her pursuit. Among other things he invents a code of signals in chalk; and it is agreed between them that when M. Martin returns home from the Stock Exchange with a straight mark down the back of his coat, Agenor will be prevented from keeping his appointment. This plan, however, becomes known to the volcanic cousin, who informs M. Martin of it; and subsequently M. Martin actually feels his friend Agenor tracing the criminal signal on the cloth of his coat. Being thus convinced of the guilt of his friend and gossip, he resolves upon a very original sort of vengeance. He proposes a trip to Switzerland, privately intending to push M. Agenor off a precipice in that romantic country. On the journey, however, Agenor falls ill; and M. Martin acts as sick nurse to him, on the principle that a criminal condemned to death should be refused nothing previous to his execution. There is a tender and pathetic humour in this scene, such as was probably never before imported into a farce, and which more properly belongs to the highest order of comedy.

"M. Martin finds it impossible to execute his murderous purpose; all his instincts and sentiments for his old friend are opposed to it; and he explains to his volcanic cousin, the King of the Red Indians, that he has not got the stuff of an assassin in him. An explanation, however, follows between M. Martin and his false friend. 'You have betrayed me,' says M. Martin, impressively. 'What could I do?' whines M. Agenor, in piteous accents. 'I was young, I was handsome, I was a captain on the staff.' 'C'est juste,' assents M. Martin, somewhat pacified by these unanswerable arguments, and then he condemns M. Agenor to bequeath his whole fortune by will for the purpose of founding 'Le Prix Martin,' which is to be a prize for the best essay written every year 'on friendship.' While M. Martin is pronouncing this sentence, his wife happily runs away with the King of the Red Indians, and, after a charming scene of reproach and repentance between the two old friends, M. Martin and M. Agenor gradually and unconsciously draw nearer and nearer, till they sit

down opposite to each other at the familiar card-table. 'Cut,' says M. Martin, mournfully. They begin to play, and the curtain falls.

"Of course the flowers of language scattered broadcast over a piece composed by two such writers as M. Emile Augier and M. Labiche are too numerous for selection. The character of Martin was played by Geoffroy, who made the most of admirable materials. Montgommier was represented by Gil Pérez in his best manner, and Brasseur played the volcanic King of the Red Indians, perhaps a little too broadly, while Mlle. Maquier contrived to look pretty and interesting, even in the ungrateful part of Loisa."

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WE notice a Special Edition of the "Macclesfield Guardian," published every Friday, and devoted to sporting matters. It is edited and contains an ably-written letter by "Aldcroft," who has already gained reputation as a careful and reliable authority, and has displayed great judgment in many of his past selections.—The above is an extract from the "Sporting Life" of Saturday, Jan. 29.

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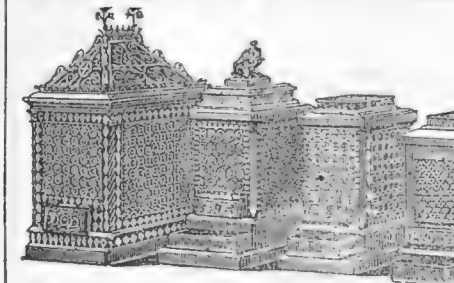
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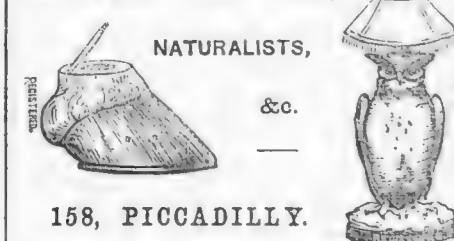
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MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that, in consequence of the increased demand for Stalls, the **THURSDAY SALES** will COMMENCE EARLIER this year than usual. The first Thursday's Sale will be held on March 2, for which immediate application for stalls should be made. The Stalls are nearly all booked for Monday's sales in April, May, and June. Albert-gate, Jan. 29, 1876.

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MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15gs. STENTOR (sire of Absalon and Salmagondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10gs. IDUS (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10gs.

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ASTEROID (Sire of Siderolite), by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blacklock. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s. the groom.

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AT FINSTALL PARK FARM, BROMSGROVE. **CARDINAL YORK**, by Newminster.

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SYRIAN. A limited number of mares at 10gs; groom's fee, 10s. **BLUEMANTLE**. Thoroughbreds, 5gs and 10s. the groom; half-breds, 2gs and 5s. the groom. **SHEPHERD F. KNAPP**, the famous trotter, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. the groom. Apply to EDWARD C. MUNBY, Myton, Helperby, York.

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JOSKIN (Sire of Plebeian, winner of the Middle Park Plate), by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom.

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 6s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1868), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2 in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

1876.

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London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by THOMAS FOX, 198, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1876.



A JAPANESE TOILET.

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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

MUCH comment has been provoked by, and great significance attached to, the registration of his colours at Messrs. Weatherby's by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Rumour has for some time been busy with his name in connection with certain animals which we need not particularise; but we have reason to believe that all such flying reports and idle tales have little foundation in fact, and that he cannot be identified with the sport as an owner of horses. The majority of Englishmen will be gratified at the interest evinced by our future King in the favourite pastime of his people; and there can be no doubt that his more immediate patronage of racing would give a vast impetus to its popularity. That it would be mainly beneficial in inducing a higher class of followers to throw themselves into the sport most will be found to agree; though, on the other hand, it might militate against the welfare of the turf by attracting more than is desirable of the *imitatorum pecus* to follow the example of Royalty, and to embark upon waters so dangerous to incautious or inexperienced mariners. When, some ten years since, Fashion dictated to her votaries the necessity of keeping horses because it was "the thing to do," a state of affairs was brought about highly remunerative to members of the ring and eminently satisfactory to racing entrepreneurs, but fatal in the last degree to the well-being of a pursuit which, when undertaken out of mere empty craving for notoriety, only tends to bring ruin and discredit upon its followers. Though almost recovered from the fever of those days of plunging, we are still experiencing its effects; and the recurrence of such panics as naturally succeeded to that inflated period of prosperity are sternly to be deprecated, as upsetting all ideas of order and retarding an advance towards the sweeter manners and purer laws in the direction of which we had hoped things at present were tending.

The "fierce light which beats about a throne" is nothing to that by which every action would be judged in so delicate and difficult a position as that of a Royal owner of horses, meeting his subjects on the common ground of rivalry. There is, happily, no lack of brilliant examples and noble precedents by which a Prince might worthily direct his course; but we must all have experienced the

mortification of seeing the highest motives discounted and the purest intentions called in question in transactions with which it must fall to the lot of every patron of the sport to be connected. Exalted rank, brilliant expectations, and the name of leader in a daring game, these are all so many marks at which the darts of envy and suspicion may be pointed, and he might almost be reckoned as more than human whose actions did not lay him open to misrepresentation, and whose path along slippery ways did not occasionally diverge towards the precipices on either hand. Granted that the arrows of calumny fall short, or that not even a breath of insinuation soils for a moment the mirror of his fair fame, there is always to be found that cloud of detractors, fierce in their denunciations of everything connected with the turf, and fiercer in their opportunity of inveighing against its supporters in high places, who would rise in judgment against him, and so pervert and distort his actions as to render racing connections a burden instead of a pleasure. There is a disloyal spirit abroad, fostered by ultra-purists and certain discontented agitators, which would be certain to manifest itself in the event of the Prince coming among his people as an owner of racehorses; and licence in satire has already assumed such undesirable proportions that we would fain hope for the scarlet jacket to be folded away until the dawning of more auspicious days.

There is not much comfort or encouragement to be gained from a contemplation of the turf career of our Prince's great-uncle, whom some few of the present generation of racing men must recollect as the most lavish and devoted of adherents to the sport of Kings. The Newmarket of that so-called golden age has been vividly depicted by writers who have never been accused of drawing upon imagination for their representations. Assuming these to be correct, a return of the *Saturnia regna* (as some have been pleased to designate that gay period) is devoutly to be deprecated, with the reckless gambling and insensate frivolity which were distinguishing traits of that era. We are far from saying that such characteristics must inevitably attend the career of any Prince or Potentate who may choose to take his pastime upon the turf; but reminiscences of the times of George IV. are eminently unsavoury, and not as yet sufficiently buried in the past to obviate comparisons with the policy of a succeeding generation. The temper of the times is not in accordance with the prodigal outlay and absorbing interest connected with the possession by Royalty of an unwieldy stud; and loyal subjects, while they regard with feelings of unmixed delight the presence among them of princely patrons of their best-loved sport, would have it regarded in the light of a recreation instead of a business by their hereditary rulers. The latter are but mortals; and there is always the fear lest higher duties should be neglected in the anxiety and excitement which the management of a large stable must necessarily entail upon all save the most cold-blooded and calculating of owners.

There are other methods of popularising sport besides the rather questionable one of mixing with its votaries and of becoming a unit among the thousands who prosecute it rather as a means of livelihood than of relaxation. We should like to see the Prince of Wales assume the lead in a matter which he has declared himself to have at heart—namely, the improvement of our breed of horses; not resting content with merely countenancing projected reforms, but taking an active part in their administration. There is another subject, too, to which his attention might not unworthily be directed. We allude to the Royal stud at Hampton Court, which is at present languishing for the need of able and judicious management. The gracious lady who is popularly supposed to control its destinies can hardly be expected to exercise that personal supervision and inspection which is so necessary to the well-being of institutions of this kind; and the reins of power might be gracefully handed over to one who has shown himself attached to the pastime in support of which such thoroughbred nurseries have been established.

Whatever determination the Prince may make as to the expediency of joining the ranks of turfites, we earnestly hope that he may be induced to enter upon the pursuit of racing with a dignity worthy of the high position he holds, following in the footsteps of those who have adorned its annals. We should like to see him a breeder of the animals destined to carry his newly-registered colours, and holding a clear course of his own, unidentified with any clique or party whose actions might compromise him in the eyes of the public. We would fain see him unencumbered by mentors and managers, and that unnecessary train of dependants which has been the appanage of more than one personage of exalted birth on his first entry into racing life. The Prince must have acquired by this time some of the experiences necessary to determine the line he intends to take; and all will regard with equal anxiety and curiosity his debut in a sport of which he has long been so interested a spectator.

We understand that our contemporary the *Macclesfield Guardian* has engaged "Aldcroft" to edit a special sporting edition of that paper, which appears every Friday. We have been favoured with a copy of this new venture, and must say that its contents are stamped with sound judgment based on reliable information.

A COMPLIMENT.—We should like to say a word commendatory of the enterprise of our contemporary, the *ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS*. Putting the "dramatic" on one side as being a department upon which we do not feel ourselves qualified to judge, the rest of their paper corresponds exactly with our ideas of what a gentleman's sporting paper should be. We trust that, with the abundant patronage that is to be found in Great Britain, and from her widely-scattered sons, our contemporary is meeting with that meed of success which is due to honest enterprise and well-directed talents.—*New York "Forest and Stream."*

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Shooting Notes.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRST TIGER.—We are happy to hear that H.R.H. has at last planted a bullet in a tiger's body. The *Times* "Special Correspondent" telegraphed the news to that Journal on Sunday. It seems that "News of 'a kill,' as it is termed, was brought in on Saturday morning; in other words, that a tiger had killed a bullock in a ravine some five miles from Jeypore. At 10.30 the Prince, attended by Lord A. Paget, Lord Aylesford, Lord Carington, and Dr. Fayer, rode to a small country house and garden, at the entrance to the corrie where the tiger was marked. The Maharajah awaited him, and ascended the hillside to a small two-storied house, loopholed and surrounded by a low wall. The Prince, the Maharajah, Lord A. Paget, Lord Aylesford, and Colonel Rose took their post, the Prince of Wales being in the upper story, while the beaters, at the head of the corrie, made their way down towards the lair. It had been the original intention to station the Prince in the stand in the ravine, just as at a deer drive in Scotland; but, the tiger having moved after its feast on the bullock, the beaters were directed to drive the beast down the corrie towards the small house. Nearly two hours passed before the beaters came on the lair. The tiger, roused from sleep, was seen creeping, catlike, towards the small house, sometimes lost to view, till it came within less than thirty yards of the Prince, who fired. The tiger gave a leap and started off at a trot down the ravine. Again the Prince fired, and the tiger rolled over, but recovered and staggered out of sight into the hollow, amid thick brush. The Prince, who wished to follow the trail on foot, mounted Fayer's elephant and descended the slope below the beast's lurking-place. The beaters threw stones into the ravine, and the tiger emerged at last and walked slowly up the bank. The Prince fired twice; but still the beast went on, falling over a boulder out of sight. A beater, standing above on a hill, pointing to a cactus-bush, said, 'It lies there, dead.' The party descended and closed around the creature, tremendous still in death. It was a full-grown female, 8½ ft long. The carcass was placed on an elephant and borne in triumph to the kiosk. There lunch was spread for the party. The Maharajah, who lunched with his Sirdars apart, but close to the Europeans, in the same room, congratulated the Prince on his success in a bumper, and requested his acceptance of a very large-bored rifle as a proper weapon for tigers." It would appear from this that the small-bore "Express Rifle" is not, after all, the weapon for Indian sport.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—On Monday last the members of this popular club resumed operations at Preston; near Brighton, when several sweepstakes, at three pigeons each, and an optional, at five birds, were decided. The birds, supplied by Hammond, were the best blue rocks, and had the assistance of a strong wind behind them. The optional sweepstakes resulted in favour of Mr. Vaughan, who, at 27½ yards' rise, killed all his birds and cleared the pool. This gentleman was in splendid form, and brought down sixteen birds without a miss. The other competitors were Captain Edwards, Captain Sydney, Messrs. Edmonds, Pelham, J. R. Beard, E. R. J. Hopwood, A. T. Crawshaw, and Seaton. The shooting will be continued every Monday until further notice. The programme for the polo and shooting meeting at Berlin will be published in the course of a few days. In addition to other prizes, £300 will be given to be shot for, and the polo prizes will be equally valuable. The meeting, which has already created much interest in Germany, will be under Royal patronage, and also under the auspices of the Union Club at Berlin and the International Gun and Polo Club. The facilities and the pleasures of the trip promise to be so great that the required list of players is nearly made up. The Royal Scots Greys will be represented by five or six of their best players, and the Guardsmen will also be able to represent. Captain E. V. Macdonald, of Preston-place, Sussex, has consented to be one of the umpires. The International Gun and Polo Club now numbers over 300 of the most influential and popular sportsmen of various nations. In accordance with the requests of several of the leading residents of Cheltenham, that town is to be added to the club programme for half a dozen polo and shooting meetings every year; indeed, the officials of the club will have but little time to rest, as polo and shooting prizes are to be given away in various parts of Europe during spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The entrance-fee to the club has been raised from 3gs to 5gs, but the annual subscription will remain at 2gs.

SHOOTING TO THE SPANIEL.—If your correspondents, "Down Charge" and "Ware Fur," delight in pointers and setters respectively, there are others (myself, for instance) who could not get on at all without a spaniel to shoot over. The spaniel is a dog of much antiquity, and one whose breed has been particularly attended to in various countries, particularly the Eastern. All the varieties of the spaniel are more or less elegant, and has been divided into more strains than any other dog. The distinguishing characteristics of the race are a rather broad muzzle, remarkable long and full ears, the hair plentiful and beautifully waved, particularly that of the ears, tail, and hinder part of the thighs. The prevailing colour is liver and white, sometimes red and white, or black and white; sometimes deep brown or black on the face and breast, with a tan spot over each eye. The true English-bred spaniel, called a springer, differs but little in figure from the setter, except in being not so tall. Their form is also more delicate, their ears longer, very soft and pliable, and covered with a coat of long waving and silky hair; the nose is red or black; the tail bushy and pendulous. The cocker, so called from his appropriation to woodcock-shooting, is a still smaller spaniel and more compact in its frame, and his hair still more waved and curling than that of the springer. The water-spaniel is a sturdy dog, with crisped hair, and with a head rather larger and rounder than those of the land-spaniels. The Alpine, or St. Bernard variety of the spaniel breed, exceeding others in size and beauty. It is generally 2ft high at the shoulders and full 6ft from the nose to the end of the tail. The smaller spaniel, King Charles's dog, is a small variety of the spaniel used as a lapdog. The Maltese dog and the lion-dog are small species of spaniel. The first is supposed to have sprung from the intercourse of the little spaniel with the smaller water-dog. It has the hair all over the body very long and silky, and generally pure white. The other has long silky hair about the head, neck, shoulders, and extremity of the tail, but on the other part short, giving the little animal a leonine appearance. The Newfoundland dog is placed by most authorities in the spaniel group, to which its form, its coat, and its hunting propensities, evidently entitle him. By-the-by, I was much struck with the picture of the magnificent Newfoundland dog in your last Number; calling him "Man's Unselfish Friend" was "a happy thought."—SNARLEY GRATER (Langham Hotel).

EXPRESS RIFLES.—The double Express rifle, 500-bore, taking a charge of 4½ drams of powder is the most useful rifle for every description of game-shooting where only one rifle is employed. It is accurate enough for deer-shooting at long ranges, and powerful enough for the destruction of more for-

midable animals. This rifle can be made 10lb in weight, or even less, and still be accurate and serviceable. An extra 1lb will give greater steadiness to the weapon, if the sportsman can carry this weight. There is no advantage in having a single Express rifle except in cost. The Lefauchaux single rifle is most in favour; but the Martini is considerably cheaper, and shoots quite as well.

CONCERNING SHOT-GUNS.—Some years ago, in the muzzle-loading days, barrels were used from 32in to 36in long, the general barrel commencing at 8lb and 24-in barrel. It is folly to make a 32-in barrel, 10 bore, to weigh only 8lb; this length and bore should be 11½lb to 12lb. This would allow of 5 drachms powder and 2oz to 2½oz shot without inconvenient recoil, and would admit of the action of the gun being made strong at the breech to resist heavy charges. It is unnecessary for sportsmen to encumber themselves with heavy guns unless they want to use heavy charges. Barrels longer than those specified above will be only a detriment instead of an advantage. Large-bore guns—say, any size over 12, can be used to advantage only with large charges of shot—1½oz and upwards. The larger the bore, the more it scatters.

THE RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.—The challenge addressed from New York a few months since to England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Austria, the Dominion of Canada, the South American States, and all countries having rifle associations or clubs, has now been taken up with considerable spirit by Great Britain, and both Sir H. Halford, the captain, and Major Drake, the adjutant, of the British team are using their utmost endeavours to get together an eight that will worthily represent the United Kingdom, for it is now understood that the competitors will be selected from England, Ireland, and Scotland, and not an eight from each country, as originally proposed. From the three countries a formidable team can be got together, and there is little doubt whatever that the match will resolve itself into one between Great Britain and America, as it is doubtful if the other countries named can organise a team to compete with them at the extreme distance of 1000 yards. Sir Henry Halford has been selected by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to act as captain and carry out the arrangements. The first competition for the selection of representatives will be held this spring, and a final one about the time of, or soon after, the National Rifle Association meeting at Wimbledon. Besides the eight, there will be four waiting-men. Each competitor binds himself down to proceed to America at the time and in the vessel selected by the captain of the team, to conform to all regulations laid down by him, and, in the event of not doing so, to forfeit all right to shoot in the team.

AMERICAN SHOOTING NOTES.—The Anti-Game-Law Leaguers will, no doubt, feel "thrice happy" upon a perusal of the following extract from our well-informed and common-sense contemporary the New York *Forest and Stream*. Says that journal:—"Quail-shooting has been a total failure here the last season. The cold weather last winter killed off a great many of this noble bird, as I wrote you, last spring, that I feared it had; and the wet season during their laying and hatching time has completed the wreck. I have hunted over ground where two friends and myself killed, a year ago, from thirty to fifty quail (Bob White) in three and four hours' shooting, several times, and could not start a single bird. Also hunted another excellent ground, where we always met with equally as good success, and succeeded in finding one little covey of seven birds. It will be two or three years, with favourable seasons, before we can expect to have good quail-shooting again; and this state of affairs calls for the strongest kind of protection, and I trust the sporting clubs all over the West will see that they are protected, as it is not only here they are nearly exterminated, but over a great part of the West. Unless something of this kind is done, the time will soon come when the cheerful 'Bob White' of the quail will be hushed in the land, and the pinnated-grouse—the noblest game bird that ever cut the air with whirring pinions—will become extinct; when the shot-gun will be used for perforating oyster cans and glass bottles, and the pointer and setter will be among the things that were."

SHOOTING IN CANADA.—Quebec, Jan. 11, 1875.—Just returned from a nine days' caribou hunt; experienced nothing colder than 20 deg. below zero I think, but sufficiently cold one night to partially congeal Lower Canada whisky. Plenty of caribou, ptarmigan, ruffed grouse, snow buntings, hares, and a few Canada grouse in the market, also red deer from Upper Canada. Can hear of no moose having been killed this winter as yet.—ROAMER.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF PHEASANTS IN WINTER.—Pheasants are well known to require assistance with food of some kind in winter to keep them in good condition, and to have a propensity to ramble away and expose themselves to the depredations of trespassers. Buckwheat should be sown adjacent to their coverts, cut when ripe and intermixed with barley, also in straw, and placed in little stacks in or near their coverts, and spread or shaken about at intervals throughout the winter. What is still better to my mind, is to place their food in huts. A pheasant hut is an open shed, with the roof fixed on four posts, with a pole all round for rafter plate, the rafters of rough poles tied on with withies, thatched first with long faggots tied up with three or four withies of brushwood with all the leaves on, and allowed to hang down or over the after-plate two feet or thereabouts. The thatch used should be small brushwood, reeds, or straw. An open trellis floor of poles should be raised two feet from the ground, and on this the corn in straw should be laid for the pheasants to help themselves. In these huts the pheasants find shelter, comfort, and cover in rough, wintry, and severe weather. Care should be taken to have plenty of dry dust on the floor underneath for the pheasants to bask in. This is a most essential provision—quite as much so for pheasants as for our poultry—for it is quite as natural for them to dust to clean themselves. It is a fact within easy observation how the pheasant searches out the base of an old dry, dusty, pollard tree or hedge bank to bask in the dust. Besides, every grain of corn that falls through the open feeding floor is searched for and found in this dust. Underneath and on the dusty floor is a safe and convenient place, sheltered from severe frost, &c., to receive any other kind of food, such as refuse potatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, mangolds, swede turnips, cabbage, Spanish chestnuts, acorns, beechnuts, a few raisins, Indian corn, or anything else you wish the pheasants to have. Such changes of food cast about their feeding sheds are sure to secure their keeping pretty well to covert, particularly if they have water at hand.—AN OLD GAME PRESERVER (Ripon).

POACHERS, BEWARE!—When a keeper knows what he is about, he has it in his power to make his master's well-inclosed woods very dangerous to walk in at night. He has a right to dig holes in his master's woods as deep and as frequent as he likes; he has a right to strain very small but strong wire from tree to tree, about the height from the ground of a middling-sized man's face. A nocturnal villain has no business in that wood, and if he cuts his nose nearly off against a wire of this kind, he has no one to blame for it but himself. Very strong, pliant growers may also be bent down, and held down with strong whipcord and a peg to a hole in a

strong post, which said growers fly up with great emphasis if the peg that holds them is displaced by the foot or leg of a man; and if the grower should catch an intruding chin, a jaw so struck will not masticate food for some days. Those excellent but dangerous spikes for men or dogs are said to be as illegal as the spring-gun, so it is best not to set them, and, indeed, without such dangerous things a wood can be made, if well inclosed to keep out cattle, as ineligible a spot for a midnight walk as can well be imagined. The owner of a wood has as much right to put large tenter-hooks in his trees, if he likes it, as he has to put them on the top of his palings or walls; and if hooks are suspended on stout cords, combined with deeply-dug holes and growers to spring up when touched, the wood thus treated will not be much troubled with intruders by night or day. However good it may be to have these adjuncts for the maintenance of privacy, in my own mind there is nothing like a force kept on watch on every succeeding night.—"Facts not Fiction," by Grantley Berkeley.

A SPORTING TRIP TO INDIA.

NO. V.

"Just before the battle, mother."

Arnej, Guzerat, Dec. 9, 1875.

On Thursday, Dec. 2, at nine o'clock in the evening, I left Bombay by the mail-train. The first-class fare to Ahmedabad is £2 8s., but if a man can put up with a little discomfort he can go second class for £1 4s. Having had very little sleep for the two or three nights previously, I determined to travel "luxuriously," and so, as the train slowly moved out of the Grant-road Station at Bombay, I stretched my weary limbs upon a comfortable lounge in one of the first-class saloon carriages, and slept tolerably comfortably till sunrise the next morning. At nine o'clock we reached Baroda, and obtained a good breakfast there; and at 11.20 we pulled up at Ahmedabad station. Here my butler was waiting for me, and also a friend to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who took me off to his house, where I enjoyed the luxury of a very cold bath, followed by an excellent breakfast. A stranger would have to put up at the station, where there is every convenience. My heavy kit, consisting of four boxes, which contained my shooting-clothes, English stores, liquors, &c., and my saddle, I had dispatched from Bombay on Dec. 1, and naturally expected that they would turn up at Ahmedabad on the evening of the third day; but no such luck was mine. Not caring to start without them, I determined to wait till they arrived, though I had fully intended to be under canvas on the Saturday evening. I had sent this heavy impedimenta by goods-train, because the charges by the mail-train are something fabulous; but it would take a good many rupees to make up for the annoyance and vexation of being detained when one is bursting with impatience to have a sling at the lordly blackbuck. Patience is a very good thing: I don't deny, and practising it a most wholesome task; but, under existing circumstances and in the fervour of the moment, strong language was more to my mind.

After breakfast I got through all my business—that is to say, my butler bought at the bazaar the stores (including six dozen of soda-water), and hired three servants—No. 1, a cook, whose wages are 28s. a month; No. 2, a ghorawallah or ostler, who gets 16s.; and No. 3, a general servant, who has the charge of my gun, and goes out with me when I am shooting. This gentleman's salary is likewise 16s. a month. He is a devout Mohammedan. My butler's wages are £1 16s., and so the total expense of domestics is £4 16s. a month: at the same time it must be remembered that I am not responsible for anything beyond this sum, for servants in India always clothe and feed themselves.

In the evening I bought a horse—a white, or rather flea-bitten, galloway, standing about 14 hands high, very strong, and very comfortable to ride. It is Kattiawar bred, but has a tinge of Arab blood in its veins. I gave £10 for it, and christened it "Mummy," having tender associations connected with the name. Tents can be hired in Ahmedabad for about 30s. a month—one big and one small one. It happened that there was a scarcity of tents when I was there, because a regiment was just marching out, and the officers had hired all the small ones available. A native had the unblushing impudence to ask me £3 a month for the use of two small ones; but the coming and going of that man were actions entirely dissimilar, and the leisureness with which he stepped up the verandah steps was only to be equalled by the rapidity with which he stepped down. My friend came to my rescue and procured me the loan of a couple in this emergency. He also lent me a camp-bed; a table and washing-stand I hired for 3s. a week.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday my butler made religious pilgrimages to the station to see if the heavy kit had arrived, and each time he came back I could read in his face the poet's wail—

It cometh not, he said;
I am weary, I am weary,
And I would that I were dead.

Gentle reader, if ever you undertake a sporting trip to India, and have heavy baggage, stick to it; and let me most earnestly implore you to insert Indian goods-trains in the category of princes and sons of men, and to put no trust in them, for if you do—well, God help you!

To cut a long story short, on Sunday I determined to make a start, for I argued to myself—as little boys do who go out boating, and young ladies who read novels, and grown-up men who play whist on the Sabbath—the better the day the better the deed. So at three o'clock I dispatched a bullock-cart laden up with my tents, furniture, and what stores I had with me, and my three servants sitting on the top, while the ghorawallah led my horse. At eight o'clock I said good-by to my friend, and, having driven another nail into my coffin, which is a melancholy way of saying that I fortified myself with a final "peg," I crawled into a bullock-cart, not unlike a large box on two wheels, and lay down on a mattress (which I had retained for the occasion), with my two gun-cases under my head for a pillow. And so I composed myself to sleep. But in this case sleep, like Dr. Lynn's tricks, was a delusion. Bump, thump, bang! went the cart over the cruel ruts, and the dust swept in like a hurricane; and, to complete the discomfort, the Tom Thumbs of entomological creation began a craftily-conceived campaign against my person. Ah! Poets have sung about "sleep," musicians have composed songs and strains in its honour; but I'll bet my last dollar that they had had a good snooze before doing so, or they would have spoken of Morpheus as a "fickle fellow," and perhaps gone so far as to swear at him.

For about four hours I wriggled about in the most abject discomfort in that cart; and about half-past one in the morning, just as the moon was going down, I reached a small "gaum," or village, called Sororah, which is on the Ahmedabad side of the Sabarmuttee River; and here I "out-spanned," as they say in South Africa, and halted for the night, or rather morning, and so enjoyed four hours' good sleep.

At six o'clock I started again, and at eleven reached the

collector's bungalow at Dholka—having travelled twenty-six miles; and, finding it empty, put up there without pitching my tent. These collectors' bungalows are houses scattered all over India, where the collectors and other Government officials put up when they are out in the district. A non-official has to pay a fee of two shillings for each day that he stops in one.

Dholka is a large place, containing some 20,000 inhabitants. There are two "big" natives in the place—Shere Mere and Lutf Khan—both Mohammedans, as their names will denote. Shere Mere's grandfather was formerly a feudal chief under one of the great Guzerat chiefs, and owned thirty-two villages, Dholka being the chief one. The old gentleman, however, greatly mismanaged his affairs, and when the English annexed the territory they annexed his villages amongst the rest, declaring he was not able to take care of them, and (on the principle, I suppose, that exchange is no robbery) allowed him and his descendants a pension of £200 a year. Shere Mere, consequently, has a grievance, and it is a sorry task listening to his walls and lamentations, which he is not backward in giving mouth to when he is in the company of Europeans. I believe there is no doubt but that the poor fellow has been "scurvily" treated—at least, I have been assured so by one of the Government officials of the district. Both Shere Mere and Lutf Khan were absent when I was at Dholka, and had not the pleasure of renewing an acquaintanceship which I made three years ago, when I was shooting in these parts. I wrote to Shere Mere and asked him to join me five weeks hence in a fishing and duck-shooting excursion to the Null, a large tract of water some thirty miles north of this. I shall devote a future letter to the description of the sport we meet with, and by that time I shall be drawing towards the close of my present trip.

Both Shere Mere and Lutf Khan are great sportsmen, and are continually blazing away all round Dholka. Hence what little game there is that has not been frightened away is very wild, and consequently I did not go out shooting while I was there; but I felt no regret, as I knew that in a day or two more I should be in the middle of the Buch country, and be able to blaze away to my heart's content.

On Dec. 7 my recreant kit turned up, it having arrived at Ahmedabad on the previous day, and been dispatched thence by my friend. I immediately set to work and unpacked it. It was a satisfaction to find that not a single bottle of wine or anything was broken. All obstacles being now removed, I determined to march the next morning; so that evening I sent forward my kit and three servants, the devout Mohammedan and my horse remaining behind—the one to take me on the next morning, the other to look after my bed and portmanteau, which was to follow on a camel. By eight o'clock everything had gone, and so I retired to my virtuous couch. I should mention, by-the-by, that comfortable and luxurious as my hammock is (and nothing could be more delicious and cool for a siesta on a warm day), I determined at the last moment to take a bed, as about January the nights are tremendously cold in Ahmedabad.

At 6.30 on Dec. 8 I mounted Mummy, having previously packed up my bed and portmanteau and seen it put on to the camel. The distance from Dholka to Arnej is twenty miles, and I reached my camp a little before ten o'clock. My butler had put up at the Dhurrumsala, a sort of free inn, where you can get lodging and nothing else. It is meant for natives, but they have to turn out when any "sahib" wants it. This Dhurrumsala is a new one, and hence is very clean, and much cooler than a tent.

I devoted all yesterday after breakfast to writing letters and cleaning up and preparing my guns. In the evening I went out and had some good snipe-shooting, but I only bagged five—and indeed I am a very bad shot with a gun, and very little better with a rifle, except when I am "potting"—and it will be no exaggeration to say that whatever my "bags" may be in the next five weeks, a good shot would easily be able to double them. All that I profess is an enthusiastic devotion to shikar, but though I have been fortunate enough to enjoy a great deal of shooting, I have never yet obtained a real mastery of my guns.

This morning (Dec. 9) I was out for the first time after the blackbuck. My devout Mohammedan and a villager went forward at five o'clock with my rifle to a "gaum" called Bagodra, and I followed at six, after fortifying myself with a good bowl of porridge and a cup of cocoa. Bagodra is about five miles distant, and Mummy carried me over the ground in very little over half an hour. I found my men without any difficulty, and we soon sighted a herd of deer, consisting of about twenty does and three fine bucks. No one ever thinks of shooting a doe; it is almost as bad as shooting a fox. They can be easily distinguished from the old bucks by their colour, which is a light fawn on the back and white underneath. The blackbuck himself—noble fellow that he is!—is of a rich dark brown, or almost black colour, which contrasts beautifully with his white belly. The young bucks are not so easily distinguished from the does, as the deep colour is the badge of years, but at two hundred yards one is able to distinguish their short horns. These young fellows are, to my thinking, far nicer eating than their fathers, or maybe their grandfathers: but the skins and horns of the old bucks are fine trophies of the field, two of the latter making a very handsome and warm rug.

On sighting the herd I dismounted, and, loading my express, began stalking it. Unluckily, I was to windward of them, and I had to make a long detour before I could approach them. The country was perfectly flat, and I had a capital task before me, for the buck in this place are very wild, from the villagers constantly frightening them away from the fields in which the crops are growing, though it must not be thought because there are fields that there are hedges. Taking advantage of a small break, I got within 150 yards of the nearest buck, and then, resting for half a minute to get breath, I let drive, and hit him in the neck. He expired without a groan, and the rest bounded off. I had a running shot at a second buck, but missed him completely. I would here mention, in as delicate language as I can, that there is a certain part of a buck that must be cut off directly he is dead or the meat will be tainted; after performing this operation I sent the carcass home on the shoulders of the stout villager. The buck weighed 93lb, and his horns were 19in long. I had eight more shots after this, mostly very long ones, and I bagged a young buck that weighed 62lb with horns of 8in. Contented with my morning's sport, I mounted Mummy and rode home to a delicious bath and a capital breakfast. This evening my kit goes on to a place called Phodra, and I follow it to-morrow morning, and shall shoot on the road as I go. A very ugly coolie is now waiting to carry this letter to Kotte, a large village six miles away, where there is a post office.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation.—Have it in your house, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113 Holborn-hill, London.—(Advrt.)



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY.

NELLY GWYNN.

(Continued from the last Number.)

And now we abandon our pardonable little transparent pretence of existing in the past. If it has helped you, as the carefully-selected traditions and facts embodied in it helped us, to understand the character and career of a famous actress, who will shortly once again figure on the stage in a new play, its purpose is accomplished.

It is not difficult to understand how from attracting the special attention of the audiences Eleanor Gwynn began to be noticed by the actors. Jack Lacy was the first to take notice of her. His portrait is at Hampton Court. He had been a dancing-master, but when the civil war broke out he drew his sword for the King, and was made a lieutenant. On the restoration of King and drama, he became an actor, and won the highest rank as a comedian. His Falstaff was immensely popular, and his fame as a tragedian was not less so. So great a favourite is he with Charles that the King has had his portrait repeatedly painted for his private collection. Evelyn dubs him "Roscius," and his wardrobe, although Pepys sneers at it, is the wonder of the town; and he lodges in the most fashionable part of Drury-lane, close to Craven House, where he probably gave Nell her earliest lessons in the dramatic art. She must have remained some little time under his instruction, and been a very apt learner, for it is impossible to imagine that she sprang at once from the China-orange vending business, and a coal-yard training of the seventeenth century, to take a prominent place, and play leading parts amongst his Majesty's servants in the theatre.

Honest and Merry Tom Killigrew's manager was Charles Hart, the tragedian, he whom comic Joe Haines so grievously offended. Hart was a boy when Shakespeare's plays were performed at Blackfriars, and played women's parts; he was Robinson's apprentice, or boy, and first gained fame as the Duchess, in a tragedy called *The Cardinal*. To him in due time, as a matter of course, Lacy introduced, as an aspirant for dramatic fame, his new protégée. Hart fell in love with her, although she was such a child. We have reason to suspect that Lacy did not; and we may, if you please, imagine that famous actor's interest in Nell, and the great trouble he must have taken in training her, were rather due to the possible fact that he and her father had fought for and suffered in the great cause they had both so truly loved, than to any far less innocent cause.

At last came the great day big with the fate of little Eleanor Gwynn, on the afternoon of which she was to make her "first appearance on any stage." It was probably in the year 1665, when we were at war with the Dutch, whereby the China oranges became very scarce and dear, and that awful scourge the plague had commenced its ravages in London. At any rate, Pepys, who met her on April 3 in that year, speaks of seeing her at the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's-inn-fields (not on the stage), as "pretty witty Nell," of the King's House, although she was then but a girl of fifteen. He also says, but with very different feelings, how, on June 7, "much against my will, I did, in Drury-Lane, see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ there; which is a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw."

The plague seems to have commenced in suburban Drury-lane, and not to have appeared in London for some three or four weeks after—a bad thing for the theatre in which Nell had but just commenced her new career. The Puritans saw in it God's judgment against the wicked players who had first put loose women upon their boards, and allied the brothel and the stage in bonds of the most constant and common intimacy. Orange Moll was as familiar behind the scenes as she was in her own vile house amongst her own poor slaves and victims. You may remember how she carried messages from the play to Pepys from his actress-love, Mrs. Knipp. The plague shut up Drury Lane Theatre, and we hear nothing more of it until the following year. Fashionable and wealthy people were flying as far as possible from the empty and silent streets of London to the mournful sounds of ever-tolling death-bells.

We cannot tell you where Nell found refuge from that horrible pest. She escaped it, and came back to the fashionable suburb of the grass-grown, deserted city, where the streets were filled with the sick and starving poor, whose piteous appeals we know right well she was not the creature to neglect so long as a coin remained in her pocket. She found the churchyards much higher than they were and crammed with graves.

At last the workmen were in the King's Playhouse, cleaning and clearing it up and preparing it for reopening. Pepys looked in after dinner on March 19, 1666, and found it "all in dirt," with the carpenters busy widening the stage; but, with a sigh, said he, "God knows when they will begin to act again," for the plague still lingered. But he laughed to see the actors' carelessly, perhaps hurriedly, cast aside clothes and properties, the wooden leg, ruff, hobby-horse and crown, the painted scenes and the ingenious machines, "and particularly Lacy's wardrobe and Robert and William Shottrell's," of which he remarks once more, "How fine they show on the stage by candlelight, and how poor things they are to look at too near!" It was, indeed, the end of that year before Pepys had an opportunity of seeing the actors once more at work; for in September the Great Fire broke out, and it was no time for play-acting when the whole city was in ashes.

On Dec. 8 the poor actors could once more open the King's Theatre, and they did so with Howard's *English Monsieur*. Pepys was there, and he pronounced it "a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant; and," he adds, "the women do very well, but, above all, little Nelly."

In the following year and month Mrs. Knipp introduced Pepys and his wife to "little Nelly," when, he says, "I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is." She was still, you must remember, in years and appearance merely a child.

In 1667 Nell (as Cunningham tells) was living at a house called the "Cock and Pie," in the fashionable part of Drury-lane—most houses then bore signs. The house still stands, and was until recently Stockley's secondhand bookstall; it is now divided between a dealer in cheap secondhand jewellery and another in old iron and other dingy refuse and rubbish. Pepys saw her standing at the door of this house, on the merry May Day of that year, "in her smock-sleeves and bodice," when the maypole close by was bedecked with its garlands, and the milkmaids and mummers and musicians were all agog, and when, Pepys again remarked in his diary, "she seemed a mighty pretty creature." This house—which in the last century was and had long been an inn—figures in our sketch (with the portrait of Nell, from Lely, &c.) on a separate page. In this same year Nell attracted the attention of Lord Buckhurst, a great patron of the drama and a poet of no mean eminence, who was afterwards Earl of Dorset. In the July of 1667, she was with him, keeping (says Pepys) "merry house" at Epsom, not then connected with races, but famous as a fashionable watering-place. "Poor girl!" says Pepys, "I pity her, but more the loss of her at the King's House." The Dutch fleet were at the same time insulting us in the Thames and

burning our finest ships; while all England was in a state of dread and consternation. In August Nell returned to the stage for the sake of her friend Dryden's new play, *The Indian Emperor, or the Conquest of Mexico*, in which Pepys saw her on the 22nd, when she was playing the Emperor's daughter—"out of her element," as she publicly asserted, "in a tragedy." On the 5th of October next Pepys went to the tiring-rooms or shift, in one of which he saw Nell dressing herself, and says she "is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And in the scene-room, there she sat down, and she gave us fruit." Presently, as we cast our glance over the famous diary, we see that the child-mistress of Buckhurst is achieving a yet higher conquest, for we read, "the King did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him; and I am sorry for it, and can hope no good for the State from having a Prince so devoted to his pleasure." The Dutch were threatening London, and were masters of Sheerness, where they had burnt three of his voluptuous Majesty's greatest ships, with a magazine of stores valued at forty thousand pound! In the very next month Nell played in a piece by Sir Robert Howard, designed to reproach the King for keeping so many mistresses, and neglecting affairs of State. Pepys trembled at the player's audacity, but adds, "it all ended well." But it was not always so, as poor Lacy soon knew to his cost.

In the following year—that in which Sir William Davenant died—we find Nell playing in boy's clothes, like a young gallant, as Florimell, and again in breeches when she danced her famous jig with Beck Marshall. "But Lord!" cries Pepys, "their confidence; and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage." Then, for a time, we miss Nell from the boards, although she plays at intervals, and still mingles occasionally with her fellow-actresses.

Nelly and Beck Marshall—strange to say, the latter was a daughter of the great Presbyterian, Stephen Marshall—falling out, Becky reproached Nelly with being Lord Buckhurst's mistress; on which Nell replied, severely, "I was but one man's mistress although I was brought up in a brothel" (meaning, we presume, at one time), adding, "but you are mistress to three or four, though a Presbyterian's praying daughter." Of this fact, that she was always true to the man whose protection she had accepted, Nelly from first to last continued boastful and proud. Bitterly conscious that she had nothing more than this and her God-given beauty to boast, it was her one poor consolation, and she clung to it tenaciously all through her life. This fact was so well and generally known to those who lived in her time that it found expression in many a now traditional anecdote, and crops up in one of the best of some wretched verses then extremely popular and still preserved, one of which makes her say of the King:

Let Time—that never yet spoke well of woman—
Give out I was a strolling — and common;
Yet I have been to him, since the first hour,
As constant as the needle to the flower.

Fate, not inclination, had made Nelly what she was; but she scorned to sully virtue and goodness by assuming the respect belonging to them, nor would she make honour a mere cloak for dishonour. When her coachman fought with another coachman because the latter had called his mistress by a foul name, Madame Gwynn told her man—and we can imagine the bitter feeling with which it was said, even if a laugh disguised it, that he had no right to beat anyone for speaking the truth. She shocked the King by calling his and her son by the only coarsely-offensive name that was most truly his birthright, yet the pang that word gave the mother's heart, although wild, mad, reckless laughter appears to have followed the King's indignant reproof, may have been like the wound of a poisoned dagger, invisible but cureless. The King heaped honours on his child, but the mother knew far too well that such gifts could not erase but only deepen the stigma of his birth. Nell never hid from herself or others the painful facts that not only was she degraded and ruined past the power of a King's redemption, but she was also a source of degradation to the child she loved most dearly and to those who loved her.

"Oh, Nell!" said Charles to her in one of those short, temporary fits of penitence for the dishonours and miseries he brought upon this country, of which he appears to have made Nell almost his only confidant. "Oh, Nell! what shall I do to please the people of England? I am torn to pieces by their clamours."

Unselfishly, respectfully, and with earnest simplicity, Nelly answered the King. "If it please your Majesty, there is but one way left—dismiss your mistresses and mind your business!"

And in proportion to her deep and bitter consciousness of that ruin and degradation to which she had been devoted from her very earliest years, when her natural sense of right and wrong was but the feeblest instinct, grew her scorn and detestation of highly-educated and accomplished full-grown women, who, being born to command the highest rank and the greatest honours, voluntarily stooped to her miserable level for the sake of money and power.

Nell, speaking of the Duchess of Portsmouth, said openly, intending her scornful, scathing words to reach that spiteful and haughty woman:—"This lady pretends to be a person of quality; she says she is related to the best families in France. Whenever any person of distinction dies there she puts on mourning. If she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtesan? She ought to die with shame!"

The intense feeling she threw into words in themselves so forcible may have startled some and moved others to smile, as they thought what she was who administered so stern a reproof. Nelly herself was amongst the latter. Her old stage attitude and deep tragic tones ended, perhaps, in a merry-seeming laugh, as she added,

"As for me, it is my profession, I do not pretend to be anything better."

Charles, to his credit be it said, loved honest, open-hearted Nelly to the last, and of all his numerous mistresses, high and low, she was the only one who to the last remained faithful to him. His pity for her whom he had given rank and wealth, which made her envied by the highest, was often shown, and his last words were, "let not poor Nelly starve."

Mrs. Jameson says her countenance, undimpled with smiles, when her eyes looked full and calmly at you, as they do in Sir Peter Lely's portrait, "was soft and even pensive in its expression." The lamb which figures in it has been sneered and laughed at by generations of unsympathising critics. What had "that wretched drab" to do with the emblem of innocence? some have asked. But it is forgotten that the lamb is also often used as the emblem of sacrifice and helplessness.

There is, in existence a looking-glass bearing a likeness of Nell Gwynn and King Charles, modelled in wax, together with Nell's adopted crest, the lion and the spotted leopard. At the top, curiously worked into it in coloured beads, is Charles in his state dress, and at the bottom Nelly in her Court dress. On one side is Charles in his hunting costume, and on the other Nell in negligée attire. Laman Blanchard wrote of this glass the following pretty, feeling, and graceful lines:—

Glass antique, 'twixt thee and Nell
Draw we here a parallel.
She, like thee, was forced to bear
All reflections, foul or fair.

Thou art deep and bright within;
Depths as bright belonged to Gwynn.
Thou art very frail as well—
Frail as flesh is—so was Nell.

Thou, her glass, art silver-lined;
She, too, had a silver mind.
Thine is fresh to this far day;
Hers till death ne'er wore away.

Thou dost to thy surface win
Wandering glances—so did Gwynn.
Eyes on thee long love to dwell;
So men's eyes would do on Nell.

Life-like forms in thee are sought,
Such the forms the actress wrought:
Truth, unfailing, rests on you;
Nell, whate'er she was, was true.

Clear as virtue, dull as sin,
Thou art oft, as oft was Gwynn;
Breathe on thee, and drops will swell—
Bright tears dimmed the eyes of Nell.

Thine's a frame to charm the sight,
Framed was she to give delight;
Waxen forms here truly show
Charles above and Nell below.

But between them, chin with chin,
Stuart stands as low as Gwynn:
Paired—yet parted—meant to tell
Charles was opposite to Nell.

Round the glass, wherein her face
Smiled so oft, her arms we trace;
Thou, her mirror, hast the pair,
Lion here and leopard there.

She had part in these; akin
To the lion-heart was Gwynn,
And the leopard's beauty fell,
With its spots, to bounding Nell.

Of inspected, ne'er seen thro',
Thou art firm, if brittle too;
So her will, on good intent
Might be broken, never bent.

What that glass was, when therein
Beamed the face of glad Nell Gwynn,
Was that face, by beauty's spell,
To the honest soul of Nell.

There are many other most characteristic stories of Nelly which we should have delight in re-telling, there are many places associated with her which it would be a pleasure to revisit—in Bagnigge-wells, in Pall-mall, and in Chelsea, where her mother, who lived long after her elevation (in her case, whatever it was in others) to the Royal bed, resided, and where, it is said, Nell declined to receive from her infatuated Royal lover the gift which she afterwards urged him to devote to the reception of his aged and poverty-stricken soldiers. Some authorities, but by no means all, deny the truth of this story; for certain reasons of our own, we do not. Mrs. Jameson says, "Nell Gwynn never asked anything for herself, never gave herself unbecoming airs as though she deemed her unhappy situation a subject of pride; there is not a single instance of her using her influence over Charles for an unworthy purpose; but, on the contrary, the presents which the King's love or bounty lavished upon her, she gave and spent freely, and misfortune, deserved or undeserved, never approached her in vain."

After the King's death, which occurred soon after that of her first lover, Charles Hart, we hear little of poor Nelly. Stories of her madcap, merry pranks, her deeds of generous charity, her caustic and witty sayings, &c., were still precious in the memory of the general public; but most of her great friends appear to have deserted her, and we read that she grew very poor and was outlawed for debt. Her will, dated July 9, 1687, with a codicil bearing date Oct. 18, addressed to her son the Duke of St. Albans, leaves all she might die possessed of to the Duke, with £100 to each of her executors—namely, to Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, Sir Robert Sawyer, the King's Attorney-General, and the Hon. Henry Sidney, who figures in the "Memoirs" of the profligate De Grammont. Nelly could not write, but she had contrived to append her initials to this document. The year of her will, as we learn from the burial register of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in which parish she died, was also that of her death. In her favourite part of Florimell, in the *Maiden Queen*, in which some say her first appearance was made, she had often, when a girl, said: "I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty, and then slip out of the world with the first wrinkle, and the reputation of five-and-twenty." The words had a narrow escape of being prophetic: she died of apoplexy when she was thirty-seven years old, and none of the numerous portraits extant of Nelly, taken at different times, show us a face which could not be taken for five-and-twenty.

In the page of sketches to which this somewhat too much of an article owes its existence we have introduced two views of Bagnigge-wells as it appeared in 1844. This famous place of public entertainment in the last century was previously, as tradition affirms, Madame Gwynn's residence. The fact that several small tenements at the north end of the gardens were for many years known as Nell Gwynn's-buildings, and some other facts connected with the locality, seem to verify the tradition so strongly that we selected these views to associate with her portrait in preference to some others rather better known. A. H. WALL.

BANQUET TO MR. BOUCICAULT.—The banquet tendered to Mr. Boucicault by the Irish members of Parliament and Irish residents in London, which was postponed in consequence of the sad bereavement which recently befel that gentleman, has been fixed to take place in July next. Sir Joseph Neale McKenna, M.P., will preside.

AN ACCIDENT OCCURRED AT THE NORTH SHIELDS THEATRE Royal last Saturday night. Mr. Clyde was performing the character of Cartouche, and in the last act he is fired at. A pistol was used, and, on being fired, the wadding struck him in the side, penetrating the leather belt he was wearing and causing a large wound in his side. Mr. Clyde, on being struck, fell on to the stage, and great excitement was occasioned in the theatre. A doctor immediately attended, and, after dressing the wound, Mr. Clyde was removed home.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them perfectly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailled everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Musical Review.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY, Hanover-square. These enterprising publishers have recently issued several series of "Popular Classics for the Pianoforte," selected, edited, and fingered by Mr. Walter Macfarren. Each series contains twelve specimens of the great masters, and the collection when completed will be the finest yet attempted. The publishing price for each number is 4s.; and there are few of the numbers which are not worth thrice the money. To recapitulate the composers whose choicest works are included in this admirable collection would be to mention all the great names in the history of music. Mr. Macfarren has done his work well; and the fingering given by him will greatly aid amateur pianists who may resolve to possess the collection, or any part of it.

BOOSEY AND CO., 295, Regent-street, publish a pretty song, "Somebody's waiting for Somebody." The words, by Charles Swain, are well written, and the music is by Miss Elizabeth Philp, who has long enjoyed a high reputation as a composer of ballads, and who has in this instance fully equalled her former efforts. The melody is fresh and effective, and the accompaniment, though simple, is in keeping with the words and the voice part. It will probably become generally popular.

R. MILLS and SONS, 140, New Bond-street, publish four new songs by Miss Elizabeth Philp. The first is entitled, "The Birds are singing for you and me." The words, "by M. H.," are not quite equal to the music, which is full of originality and variety. The working up of the sentiment at the end of the last verse is remarkably felicitous, and the song will be a boon to amateurs. "Reviendra-t-il jamais?" is a clever setting of some pretty French words. Miss Philp has been more successful than most English composers in fitting her music to the right accent of the French words. "Younger Years" is a sentimental song, written by Mr. Weatherley, whose lines are musical and well written, except in the last verse, which requires an alteration that may easily be made. The lines run—

Wide is the gulf between us set;
Cold are the seas between;
Vain that we gaze with wild regret,
Vain that we look and lean,
Vain that we lean with outstretched hands,
Vain that we cry with tears. &c.

This is not English. To ask the listeners to add out of their own mental consciousness the words "It is in," or some such phrase, before the word "vain," is to ask for an unwarrantable use of the ellipsis. In future editions it will be easy to alter the words, "Vain that," into the word "Vainly," which will correspond to the original idea of the writer. There is a good deal of poetical feeling in Mr. Weatherley's lines, and they have been sympathetically set by Miss Philp. "Perché?" is an Italian romanza, written by A. Aleardi. The words are charming, and Miss Philp has fitted them to delightful music. The melody is flowing and simple, the accompaniment facile yet effective, and "Perché?" deserves to become a favourite in every salon. "La Pazza" is also an Italian romanza, or, more properly speaking, a scena, as it combines recitatives with cantabiles. It appears to have escaped Miss Philp's notice that the opening of the principal melody in F strongly recalls the first five bars of the great tenor aria in "Il Pirata." Apart from this coincidence, the song contains much that is original and striking. Mr. Charles Braham's setting of Sir Walter Scott's serenade, "Beauty sleeps," is highly to be commended. He has produced an original melody in six-eight time, ranging from D to F, and therefore within the vocal means of most singers; and the tune is so fresh and flowing, and so well suited to the words, that the song will be a boon to amateurs, while equally worthy the attention of professional vocalists.

DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent-street, publish three songs by Wilford Morgan. "A Mother's Love," written by Maria X. Hayes. The words are not conspicuously good, and the mother seems undecided as to whether her babe should be addressed in the second person singular or second person plural; but the sentiment intended to be conveyed is a popular one, and Mr. Wilford Morgan has fitted the words with an unambitious and simple melody. "My Heart is Thine for Ever" is a manly love-song, in two verses; the key, F; compass, E to F, common time. The melody can hardly be praised for entire originality; but the music is so "well put together," and there is so much hearty earnestness about the song, that it deserves to become popular amongst amateur baritones and tenors. "By the Sea." The words, by W. Winter, are poetical in feeling and expression, and Mr. Wilford Morgan's music deserves warm praise. The melody is graceful and sympathetic; the accompaniment is excellently written, and shows that Mr. Morgan is a master of his craft, and knows how to secure large effects by apparently simple means. "By the Sea" deserves to become popular. "Adorata" is a vocal waltz, the words by G. Zaffira, who has obtained a high reputation as a writer of Italian lyrical poetry. The music is by Henry Klein, and will be found acceptable by the large class of amateurs who wish to shine as vocalists without fatiguing themselves in the study of difficult pieces. "Adorata" has the double advantage of being available either as a means of vocal display or as an adjunct to the ball-room. "Sweet Village Bells," a simple pastoral in two verses, written by the late Mr. Desmond Ryan; and Shelley's verses, "I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden," are published with music by J. W. Davison. Whatever comes from Mr. Davison's pen must command respect. Just as Burke "to party gave up what was meant for mankind," so Mr. Davison has for many years preferred the thorny paths of criticism to the serene delights of composition; and has not cared to seek the realisation of those bright predictions which were awakened in musical society by his early efforts as a composer. That he has "done the State some service" needs no telling. He has ever employed the power intrusted to him temperately, kindly, but firmly; has quietly laughed down a dozen musical manias, and has upheld the banner of true art with unshrinking and indomitable loyalty. The two songs before us will show that he is a thorough musician—familiar with

All the links that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

The first is a simple setting of simple words, but the accompaniment is full of masterly counterpoint, and tells a subsidiary story of its own. In the second, Mr. Davison has thoroughly imbued himself with the ardent and sensitive nature of Shelley. The melody is not only original and beautiful, but is thoroughly appropriate to the words; and many subtle shades of expression are added occasionally by ingeniously-contrived effects in the accompaniment. "I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden," is indeed a beautiful song, and ought to be found in every repertoire. These two songs were sung by Madame Christine Nilsson last year, at St. James's Hall, with thrilling effect, and made the greatest successes of the evening. We shall anxiously look for more works from the same pen.

DIMINUTIVE DRAMAS. No. II.

By COLLEY CIBBER, JUNIOR.

"JUVENAL THE SECOND."

AN OPERETTA IN ONE ACT.

Scene:—A Police Court; Mr. JOHN BULL, plaintiff; Mr. EVILUN DULLARD, defendant; PUBLIC PROSECUTOR, Learned Serjeants, Ushers, Witnesses, Public.

Chorus of USHERS.

Public, silence!

Magistrate. What is this pause about?
What is the cause about?

Public Prosecutor. My client, Mister Bull,
In a libel grossly mentioned is;
And, satisfaction full
To get, Sir, he intensioned is.

Call Mr. Bull!

Usher (to Plaintiff). To speak to this here libel
I must swear you on the Bible.

(Mr. BULL is sworn).

Pub. Pros. You are an old man, Sir, I believe?

Mr. Bull (in a whisper). Yes.

Pub. Pros. Pray speak up. You are suffering from bad health.

Mr. Bull. I am.

Pub. Pros. Have you any relatives?

Mr. Bull. I have a few relations with the Continent; but I do not place much dependence on them.

Pub. Pros. I believe that you have considerable property.

Mr. Bull. Yes; I have three islands in the West of Europe and large possessions in the colonies.

Pub. Pros. How is this property managed?

Mr. Bull. By a lady and her family, assisted by advisers.

Pub. Pros. Is it managed to your satisfaction?

Mr. Bull. It is.

Pub. Pros. The members of the family possess your confidence?

Mr. Bull. Yes. One of them is at this moment in India, looking after my interests there.

Pub. Pros. Have you read "Edward VII."?

Mr. Bull. I have.

Pub. Pros. What is the object of that work?

Mr. Bull. To bring myself into contempt and interfere in my relations with my overseers.

Pub. Pros. To the best of your belief, that is the writer's motive.

Mr. Bull. I will swear that would be the effect of his work, if circulated largely.

Prisoner (interrupting). Please, your Wushup—

Usher. Will you hush up?

(SERJEANT VALENTINE rises to cross-examine.)

Chorus of PUBLIC.

Oh, have you seen my Valentine—

My twopenny-halfpenny Valentine?

Serjeant V. Mr. Bull, may I ask whether you are the owner of the Vanguard?

Pub. Pros. I object to the question. It is irrelevant to the issue.

Serjeant V. (blandly). It is my intention, your Worship, to put only such questions as I consider relevant. I purpose to show by my cross-examination that the strictures of my unhappy client are justified by facts and made in the interests of society at large.

Magistrate (having consulted with clerk).

To the Bench, Sir, you must bow,

And the question put just now

I must clearly disallow.

Serjeant V. (with increased blandness). I bow to a decision which is flavoured with your Worship's characteristic discretion. Mr. Bull, I will ask you one more question. Is your young protégée, who is at present in India, in the habit of riding in hansom cabs?

Mr. Bull. I have known him to do so. But at those times he was not aware that it was a criminal offence to do so.

Serjeant V. (smiling triumphantly at the Bench). Ah! (Sits down.)

(At this juncture all the crowned heads of Europe are produced by the Public Prosecutor habited in their robes of state and court jewellery. Some delay is occasioned by Pius IX. refusing to be sworn on any but the Douay version of the Scriptures. The crowned heads all depose generally to the libellous nature of the publication and to the evident reference to the Plaintiff, whom they describe as a highly respectable old man.)

Pub. Pros. And now, Sir, you have heard my case;

Lock him up, lock him up!

Immure him for his conduct base;

Lock him up, lock him up! (Sits down.)

Serjeant V. (more bland than ever). May it please your Worship, I have a most delicate task to perform in defending my young and gifted client. I beg of you, on account of his illustrious ancestry, his extreme youth, his unhappy inexperience, to refrain from blasting his young life. Do not send him to a common dungeon to have his locks shorn, his person enveloped in Government grey, the companion of pickpockets and unsuccessful financiers. I shall place the young gentleman in the box. You shall judge for yourself.

(MR. EVILUN DULLARD sworn.)

Serjeant V. You are of a tender age?

Dullard. I am.

Serjeant V. You are a grandson of the celebrated wit.

Dullard. I am proud to claim that relationship.

Serjeant V. Have you any animus against the plaintiff?

Dullard. None whatever.

Serjeant V. What was your motive in writing "Edward VII."?

Dullard. To show my wit.

Serjeant V. Now don't you see, Sir,

Clear as can be, Sir,

The gentleman he, Sir,

Defended by me, Sir,

Should be set free, Sir.

Pub. Pros. Not so quickly, I would question the youth. You say you are a grandson of the great Norval. Is that so?

Dullard. Yes.

Pub. Pros. On your solemn oath?

Dullard. On my solemn oath.

Pub. Pros. Well, I certainly should not have thought it.

Serjeant V. I protest against such observations.

Chorus of SPECTATORS.

Dullard, make room for your grandson,

There's a little man.

Pub. Pros. In this libel you describe a character as being a "modern Juvenal." Whom do you mean?

Dullard. Myself. I am very clever.

Pub. Pros. When you further describe him as being "the wisest of all here," do you also mean yourself?

Dullard. I do. I am very wise.

Spectators, } Modest Dullard is his name, my boys,
Ushers, } Keep you silence in the court, my boys.
(followed by laughing chorus, supported by magistrate, clerks,
ushers, and crowned heads.)
Pub. Pros. Into gaol, Sir,
Without fail, Sir,
Quickly send him.
In grey cloak him,
Give him oakum,
That will mend him. (Sits down.)
Magistrate. There only one resort is—
The sentence of the Court is
That the modest little writer
(A case of bitten biter)
Shall have his body under Colney Hatches.

Chorus.

God save the Queen!

(Curtain.)

AMERICAN SPORTS.

ONE THOUSAND-MILE WALKING-MATCH AT NEW YORK. JAN. 15.—At seven o'clock this evening a walking-match commenced, at Giehl's Garden, in Williamsburg, between John de Witt, of Amsterdam, N.Y., and John Goulding, of Brooklyn, of 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours, for 500 dols. But very few were present at the start. De Witt led off and walked the first mile. Goulding started about ten minutes after De Witt had concluded the mile. The men will thus alternate. De Witt is fifty-four years of age; his opponent is forty. The odds in betting are in favour of the latter.

GERAGHTY'S TWENTY-FIVE-MILE WALK AT LA SALLE.—Official report of Geraghty's walk at Butcher's Hall, La Salle, Ill., Jan. 15. Undertook to walk twenty-five miles in 4h 35m. Commenced walking fourteen minutes to seven o'clock p.m., before a great many of the leading citizens of this place and Mendota:—

M.	M. S.	M.	M. S.	M.	M. S.	M.	M. S.	M.	M. S.
1.....	9 35	6.....	10 35	11.....	10 40	16.....	10 47	21.....	11 00
2.....	9 09	7.....	10 45	12.....	10 35	17.....	10 58	22.....	11 15
3.....	9 50	8.....	12 15	13.....	17 30	18.....	10 40	23.....	10 43
4.....	9 30	9.....	8 42	14.....	12 45	19.....	11 15	24.....	10 46
5.....	10 25	10.....	10 18	15.....	11 05	20.....	10 55	25.....	11 15

* Including five minutes for refreshments.

Finished his walk with 1m 25s to spare.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES AND THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.—The following is Mr. Thomas Hughes's reply to the invitation to act as umpire of the American Universities' Regatta:—

"No. 80, Park-street, London, Dec. 30.

"Dear Sir,—I received your letter a week ago announcing to me the fact that I had been elected umpire for the University Regatta of 1876, by the unanimous vote of the Rowing Association of American Colleges. I beg you to assure the committee that I prize very highly this honour, and to thank them and you most heartily for the very kind way in which it has been bestowed and the news of it conveyed to me. I delayed replying in the hope that I might possibly see my way to accepting the post; but this is, I am sorry to say, quite impossible. It would have been a high honour and great pleasure to me to have acted. Believe me always, with all good wishes of the season to you and all members of the association, most truly yours,

THOMAS HUGHES."

"To B. Frank Rees."

A BASE-BALL GAME ON ICE.—A game of base-ball on skates took place on Jamaica Pond, Chicago, early in January, between two clubs captained respectively by George and Harry Wright. The latter had ten players in his team. There were between 3000 and 4000 spectators present. The game commenced at three o'clock and closed at five, resulting in a victory for the former.

ICE-BOAT RACE.—On Jan. 14 the ice-boats Fly-Away and Snow-Bird, of the Capitoline Club, had a race for the club pennant on the Capitoline Lake, Brooklyn, the Fly-Away winning the pennant.

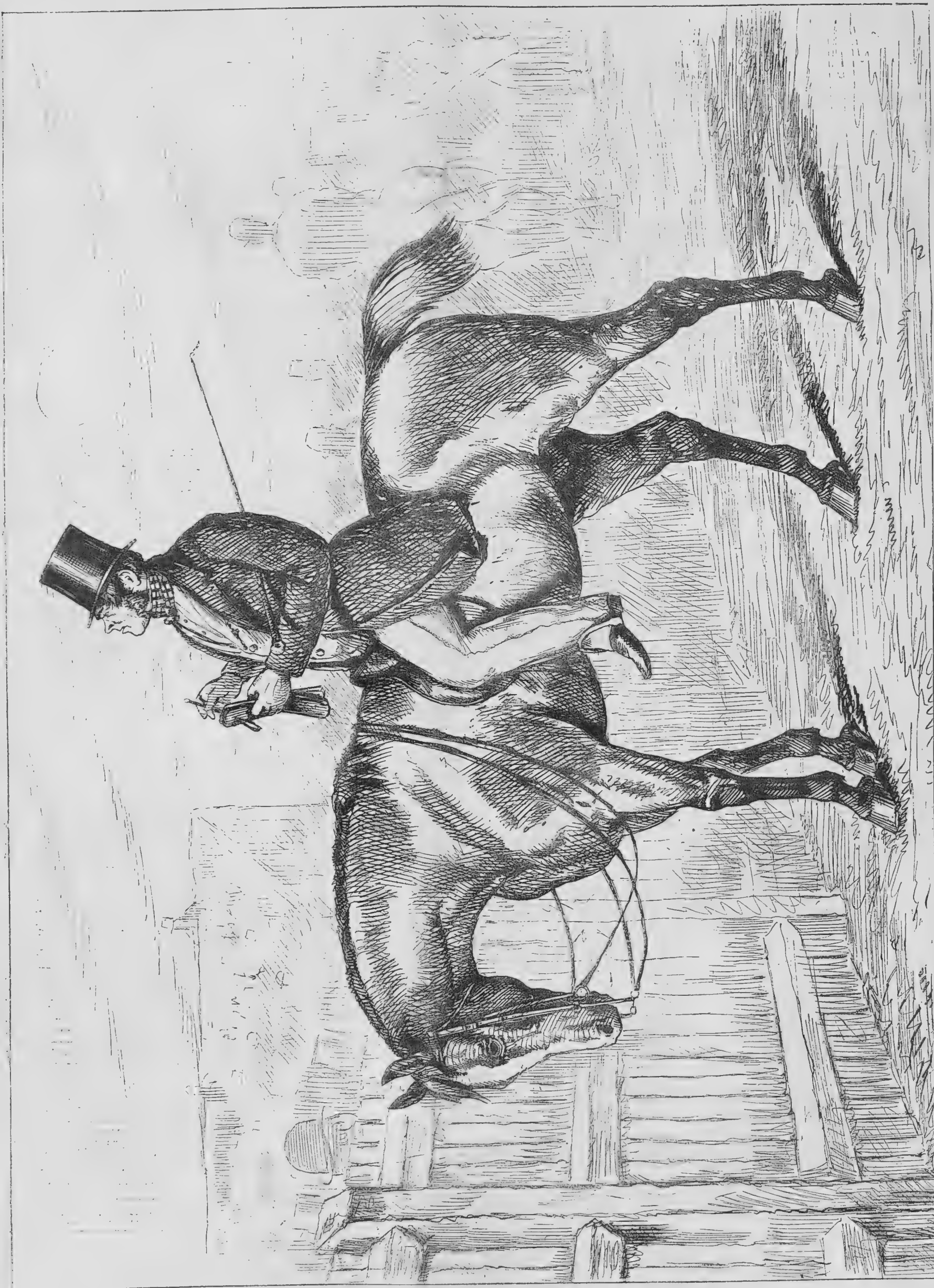
CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON, who has returned to his native waters, after his foreign exploits, has been experimenting in the East river, in presence of large crowds, we read in the New York Forest and Stream. The other day, when he jumped into the water off the Battery, he struck a current which must have reminded him of Cape Grisez. Before he could reach the Brooklyn shore he was carried down the bay, and finally was picked up and carried to land by a row-boat. A Reuter telegram adds that Captain Boyton swam a distance of twenty-five miles in the Mississippi river on Saturday, Jan. 29.

A GIRL OF MUSCLE.—A remarkable female athlete has been discovered in Pennsylvania. She lives at Lewisburg, on the Susquehanna, and her name is Emma Britton, though she is better known as "Johnny." She is above the medium height, is fleshy and well formed, and weighs about 140 pounds. She has taken several prizes for fine skating, and can outstrip the fleetest young man in the neighbourhood. She seems to be particularly fond of ball-playing; throws a heavy base-ball with great force, swiftness, and regularity, and can catch swiftly-thrown balls with great ease and certainty. On skates she can jump fifteen feet, and execute the most difficult figures. She has run one hundred yards in thirteen seconds. She is an expert rider and driver. She is an expert marksman with rifle and pistol. As an off-hand shot her skill is marvellous. At quoit-pitching she shows to good advantage, and she can swim a half-mile very easily. There is nothing foolish or frivolous about her, but she appears to be a sensible, thoughtful woman, fully cognisant of what she is doing, and at all times ready to defend her position by argument that has a sound ring. She always said she would never marry. We need scarcely add that the foregoing is extracted from an American contemporary.

OPENING OF THE TAY SALMON-FISHING.—On Saturday last there was a favourable commencement of rod and net fishing on the Tay. At stations above Perth three fish were the highest take, but at lower stations some good hauls were landed. The largest clean fish taken scaled 28lb. Most of the salmon brought ashore were kelts, with which the river is largely stocked. From the absence of ice a good spring fishing is expected.

SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.—On Saturday last thirty-eight brace of stud and first and second season greyhounds and saplings were sold at Aldridge's Repository, St. Martin's-lane. The dogs were from the kennels of Mr. T. Goodlake and other well-known coursing men, and the sale attracted a large assemblage. Crossfell, by Canardzo out of Meg (sire and dam both winners of the Waterloo Cup), realised 47gs; Great Gable, a third-season dog, fetched 15gs; and Gilt 14gs. Two brace of saplings, by Magnano out of Apple Blossom, and whelped in April, 1875, fetched 58gs. Many of the lots were purchased for consignment to Australia.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[ADVT.]



NEWMARKET SKETCHES, No. II.—Mr. GEORGE PAYNE.

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Just now, however, we are less disposed to join disappointed authors in their denunciations of managers who decline on principle to look at a MS. by an unknown hand than we are to express our surprise at the manifest disinclination of managers to say "go on" to writers who have already produced something, and scored a success. It would surely be quite as reasonable to commission the author of an unusually clever "pantomime" to try his hand at an opéra-bouffe as it is to bid the Osric of yesterday prepare for to-morrow's Romeo. Why, for example, is Mr. Frank Green kept grinding away at "pantomimes"? His verse is far better than the lame rubbish one most frequently hears. He is full of genuine, healthy fun. He is also largely experienced in the requirements of the stage, and we are confident that he could spoil the Egyptians—that is to say, the French—as adroitly as his neighbours if he were only provided with an appreciative receiver of the stolen goods. In this connection, too, we should like to ask why Mr. Alfred Phillips has not been encouraged to "try again"? He wrote *Crazed*; and, although the management for some reason unknown to us did not choose to credit him with the authorship, the piece made such a decided mark as to more than warrant our putting the question.

Professor L. N. Fowler has been lecturing on "Pluck and Cheek." In course of his remarks the lecturer gave instances of many public men who possessed one or the other of these qualities—The Tichborne claimant was very cheeky; Dr. Kenealy was very plucky. Dr. Kenealy, we feel sure, would prefer being classed with his friend the imprisoned Baronet. And—could anybody find it in his heart to say him nay?

Mr. Charles Mathews has returned from India, looking as young and robust as he has looked any day these twenty years past. We suppose he would not like to be called a veteran. He would probably resent the application of that epithet as we once heard George Cruikshank resent it: "You have called me a veteran," exclaimed the humourist; "but I am no veteran. I am an old boy!" Charles is an old boy. Yet one smiles to read in the chatty chronicles of a Town-Talker in 1823 that "The only son of Mathews, the comedian, is, we understand, a young man of the most prominent talents in architecture, which he has been studying for some years with Mr. Pugin. The young artist is going to take his departure for Italy, under the auspices of a nobleman of very high rank." Although in that year Calcutta boasted the possession of one theatre "of considerable dimensions," no dramatic performances took place therein, but "a kind of connected concert, every Friday evening, from seven to twelve."

Talking of *Old Mathews*, might it not be worth while reviving a piece called *Hit or Miss*, the leading character in which he created upwards of half a century since? Writes a critic of the period:—"To those who have not visited Molesey Hurst, or Doncaster, or Tattersall's, or such places of gay and fashionable resort, Mr. Mathews supplies an animated representation of the scenes passing there. The auction at Tattersall's was in a strain of peculiar excellence; and not only the manner of the auctioneer, but the voices and deportment of many of the well-known visitants there, were given with an effective accuracy to which the applause of a crowded house bore ample testimony." Mathews, as Dick Cypher, sang "a brace of sporting songs." We believe the piece enjoyed a long run.

The reporters of the orations of Mother Stewart should be more choice in their phraseology. The other night she repeated the story of the Ohio Whisky War. On that occasion "she was supported on the platform by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of Scarborough, Inspector Evans, and Sergeant Howthorn."

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, THE AMERICAN PEDESTRIAN.

Americans have long looked upon us as being far behind the times, while they have prided themselves on their ability to go ahead of all creation. This may be true or it may not be so; but there can be no doubt that, up to a few weeks back, we have on all occasions shown ourselves fully equal to them in all branches of sport. Hamill, their champion sculler, came over here with a flourish of trumpets to row Harry Kelley a couple of matches, and the result was almost an exercise paddle for the Britisher. J. B. Johnson, in swimming, if we remember rightly, in two long-distance races, easily defeated their champion. The Harvard crew rowed a four-oared race against Oxford University, and suffered a most easy defeat; while the Atalanta four fared still worse when competing against the London Rowing Club, who simply came clean away at the start and won by the length of a good-sized street. It is true they can point with pride to Captain Bogardus, one of the best pigeon-shots in the universe, and to John C. Heenan, whose drawn fight with Tom Sayers is now a matter of history; while Mr. R. Ten Broeck fairly held his own, considering the limited nature of his stud, with some of our best horses on the turf. It was not, however, until Mr. E. P. Weston made his appearance in London that we really had to sing small in the matter of long-distance walking; and, without reserve, we candidly admit that he is par excellence, in this particular branch of pedestrianism, the very best man we have ever seen. His match, on Tuesday and Wednesday week, against Perkins, our champion, for a walk of four-and-twenty hours (in which Weston covered over one hundred and nine miles), is too fresh in the memory of our readers to be dilated on; and the forty-eight hours' contest against Clark (who accomplished the fastest fifty miles on record) is at the time of writing in progress, Clark having retired after completing nearly fifty-six miles, he being then rather more than a mile in front. Mr. Weston up to midnight on Wednesday night had traversed nearly 110 miles, and was then as fresh almost as when he started, and to all appearances looked fit and well enough to walk for an extra two days. This gentleman, whose portrait we give this week, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, and is now thirty-nine years of age. He graduated at one of the New England colleges, and, after concluding his studies there, went to New York, where he accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *New York Daily Sun*, a paper on which he is at present engaged. He is of slight build, but apparently carries not an

ounce of superfluous lumber. As a strict teetotaler, and with a marked dislike to the use of tobacco in any form, he in no wise objects to anyone either drinking or smoking in moderation provided they do not interfere with him when engaged in walking. In one of his matches in America the spectators behaved towards him in a most disgraceful manner. Knowing his dislike of tobacco, the mob deliberately squirted the juice of the "weed" in his face, and in consequence he had to put up with a defeat. In fact, his chief object in coming to this country, "the home of his ancestors," was to obtain a fair record of his capabilities of what he is able to do as a long-distance walker, his own countrymen refusing him this favour, and we trust he is satisfied with the reception he has met with.

"TALL" WALKING IN AMERICA.

THE Chicago correspondent of the *New York Sportsman* writes therefrom on the 31st ult.:—"Your readers have been kept fully posted in the case of 'O'Leary v. English Athletic Editors,' by my friend Mr. Curtis, and they will remember that the beginning of the trouble was when O'Leary beat John Ennis, to whom he was giving ten miles in a hundred, and made the fastest times on record from forty-one miles to a hundred. Ennis succumbed at his sixty-seventh mile, leaving O'Leary to walk the remainder of the distance, which he completed in 18h 53m 40s. This took place in this city, on Oct. 16 of last year. Ennis was not satisfied with his performance on that occasion, and offered to back himself to walk ninety miles in O'Leary's time. This was accepted by O'Leary himself, for 500 dols. a side, and Mr. Curtis was named as stakeholder and referee.

"The whole of the money was posted on Monday last, and the match took place on Saturday, Jan. 29, at the Second Regiment Armoury, corner of Canal and Jackson streets. The track, an exact tenth of a mile, was marked out in the hall by Mr. Curtis, and, after the inside steps had been laid down, and the sawdust placed on the track, Mr. Curtis and I measured it with the chain one foot from the inside edge, and found it exactly 176 yards in circumference. An early hour was named for the start, as Ennis wished to walk out one hundred miles if he felt good enough to do it, after completing the ninety; and I, in company with Mr. Curtis, arrived at the hall about fifteen minutes before three o'clock. Here we found Ennis, C. W. Sidnam (who had obtained permission to walk on the track and try himself over a distance), Daniel O'Leary, with a Mr. Tansy, who kept a check tally throughout the walk, relieved by O'Leary himself, and Mr. T. A. Alcock, who also kept a tally for Mr. Curtis's personal use, and about a dozen outsiders. It was arranged that I should tally the first portion of the walk, and I got the men on the track a few minutes before three o'clock, so as to start on the even hour. The word was given at three o'clock precisely, both the men going off together; but, as Sidnam has nothing to do with the match, I will confine my report to Ennis until I get through with his performance. He walked his first half mile in 5m 3s, and the mile in 10m exactly. He then quickened up a little, and his first seven miles occupied 1h 8m 37s. After completing ten miles in 1h 38m 27s, he slowed up for half a mile, and then went on at a moderate pace. The first refreshment he took was a cup of beef tea on the sixteenth mile, which he drank while on the track. At the end of the twentieth mile he left the track for 2m 50s, on the twenty-eighth mile for 20s to fasten his shoestring, on the thirty-fifth for about 2m. He then kept on very strongly until his forty-fourth mile, during which he left the track and entered the cold ante-room without putting on any extra clothing. The result was a chill, which compelled him to leave the track on the second lap of the forty-sixth mile to get a good rubbing, so as to warm him up again. I took this opportunity to run out and get a 'square meal,' leaving the tally-book in charge of Mr. Curtis. When I returned, Ennis was on the track, had completed the broken lap, and was half-way round the third. These two laps Mr. Curtis tallied, and then I resumed the charge of that duty. He left the track on the fiftieth mile for 1m 35s (toilet), and again on the fifty-second for 9m for refreshments. Stops of a minute or more each were made on the fifty-eight and sixty-fourth miles, and on the sixty-sixth he had a rub down, occupying 10m 6s. He again left the track on the seventieth mile for 6m 15s, on the seventy-second for 1m 25s, and again at the beginning of the seventy-seventh, when he had a good rub down and dry warm clothing put on. During the eighty-first mile I left the stand for a couple of minutes, and Mr. Curtis tallied the ninth and tenth laps before I returned. Ennis was now pretty well used up, and had but little margin for the completion of his task. He struggled gamely along, however, stopping for a little over three minutes on the eighty-second mile, and this was the last time of leaving the track until the completion of the task, which he finished at 9h 49m 40s p.m., exactly four minutes within the stipulated time. He then walked round two laps and about two thirds of a lap, and left the track at 9h 53m 32s."

A Baltimore correspondent of the same journal says:—"On the 29th ult. W. E. Harland, of Philadelphia, on a wager of 250 dols., succeeded in walking eighty consecutive hours without sleep or rest, eating his meals as he walked. He was allowed a few minutes to take an occasional bath. The walk was in a small room on North Central Avenue. He started on Wednesday at four p.m., and completed his walk on Saturday at twelve p.m. On Friday night he was on the point of giving out, but with a little assistance he was able to proceed with his walk. His neck and legs—and, in fact, his whole body—was very sore and painful. He could not bear the pain of being touched. He says he will wager 250 dols. that he will walk 125 consecutive hours without sleep or rest."

"OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA."

As will at once be seen, Mr. W. S. Herrick's Othello bears not the slightest resemblance to Mr. Henry Irving's Othello, as far as costume goes. Not in the flowing scarlet robe of the Lyceum Othello, picturesque as a veritable Moorish chieftain, but in more conventional garb is the valiant Moor attired in Mr. Herrick's painting, which was exhibited at the Academy in 1873. Yet there is an undeniable likeness in one respect between these two "counterfeit presentments." Othello is represented in the picture at the moment when the best critics agree that Mr. Irving is to be seen at his best. Indeed, it would be difficult to surpass Mr. Irving in the loving tenderness shown by him to his fair young bride in the early portion of the tragedy. In answer to Brabantio's indignant and querulous complaint to the Senate, Othello has delivered with quiet dignity his famous answer, which is deemed satisfactory by the Duke, but which does not quite pacify Desdemona's father, whose spiteful parting shot—

Brabantio: Look to her, Moor! Have a quick eye to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee!

elicits the noble answer to which Mr. Irving gives especial dignity and reality by simultaneously drawing Desdemona to him in a closer embrace:—

Othello: My life upon her faith.

THE WATERLOO COURSING MEETING.

So many coursing meetings have been postponed this season in consequence of the frost that many despondent ones feared that even the Waterloo Meeting itself would not come off this week when they found the plains of Altcarr covered with snow. With characteristic changeableness the Clerk of the Weather, happily, turned on the rain in the nick of time; and on Wednesday last, the opening day of the meeting, the sun shone out, and the thousands who assembled on the Earl of Sefton's domain were favoured with quite a spring morning. The beating arrangements were excellent, and, as the crowd behaved exceptionally well, the card was got through before three o'clock—forty-eight courses—a feat unprecedented in coursing, and, still more remarkable, not a single decision of the judge was questioned. The public favourites in most cases performed badly, and were nearly all defeated in the first round—King David, Greenburn, and Hematite cutting very sorry figures. The crack, Honeymoon, in her first course ran unsighted from the slips, and was led some distance by Warren Hastings, but, once getting well placed, she secured the fiat by a clever kill. In her second trial she allowed Handicraft to do a great deal of work before getting warmed to her business, when she just had the best of a very clever course. Donald, Lucetta, and Cigarette each won their courses with great dash and cleverness, and True Blue gained great commendation for the dash and determination he evinced. Surprise won two short courses easily, and he has evidently got back to his form of 1874; and Huron and Ben Barr showed meritoriously. Corby Castle won his first course easily; but in the second he only just managed to beat Lafitte, and he was evidently slower in his pace than last year. Banker's two victories were the quickest and shortest courses of the day. He has an immense turn of speed, and is clever with his teeth, as he allowed neither of his opponents to score a point. Sister Mary displayed both speed and cleverness, whilst Lord Glendyne performed like a thorough good animal. Alice Kelly displayed great cleverness, and the outsider Squatter astonished all by his brilliant performance. Happy Home, Diligent, and Sherwood Daisy performed luckily and cleverly. In running the second ties for the Waterloo Cup, on Thursday, Donald beat Cigarette; Honeymoon beat Lucetta, and 6 to 4 was taken about her for the Cup; Huron beat Surprise, Ben Barr beat True Blue, Corby Castle beat Sister Mary, Lord Glendyne beat Banker, Alice Kelly beat Sherwood Daisy, and The Squatter beat Diligent cleverly. We hope to be able to give a portrait of the winner in our next, accompanied by an ample description of the whole meeting from our correspondent "Brigadier."

PICTURES OF DOGS.

Not a few of her Majesty's subjects may be said, in one sense, to have "gone to the dogs" this week, when as many as twenty thousand persons are reported to have assembled on the plains of Altcarr to witness what some sporting writers delight to call the "Battle of Waterloo." Wherefore Mr. R. H. Moore has thought it not inopportune to present our readers with a few sketches of a Waterloo coursing meeting, as well as a portrait of the noble Lord on whose domain it annually takes place; and it has not been deemed unreasonable to supplement this series of coursing subjects by two more canine pictures, "A Victim to the Lock-Out" and "The Strange Dog." How Carlo came to be "A Victim to the Lock-Out" it is difficult to say without being in the artist's confidence, so much is left to the imagination. In the month of good St. Valentine, however, it may be allowable to hazard the conjecture that this is but another chapter of "the old, old story," and that here is shown the hard fate of a dog that, loving not wisely but too well, has to cool his heels outside his domicile, as is not infrequently the case with many a gay young bachelor about town, "a victim to the lock-out." Carlo, indeed, seems for the moment in as bad case as was a famous predecessor of his, of whom Pope wrote:—

Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn;
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way.

THE QUEEN AT THE VICTORIA BARRACKS, WINDSOR.—Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and attended by General Ponsonby and the suite, was present, last Wednesday afternoon, at an assault of arms held at the gymnasium of the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, under the patronage of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon and the officers of the first battalion Scots Fusilier Guards. The Queen was conducted to a raised dais erected beneath a tentlike canopy upon the gallery at the north end of the room. Prince Christian was also present. The gymnasium was filled with officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the first battalion Scots Fusilier Guards, some in full dress, others in undress, the competitors being stripped to their shirts and bare arms. Her Majesty was loudly cheered by the soldiers as she took her seat in the gallery, when the exercises commenced with a number of men climbing the bridge ladder to the roof, and descending the ropes hanging from near the lantern. This was succeeded by rope-climbing, and then came a sabre and bayonet contest. In this contest considerable dexterity was shown, and apparently the sabre had the best of it, the hits made by the lighter arm being three to one. Fencing with single-stick and foils followed, and at the close of the assault of arms her Majesty, who was much pleased with the skill evinced by the battalion, returned to the castle. On Friday next the Queen will attend the Royal Albert Hall concert. Her Majesty has also signified her intention of opening the Grocers' Company's ward of the London Hospital, Whitechapel, on Tuesday, March 7; and on the following day the Queen will hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace.

DUBLIN CASTLE.—His Grace the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Georgiana Hamilton gave a ball at the castle last Tuesday evening.

SIR HENRY W. PEEK, M.P., has been elected president of the West London Rowing Club.

MADAME TITIENS has appeared with success at the Academy of Music in *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Il Trovatore*.

A SALMON weighing 55lb was taken, on Wednesday, in the Severn, at a place called Ketch, about a mile from Worcester, by a fisherman, in an ordinary draught net, and was sent to London.

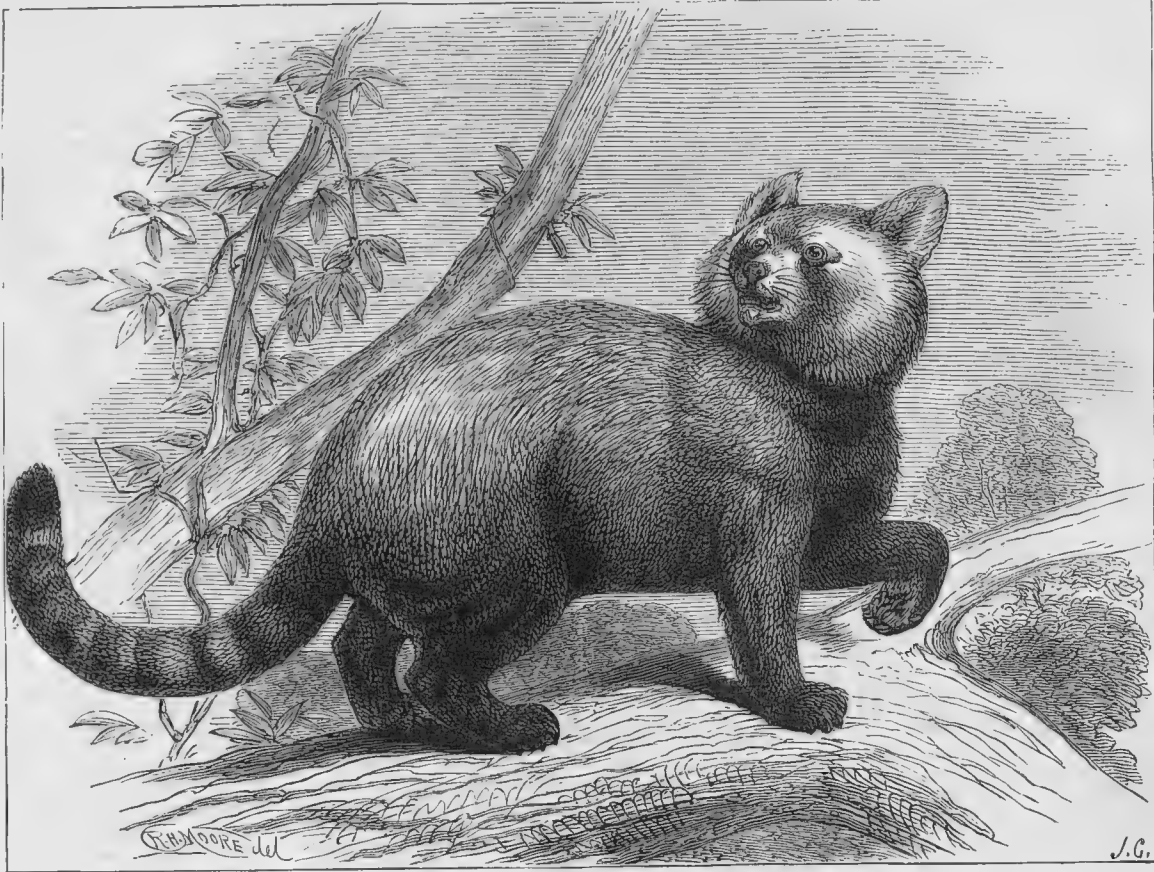
A LARGE ELEPHANT AND TIGRESS TROPHY is being arranged by Mr. Rowland Ward to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. It is for Mr. T. H. Miller, of Preston. When finished it will be on view at Ward and Co.'s, naturalists, 158, Piccadilly.

GREYHOUNDS FOR AUSTRALIA.—Many brace of valuable young greyhounds, selected from the best strain in English kennels, are about being shipped off to Australia, where coursing is now extensively carried on.

ANIMALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE PANDA OR CAT BEAR. (*Elurus fulgens*.)

This animal was first noticed by General Hardwicke in a paper read before the Linnean Society, Nov. 6, 1821, entitled, "Description of a New Genus of the Class Mammalia from the Himalaya Chain of Hills between Nepal and the Snowy Mountains. The publication of this paper was unfortunately delayed for about six years." (*Trans. Linn. Soc.*, vol. xv., 1827.) The following remarks are copied from the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1870, by A. D. Bartlett:—"On May 22, 1869, the subject of this notice was received at the gardens. I found the animal in a very exhausted condition, and not able to stand, and so weak that it could with difficulty crawl from one end of its cage to the other; however, a mixture of arrowroot, yolks of eggs, and sugar, of which he partook, in a few days improved his condition, and, by the aid of strong beef tea mixed with pea flour and Indian corn flour, he soon was enabled to get about." After this Mr. Bartlett gave him his liberty in the front garden opposite his house. He soon began to eat the tender shoots of the roses, and finding some unripe apples, which had fallen from the trees, on the ground, eagerly devoured them. The yellow berries of the *Pyrus vestita* he was also very fond of. He would grasp the bunch in his paw, holding it tightly, and bite off these berries one by one; so delighted with this food was he that all other food was left as long as these berries lasted. I have every reason to believe that berries, fruit, and other vegetable substances constitute the food of this animal in a wild state. Its mode of progression on the ground corresponds with that of the kinkajou, otter, and weasel, running on all fours, or jumping with a kind of gallop, its back rather arched." The panda illustrated is the second example brought living to Europe. These animals, whose appearance is so rare, are extremely



A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: THE PANDA.

valuable to the scientific naturalist, more especially as their form, structure, and habits appear to combine the characteristics of other groups or families of mammalia so widely separated geographically, as shown by Professor Flower in his elaborate paper upon the anatomical structure. Witness the following remarks:—"It will be seen from the foregoing notes that, in all essential points of its structure, *Elurus* conforms to the other arctoid or bear-like carnivora, a group comprising the *Ursidae*, *Procyonidae*, and the *Mustellidae*. The question remains whether it can be included in either of those three families, or whether it must constitute a family of itself." In Mr. Bartlett's paper, previously noticed, upon the habits of the panda in captivity led him to form an opinion of the

affinities of this animal, which he ascribes as being most nearly allied to the kinkajou. At the same time it exhibited a remarkable affinity to the coati, raccoon, and binturong, all these forms belonging to the bear or Plantigrade group.

BADGERS, ETC.

Nos. 1 and 2. American Badger (*Taxidea americana*). The first example of this species exhibited in the Zoological Gardens was obtained in 1869, and is still living in the society's menagerie.

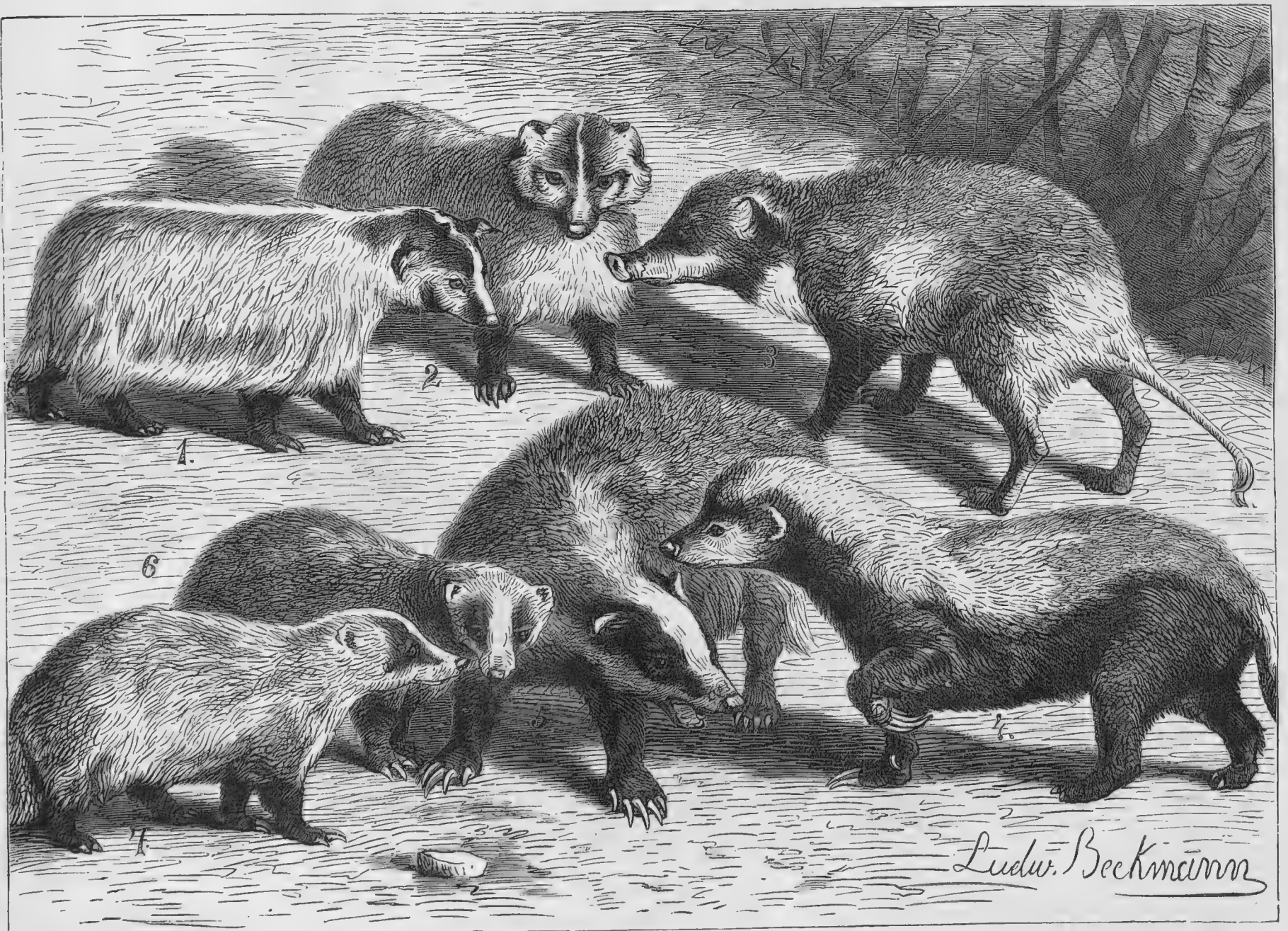
No. 3. *Arctonyx collaris*. The first example of this animal was brought to England, by Mr. Clarence Bartlett, in 1867, having been presented to the society by Dr. J. Anderson. It was originally discovered and described by Mr. Hodgson, who obtained it in the Terai of Nepal.

No. 4. Indian Ratel (*Mellivora indica*).—Although not strictly a true badger, being removed by naturalists into a distinct genus on account of its anatomical and dental peculiarities, it is still closely allied. The geographical distribution of this animal is somewhat remarkable, being found not only over a large portion of India, but also in South and West Africa.

No. 5. Common Badger (*Meles taxus*).—Well known throughout the entire of Europe.

Nos. 6 and 7. Sand Badger (*Meles ankuma*).—In 1865 two specimens of this scarce animal were received in the Zoological Gardens. They were originally described by Temminck (in *Faun Japon Mamm.*, pl. 6). This animal is found only in Japan, and is the smallest species of badger yet discovered, and is extremely rare.

In our illustration of the group are figured several species of badgers, differing sufficiently anatomically to render them generically distinct from each other, although from their external characters, modes of life, and habits they would appear so closely allied as barely, in some instances, to be considered as different species. Our figures illustrate the extreme forms of which this family is composed, as may be observed in the contrast of the peculiar differences that exist—



BADGERS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



CHARACTERS AT MR. FRANK MARSHALL'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

for instance, the long pig-like snout and lengthened tail of the Indian badger as compared with the more skunk-like form of the American species. Besides the four or five species given in our Illustration, there exist many others in various parts of the world. Recently two or three species have been discovered in Northern China (*Melus lencolomus*), and another, which formerly existed in the society's gardens, *Melus leptorhynchus*. We need scarcely enlarge on the difficulty in obtaining specimens of animals of this family. Although the common badger of this country is by no means a rare animal, yet how few persons have met with one in a state of nature—its burrowing and nocturnal habits affording it an amount of security, while its place of abode is always in some inaccessible position. These animals are regarded as tolerably harmless, their food consisting of a great variety of substances. Unless hard pressed, the badger would not attack any animal half its own size, but would content itself by eating any small fry, or probably the flesh of any animal it might meet with in its nightly rambles. Our common badger will eat roots, beech-mast, fruit, acorns, and grain, and they are also very fond of the nest of the wasp and wild bees, which they always dig up. Probably the most carnivorous of the group is the species known as the ratel (*Mellivora*). This form has a very wide distribution, being found nearly all over India and South and West Africa. In the former country it is commonly called the grave-digger, from the known fact of its scratching and burrowing into the earth, and consuming the bodies that have been buried. For some years a specimen of the Cape ratel lived in the Zoological Gardens. In running round his cage his habit was to roll over once or twice during each circuit. This habit was not peculiar to this individual alone, for others have performed the same feat. It has been suggested that the act of rolling over would be to rid himself of wasps or bees that might attack him after he had been grubbing up their nests, it being well known that they feed upon the honey of the wild bee. Much has been written upon the period of gestation of the badger, and a controversy in sporting and other publications has been kept up for years; but it is well known that the female goes with young for a considerable period, females after being alone having produced young after many months in captivity. The young, if reared by hand, become extremely tame and playful—in fact, may be regarded as interesting and harmless pets.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK MARSHALL'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

A PRIVATE fancy-dress ball was given, by the kind permission of the Duke of Wellington, at the Riding-School, Knightsbridge, on Monday evening last, and was attended by a large number of persons well known in literary, artistic, and dramatic circles. The hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marshall, and from the fact that the former occupies a conspicuous position as a dramatist and Shakespearean reader, as well as in society, there was a brilliant gathering. It must be noted at the same time that the weather was unpropitious, and that the first performance of *Othello* at the Lyceum made a good many guests late. The Riding-School was charmingly decorated and divided into two saloons, the larger one being devoted to dancing, and the smaller to a series of well-appointed refreshment buffets, to which the guests repaired whenever inclination led them. The band was stationed midway between the two, on a raised platform, with the partition behind it, which was surrounded by exotics and different varieties of ferns. The floor was admirably adapted for dancing, and the general arrangements were perfect. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall proved themselves the most assiduous and hospitable of hosts, and they were ably seconded in their efforts to promote the comfort of their guests by the gentlemen they had asked to undertake the work of stewards, notably by Mr. F. C. Broughton, whose courtesy and energy in discharging the duties he had to perform as Master of the Ceremonies, deserve a special word of commendation. The ball was certainly one of the most delightful fancy-dress assemblies which have been given for some time, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marshall may certainly be congratulated upon a distinct success. The gathering, indeed, had all the interest of a public assembly, as well as the charm of a private party, for all the invitations were purely personal; and the recollection of it will long dwell in the memories of those who were present on the occasion.

Among the company present we may first give the names of those ladies and gentlemen who have been selected by our Special Artist, Mr. Dower Wilson, for representation in his full-page picture of the ball. And, as it may interest our readers to enable them to identify some of the characters, we may enumerate some of those grouped on another page. The three centre figures on the top of the picture are, commencing from the left, Mr. F. Marshall, Mr. Broughton, and Mr. Marshall. Mrs. Savile Clarke appears as Evangeline, in the left-hand top corner; below her we have Mr. Terry as a savage, Miss Genevieve Ward as an Irishwoman, and Mr. Joseph Knight in a picturesque hood. Opposite to the last three named, and in the same order, Mr. Lionel Brough is represented in a policeman's dress; then comes Mr. Hill, as the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," with Mrs. Walter Ellis in a Marquise dress below him. Mr. Edgar Bruce will be readily distinguishable as Mephistopheles; and next to him come Mr. Hollingshead, jun., Mr. Lin Rayne, and Mrs. Ross-Church in a very effective Circassian dress. Mr. John Thomson looks a venerable friar, in tonsure and cowl; Mr. C. V. Boys comes next in an extraordinary black and white dress; and Mr. Morrell Longden looks thoroughly Oriental in a fez. With this brief description, noting in conclusion that a lady and gentleman are dancing a quadrille in the centre, we may leave our illustration.

In addition to the names given above as introduced into the sketch, we may add those of the following ladies and gentlemen who were present:—Mdlles. H. Hodson, M. Litton, F. Josephs, C. Addison, Dolara, E. Farren, Camille Dubois, Hollingshead, Kate Field, Bishop, Furtado, Mrs. Millward, Mrs. Rousby, &c.; Lord Henry Lennox, Colonel Farquharson, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, General Duff, Messrs. Val Prinsep, Labouchere, Robertson, Gilbert, Alfred Thompson, C. Walter, Planché, Wills, Albery, O'Connor, Savile Clarke, Herbert, Watson, Millward, Leathes, J. Clarke, Walter Ellis, Dixon, Wallis Mackay, Swanborough, &c.

We may add that the highly effective decorations were by Messrs. Simmonds Brothers, and the exquisite floral arrangements by Mr. Wills, of the Royal Exotic Nursery, South Kensington.

A SHOAL OF SPRATS were caught last week off Brighton, and some hundreds of them are now to be seen in one of the tanks at the Brighton Aquarium.

WORMS IN A TOY TERRIER.—"21, East View, Preston, Oct. 26, 1872.—I administered one-third of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my toy terrier, and within half-an-hour he passed a good many worms, some upwards of a foot long.—John Falls, Captain 8th Regiment." Naldire's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s., 6d., 1s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[Advrt.]

The Drama.

THE pantomime season is gradually on the wane. The first withdrawal of the Christmas entertainments took place at the Royal Park a fortnight ago. Last week Messrs. Hengler concluded the representations of *Valentine and Orson*. To-day will see the last of the famous Alexandra Palace pantomime. *Cinderella* will be represented for the last time to-night at Covent Garden; and *Whittington and His Cat* must be withdrawn from Drury Lane on Saturday week, March 4, owing to the departure of the Vokes family for America.

THE leading dramatic event of the week was the third Shakespearean revival at the Lyceum on Monday night, when *Othello* was produced, with Mr. Henry Irving as the Moor, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) as Emilia, Miss Isabel Bateman as Desdemona, and Mr. Forrester as Iago, a notice of which appears in another column, as well as another of the revival at the Alhambra, on Monday evening, of Mr. Byron's musical extravaganza *Don Juan*, which displaced the Christmas entertainment, *Lord Bateman*. The other noteworthy events of the week may be briefly summarised.

ON Saturday, in addition to the usual pantomimes, morning performances took place of *Leah* at the Lyceum, *The Merchant of Venice* at the Gaiety matinée, and *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville.

AT the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, Mr. Toole, supported by Mr. Hollingshead's company from the Gaiety, commenced a short series of dramatic representations, commencing on that day with *Off the Line* and *Ici on Parle Français*, and yesterday was to appear in *Uncle Dick's Darling*.

AT the Gaiety, on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Toole appeared in his old part in *Uncle Dick's Darling*, which was followed by a new apropos sketch by Mr. R. Reece, produced for the first time and entitled *A Spelling Bee*, in which the two leading parts were sustained by Mr. Toole and Miss Farren. The special performance of *Othello*, by Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann, Mr. Creswick, and Miss Genevieve Ward, announced for Thursday, was postponed till Monday next, in consequence of a severe domestic affliction which has befallen Mr. Creswick.

MR. BYRON'S comedy *Our Boys* reached its 350th consecutive representation on Thursday.

AT the Charing-Cross Theatre *Married in Haste* was represented for the last time last night; and a special performance will take place for the benefit of the manager, Mr. W. R. Field, this evening, when *Still Waters Run Deep* will be represented, supported by Mr. Hermann Vezin as John Mildmay, Mrs. Chippendale as Mrs. Sternhold, and Miss Edith Lynd as Mrs. Mildmay.

THIS afternoon the day performances, besides the usual pantomimes, will comprise *Leah* at the Lyceum; the *Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Phelps as Shylock, supported by the same cast as last Saturday, at the Gaiety; *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville; *All for Her* at the St. James's; and *Madame L'Archiduc*, followed by the new musical absurdity called *Crazed*, with Mr. W. S. Hill as Beethoven Brown, a mad composer, at the Opéra Comique, for the benefit of Mr. William Henry Morton.

AT the Globe, to night, will take place the last performance of *The Duke's Daughter* (*La Timbale d'Argent*), which will be transferred to the Charing-Cross Theatre on Monday night, to make way for the production at this house, under the management of Mr. Edgar Bruce, of a dramatic version of "Bleak House," under the title of *Jo*, in which Miss Jennie Lee will sustain the title rôle. The other leading characters will be represented by Miss Louisa Hibbert and Messrs. Flockton, Edward Price, Charles Steyne, J. B. Rae, C. Wilmot, and J. F. Burnett.

TO-NIGHT will also witness the termination of *Clytie* at the Olympic, where the new drama, *The Gascon*, adapted from the French by Mr. Muskerry, is announced for production on Monday evening, with Mrs. Rousby, Miss Fanny Josephs, and Messrs. Henry and George Neville, W. H. Fisher, and Lytton Sothorn in the principal characters.

"OTHELLO" AT THE LYCEUM.

IN spite of the somewhat wholesale condemnation with which Mr. Henry Irving's *Macbeth* was received by the press, the public interest in this actor appears nothing abated. A densely-crowded house was the Lyceum on Monday night, and every one seemed eager with curiosity to behold what Mr. Irving would make of *Othello*. After the impression made upon us by the wonderful impersonation of Signor Salvini in the same rôle, we confess that we did not give way to expectations of a satisfactory performance. Striking it was sure to be, and in some respects highly artistic. But we could not by any process of imagination fancy Henry Irving as a fit exponent of the character of the ardent and passionate Moorish General.

The result was not satisfactory. Mr. Irving appeared at first clothed in very picturesque scarlet mantle, with a hood; and from the beginning he looked entirely different from what any student of Shakespeare can imagine *Othello* to have been. His performance throughout evidenced such an amount of care, of study, and of elaboration that it becomes a matter of difficulty to condemn his entire performance as decisively as it deserves to be condemned. Mr. Irving had evidently laboured to avoid any of the features of Salvini's performances. He has carried his eccentricity of both voice and gesture to the verge of the grotesque. In the scene where he interrupts the fighting between Cassio and Montano with "Put up your bright swords or the dew will rust them," Mr. Irving made an inarticulate exclamation which caused an audible laugh in the gallery. In the temptation scene, "Villain, be sure thou prove," &c., his simulation of rage was impotent; and when he seized Iago by the throat there was no dignity in his wrath, and one felt surprised at a man of Iago's manliness submitting to such rough usage. His elocution, though in one or two passages extremely good, seemed to be marred by the violence of his efforts to express passion. It is to be regretted that an actor of Mr. Irving's genius should select parts which by nature he is unfitted to play, when he might easily find others suited to his characteristics, and which, with half the study, would prove more satisfactory.

Partly in consequence of his favourable contrast to *Othello*, but more on account of his excellent acting, Mr. Forrester made a decided impression as Iago. He ignored all old-fashioned tradition and played the part in a quiet, natural, and yet extremely forcible manner. In the more meditative speeches he was less satisfactory, not giving its due importance to the worldly-wise and witty philosophy of the cunning ancient.

As Emilia Mrs. Crowe was very good indeed. Miss Isabel Bateman was not strong enough as Desdemona, though her expression of the tender and timid love of the Venetian girl for her black lord and master was occasionally very delicately effective. As Cassio, Mr. E. Brooke was excellent. Nothing could be better than his remorse for his drunken folly, which had lost him his position and reputation. In this scene Mr. Brooke proved himself a genuine artist.

Mr. Mead, as Brabantio, gave a striking portrait of the irate Venetian Senator; Mr. Huntley, as Gratiano, was effective,

as were also Messrs. Archer and Beaumont as Lodovico and Montano.

The play is superbly put upon the stage. The scenery, especially, is worthy of honourable mention. Mr. Hawes Craven, who always produces exquisite scenery, has on this occasion surpassed himself.

A L H A M B R A.

"DON JUAN."

PENDING the production of an English version of Offenbach's opéra-bouffe, *Le Voyage à la Lune*, a recent Parisian success, Mr. Byron's musical burlesque or extravaganza, *Don Juan*, which had a lengthened career when originally produced here, at Christmas, 1873, was revived, on Saturday evening, in succession to *Lord Bateman*, and met with such a cordial reception from a crowded audience as to fully justify the policy of its reproduction, and to indicate a renewal of its former popularity. Nearly all the songs, duets, and concerted pieces with which *Don Juan* is abundantly illustrated, are selections from Offenbach, Lecocq, Gounod, &c., as well as original compositions by M. G. Jacobi, the musical director, and were vociferously encored. The scenic decorations are as pretty and grotesque as of yore; the dresses, especially the picturesque Albanian costumes of the fair corsairs in the first act, have more than their original brightness; and the entire representation has gained in efficiency, both musically and in acting, through some changes in the cast, the most important of which are that Mdlle. Fanchitta replaces Miss Santley as Haydee, and Miss A. Newton succeeds Miss Amy Sheridan as Spalatro. Mdlle. Fanchitta displayed her cultivated and graceful style of vocalisation in her charming rendering of Millard's song, "Waiting," and her florid facility of execution in Jacobi's "Valse chantante," receiving well-merited applause in both. Miss Rose Bell returns to resume her old part of Don Juan, and her delineation has lost none of its spirit and dash, neither in her acting nor singing. In her rendering of the delicious serenade from Offenbach's *Bridge of Sighs* she exhibited more delicacy and grace than usually marks her execution, and was equally characteristic in her spirited delivery of Jacobi's drinking song, "Sparkling Wine." Mr. Paulton, who resumes his rôle of Leporello, and as the amateur pilot, gained great applause for his duet with Miss E. Chambers (a lively representative of Zerlina) and his cleverly-executed hornpipe. Messrs. Jarvis and F. Hall humorously represent Don Pedro and Lambro (the latter originally played by Mr. Worboys), and they were ably seconded by Mr. J. Paul as Mazetta. Miss E. Beaumont was most graceful and attractive as Donna Anna, and distinguished herself very much by her pleasing singing of a new song by M. Jacobi, which she was obliged to repeat. Miss L. Robson (Don Carlos) also gave great satisfaction by her charming rendering of the sailor song, which was re-demanded. Misses A. Hilton, N. Vane, and Rose Shelton rendered effective and picturesque aid as the representatives of Dudu, Don José, and Don Guzman. The first act was enlivened by the pretty ballet of corsairs; and a special feature of the revival is the appearance in the second act of the "Casanobas," a troupe of Spanish dancers from Madrid, consisting of one male and three female dancers, who execute with remarkable grace and agility a series of dances characteristic of their nation, with the accompaniment of tambourine and castanets. The dancing of the cavalier, and his rapid and varied manipulation of the tambourine, are very novel and clever; and the piquant grace and spirit displayed by the principal of the three ladies recall the recollection of Perea Nena, who appeared some years ago at the Haymarket Theatre. The novel Spanish divertissement was warmly applauded, and the Casanobas had to repeat their very graceful and elegant performance. The grand Turkish ballet from *Lord Bateman* is still retained on the bills, and forms an attractive portion of the varied entertainment now given at the Alhambra.

EGYPTIAN HALL.

DIORAMA OF THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

DR. LYNN'S drawing-room at the Egyptian Hall is now occupied by the Messrs. Hamilton with their new diorama of the New Overland Route to India, via the Mont Cenis tunnel, Brindisi, and the Suez Canal, and a tour on the rivers Hooghly and Ganges from Calcutta to the city of Benares. Independently of the intrinsic artistic merits of the numerous scenes illustrating the new highway to our Eastern possessions, the diorama acquires a twofold additional interest as illustrative of the Prince of Wales's tour and of the late visit to India of the Duke of Edinburgh, who has graciously permitted the representations given of his Royal Highness's tiger-hunting expeditions, &c., to be copied from M. Chevalier's original drawings, now in the Duke's private collection at Clarence House. Starting from Charing-cross, by the night express, we are quietly wafted through a series of forty magnificent scenes—painted by Messrs. Telbin and other eminent artists, the late Mr. Edwin Weedon, marine artist to the *Illustrated London News*, having contributed the shipping illustrations, first to Folkestone Harbour, across the Channel to Boulogne—on to Paris, of which several lifelike scenes are given; through Savoy and the Mont Cenis tunnel to the romantic Italian scenery at Susa; then to the city of Turin, whence, making a divergence to Rome, we are presented with several views of the Holy City—St. Peter's—with splendid dioramic effects, showing the illumination of the Grand Basilica at Easter, the Coliseum, and a brilliant carnival scene; on to the port of Brindisi; through the Suez Canal—of the grand ceremony and marine procession, headed by the Empress Eugénie's yacht, on the opening, there is a striking representation, followed by views of the great pyramid of Cheops and the Sphinx, and of the cities of Alexandria and Grand Cairo. We next arrive at the City of Palaces, Calcutta, of which there are several illustrations, followed by vividly-painted representations of the great festival of Juggernaut at Serampore, and of native Princes attending a durbar of the Viceroy at Barrackpore. To these succeed the Duke of Edinburgh's tiger-hunting in the plains of Bengal, from M. Chevalier's original drawings; the arrival, in the Rajah's state barge, of the Duke of Edinburgh at the city of Benares, and concluding with a representation of the interior of the Rajah's palace during a native entertainment and nautch dance in honour of his Royal Highness. This is, on the whole, the most interesting of Messrs. Hamilton's dioramas, and will be found at once interesting and amusing, as well as instructive. The diorama is exhibited twice daily, in the afternoon and evening.

THE Princess of Wales honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence on Tuesday evening.

THE Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh attended the performance at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday evening.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday evening.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS arrived in London from India on Friday evening last week. Mr. Charles Mathews is to make his first appearance since his return at the Brighton Theatre next Monday, when he will appear in *My Awful Dad*.

MISS NELLY POWER goes to the Surrey, to take the part of

Jack in the pantomime, in succession to Miss Jennie Lee, who is engaged to play Jo in the new drama to be brought out at the Globe on Monday next.

Mr. Tom Taylor has excised altogether the first act from his new historical drama, *Anne Boleyn*, at the Haymarket.

Mr. HANE announces that, on the termination of the run of Mr. Gilbert's fairy piece *Broken Hearts*, will be revived, for the first time these ten years, Mr. Palgrave Simpson's comedy *A Scrap of Paper*. This comedy, which is an adaptation of M. Sardou's *Les Pattes de Mouche*, has been specially revised by Mr. Simpson for the Court company.

At the German Reed's entertainment *Our Card Basket* will shortly be replaced by a new piece, entitled *An Indian Puzzle*, written by the brothers a'Beckett, the music by Mr. German Reed.

At Mr. Toole's Gaiety "Spelling Bee," on Wednesday morning last, the point was Mr. Toole's answer to a question put by his confederate in one of the upper boxes. Query: "I have dropped a little money lately in Egyptian bonds—how can I obtain redress?" Answer "Suez Canal."

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—A series of eight dramatic representations of popular plays are announced to be given here on an unusually complete scale, commencing on Thursday next, the 24th inst., with *London Assurance*, to be followed by Mr. Gilbert's *Palace of Truth* on Tuesday, 29th; Thursday, March 2, Shakespeare's *Othello*; Tuesday, March 7, W. S. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea*; Thursday, March 9, Poole's *Paul Pry*; Tuesday, March 14, Wills's *Man o' Airlie*; Thursday, March 16, Tom Taylor's *Plot and Passion*; Tuesday, March 21, Tobin's *Honeymoon*. Under the superintendence of Mr. F. Kilpack. The following, with other eminent artists, are engaged to appear:—Mesdames Henrietta Hodson, Carlotta Addison, Emma Waters, Kate Langley, Fanny Enson, Everard, H. Dietz, Maggie Brennan, Isabel Clifton, Edward Price, C. H. Stevenson, and Rose Leclercq; Messrs. J. Clarke, Edward Terry, W. Belford, F. Kilpack, E. Marshall, Edward Price, H. J. Turner, Harry Taylor, C. Steyne (by permission of E. Bruce, Esq.), J. Wainwright, F. B. Egan, Arthur Wood, H. Standing, Frederick Shephard, E. S. Willard, H. Carter, and J. G. Grahame, Mr. William Rignold, and Mr. Hermann Vezin.

Black-Eyed Susan will be performed at the Alexandra Palace on Tuesday next by Mr. Burnand's company from the Duke's Theatre.

An amateur performance of Mr. Cunningham Bridgman's comedy *Shipmates*, followed by Mr. Planché's *Somebody Else*, is fixed to take place at the Royalty on Wednesday next, the 23rd inst., for the benefit of the boys of the late training-ship *Warspite*. The representation, which should be interesting for itself as well as for its excellent motive, will be under the patronage of the Lord Mayor.

Mr. BYRON'S *Rival Othellos*, revised by the author, is shortly to be revived at the Strand.

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, who has been staying for the past few weeks at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, resting from his labours, is credited with a bon mot worth repeating. A well-known capitalist, whose earnest desire to take a theatre has been a source of anxiety to his friends, asked Mr. Wyndham to propose terms of partnership with him. "Do you know anything of theatrical management?" inquired the comedian. "Nothing whatever," answered the would-be entrepreneur. "Very well, then," said Wyndham, "I suppose you will find the money and I am to find the experience." "Yes; that's fair enough." "And," continued the gay Charles, "in about a couple of years' time, I will have the money and you will have the experience." The old gentleman's histrionic ardour has since abated.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace concert of Saturday last the following selection of music was performed:—

Intermezzo and Scherzo (MS.)	Henry Gadsby.
Recit. and air, "Oh, ruddier than the cherry" ("Acis and Galatea")	Handel.
Pianoforte concerto in C (No. 16)	Mozart.
Aria, "Deh vieni" ("Figaro")	Mozart.
Symphony in E	Arthur Sullivan.
Song, "The Raft"	Pinsuti.
Song, "Where the bee sucks"	Arne.
Overture, "Alfonso and Estrella"	Schubert.

Although there were no absolute novelties in this selection, two of the pieces performed were given for the first time at the Crystal Palace, and these claim priority of notice. The "Intermezzo and Scherzo," by Mr. Gadsby, had only once before been played in public, when given last year by the British Orchestral Society. On that occasion it was warmly welcomed, as the work of a clever and thoughtful musician, who has already done much in the higher walks of art, and from whom still greater things may be expected. It was played by the Crystal Palace orchestra in admirable style, and unquestionably produced a still more favourable impression than when performed by the British Orchestral Society. The fine body of wind instrument players at the Crystal Palace had many opportunities for the display of their excellent qualities, and these were turned to good account. After listening to this original and clever piece of orchestral writing one is induced to complain that Mr. Gadsby does not essay more ambitious flights. An oratorio, opera, or symphony from his pen would be welcomed by all musicians; and it is to be hoped that he will not be content with having proved his capability, at a time when every capable English musician should feel bound to show what English musicians can produce in the shape of important musical works. He may be congratulated on the hearty reception accorded to his work on Saturday last—a reception which might well encourage any man to further efforts. The Mozart concerto, played on Saturday for the first time at these concerts, was indeed welcome. The pianist was Miss Agnes Zimmermann, one of the best among our native pianists. Her careful, conscientious interpretation of the text elucidated the meanings of the composer in the most satisfactory manner. In the cadenza she showed her facility of execution to advantage, and the charm of her playing was enhanced by her complete avoidance of eccentricity and self-assertion. She, of course, knew the concerto by heart, but very properly played from the printed score, and did not run the risk of letting Mozart suffer from any momentary forgetfulness on the part of his interpreter. Her example might be profitably followed by the pretentious performers who seek to win the applause of groundlings by "prodigious" displays of memory, and think more of gratifying their personal vanity than of doing justice to the works they undertake to play. Mr. Sullivan's E minor symphony was written for the Crystal Palace Concerts, and was first produced March 10, 1866. It has not been repeated since April 10, 1869—too long a delay in the repetition of so important a work. It displays throughout that felicity of orchestration for which Mr. Sullivan is conspicuous, and much of that

melodic originality which was manifested in his music to *The Tempest*, his *Enchanted Isle*, and other early works. It will not be necessary to speak in detail of all the six movements which it comprises; but the andante deserves special mention. The opening melody is beautiful, and is rendered wonderfully impressive by the instrumentation employed—being played in unison by four horns and an alto trombone. Here it should be observed that instrumentation of this kind is somewhat hazardous; and that Mr. Sullivan was fortunate in finding such able exccutants. Amateurs, as well as musicians, can readily understand that, in an orchestra which boasts of four horns, the fourth horn is usually occupied in playing the lower notes of the scale, and is not unlikely to "come to grief" if required to play for a considerable time on those higher notes which fall within the province of the first and second horns. Yet, on Saturday last, not one instance of false intonation occurred, and the four horns, with the alto trombone, played as if they were but one instrument, producing a fine effect. The second subject, in which the clarinet is employed, was in all respects delightful. The subsequent dance movement, introduced by the oboe, is less original and refined than the preceding movements; and the same objection may be taken to the finale; but the orchestration and working out are so masterly that the deficiency of creative power is forgotten in the enjoyment derivable from skilful manipulation. The Schubert overture was excellently played; but we must confess that we think it by no means a favourable specimen of the composer.

The vocal music was executed by Miss Rose Hersee and Signor Foli; and respecting these artists we may quote our contemporary the *Hour*, which says:—"Few English artistes have attained the popularity enjoyed by Miss Rose Hersee, and how justly she has earned her honours was evinced on Saturday. Mozart's pleasing strains and Arne's quaint phrases were never more thoroughly enjoyed. Signor Foli is almost unsurpassed in his vocalisation of Handel's 'O! ruddier than the cherry,' and, as he was in excellent voice, his singing was a feature in the concert." Mr. Manns again proved himself one of the very first among orchestral conductors; and his ability, energy, and carefulness contributed greatly to the success of the concert.

At this afternoon's concert Mozart's E flat symphony, a suite for strings and flute by J. S. Bach, and Mr. J. F. Barnett's pianoforte concerto in D minor will be performed. Pianist, Miss Emma Barnett; vocalists, Mdle: Levier and Mr. William Shakespeare.

ALEXANDRA PALACE CONCERTS.

After a long recess, rendered necessary by the success of the Christmas entertainments, these concerts will be resumed this afternoon. The following attractions are provided:—

Mdle. Enriquez, Madame Schor-Robiati, and Mr. E. Lloyd, Mdle. Marie Krebs, the great pianist. Symphony in F minor, Louis Maurer (first time in England); overture, "Lucie Manette," J. Waterson (first time); gavotte (for strings), J. Halberstadt; concerto pianoforte (G minor), Mendelssohn, Mdle. Krebs; grand selection, "Crown Diamonds," Auher; march, "The Talisman," Balfe. Second part, miscellaneous concert. Increased orchestra. Conductor, Mr. H. Weist Hill.

This is an attractive bill of fare. We know nothing at present of Madame Schor-Robiati, but we know that Miss Enriquez and Mr. Lloyd are excellent vocalists, and that few better pianists can be found than Mdle. Krebs, who is somewhat unnecessarily announced as "the great pianist." Mdle. Krebs stands in no need of puffery; nor should the interesting announcements of the Alexandra Palace concerts be sullied by any approach to "the show business." The remaining concerts of the present series will be given on every Saturday from this day to Saturday, April 8; and in the course of the season, Handel's oratorio, *Susanna*, will be performed. The fine band of the Palace will be reinforced for the Saturday concerts, the Alexandra Palace choir are constantly rehearsing the music they have to perform; and, with so excellent a conductor as Mr. H. Weist Hill, there can be little doubt that the great orchestral works which are in preparation will be worthily presented.

There is one feature in the musical arrangements of the Alexandra Palace which is entitled to special mention: we allude to the organ performances, which are to be heard there daily. The organ, in the great hall, is one of the most magnificent instruments ever made. It was not completed in time for the inaugural festivity; but is now almost, if not quite, finished, and is nearly unique in beauty of tone and variety of stops. The organist, Mr. Frederic Archer, enjoys a European reputation as one of the greatest among living organ players. Being a finished musician, and a successful composer, he is able to transfer to his organ the orchestral scores of great works, and, in fact, makes of the organ an almost complete orchestra. He is equally happy in the presentation of lighter kinds of music; his improvisations are brilliantly effective; and the Alexandra Palace would be well worth visiting were it only to hear the masterly organ performances of Mr. Frederic Archer. Next week we shall give an account of to-day's concert.

The Philharmonic Society's prospectus for the ensuing season is published. Eight evening concerts will be given, and two morning concerts on Mondays, May 22 and June 19. Two symphonies, by Hoffman and Raff, will be played for the first time in England; and the requiem by Brahms, produced in 1873, will be repeated. A MS. overture, entitled "The Merry Wives of Windsor," composed by the late Sterndale Bennett, will be played for the first time in public; but there is little recognition of contemporary native talent. The wisdom of the society's rule, which rejects the works of living native composers, may be doubted, and the more so because an exception is made in favour of the conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins, whose overture, "Love's Labour's Lost," is to be performed. It is quite time that steps were taken to bring this venerable society into harmony with the spirit of the age. At present its management is both obstructive and inconsistent.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will, on Friday next, perform Beethoven's Mass in C and his "Mount of Olives." Madames Sherrington and Elton, MM. Guy and Thomas, will be the solo vocalists; and it is hoped that Sir Michael Costa may be able to conduct.

At the last Thursday concert of the Westminster Aquarium Mrs. Osgood was the vocalist and Mr. Arthur Sullivan conducted. These performances would probably prove more attractive if the daily newspaper announcements contained particulars of the leading vocal and instrumental attractions provided. This plan was adopted last season at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and was found to increase the "booking" to a considerable extent. People who know that the aquarium is at present fishless are not likely to go thither for music, unless attracted by more copious particulars than those which have hitherto been given.

The Brighton Festival of Mr. Kuhe appears thus far to have been eminently successful. At the opening concert, on Tuesday last, the instrumental selections were well played by the excellent orchestra, ably conducted by Mr. Kuhe. Solos were played by Mr. Kuhe, Mr. Radcliff, and M. Sainton; and Miss Rose Hersee made a brilliant success in three vocal solos, especially in the "Laughing Song" from *Manon Lescaut*. The

dome was filled by a fashionable audience; and a similar success has attended the subsequent concerts. The Festival will continue throughout the ensuing week; and at its close some useful lessons may be drawn from the results of Mr. Kuhe's spirited enterprise.

The first concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir was given at St. James's Hall on Thursday last. The programme contained novelties in the shape of part-songs by Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. Henry Smart, and Mr. Hamilton Clarke; and the soloists were Mdle. Ida Corani, Mr. Edward Gordon, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Svendsen (flute); conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. We must defer further particulars until next week. The three remaining subscription concerts will be given March 24, June 1 and 16; and "Extra Concerts" will be given March 3 and 9; at the latter concert, Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* will be performed by a choir of 200 male voices; and a compressed version of the connecting text will be read by Mrs. Stirling.

We hear that Mr. Svendsen, first flute of her Majesty's private band, Her Majesty's Opera, the Alexandra Palace orchestra, &c., has been engaged for the important post of first flute at the next series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden.

NEW YORK GOSSIP.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has formed a concert company of her own, and was to begin her tour on the 26th ult. in Montreal. Mr. Mark Keiser and Mr. Louis Melbourne are members of the troupe.

VON BULOW has been playing in Buffalo.

MISS JULIA MATHEWS was singing in *Elmira*, on the 29th ult. Mr. GEORGE HONEY has been acting in *Our Boys* and *Tom Cobb* at the Globe Theatre in Boston.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is again dangerously ill in Boston, and her condition gives serious alarm to her friends.

The Kellogg English Opera Company, during their forthcoming season in New York, will bring out Meyerbeer's grand opera, *North Star*. Miss Kellogg will sing the part of Catherine, in which she was so successful on the Italian stage. The company have met with marked public favour during their provincial tour.

THERE have been few changes in the theatrical programmes in New York.

At Booth's Theatre *Julius Cæsar* has attracted very large audiences and obtained the success due to the beauty of the scenery and the excellence of the acting.

Pique is likely to run at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for many weeks. It is admirably acted.

Rose Michel is considered the best melodrama produced in New York for years.

The Eagle Theatre is a favourite resort of all persons who love a laugh. Mr. Hart has an excellent company, and his programme is remarkable alike for its variety and excellence.

Faust was the Christmas spectacle at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

Hunting.

Her Majesty's staghounds met, on Tuesday last, at Beaconsfield, and had an hour and twenty minutes' run. The going was very heavy in places. Although the morning was wet and dull, there was a good field out. The deer Burley was uncared at noon, and ran nearly in a direct line for Gerard's-cross, and was taken at Bulstrode Park. The noble master was not out; but we are glad to hear that the strain he met with whilst hunting on Monday week was not at all so severe as was first reported.

At a meeting of subscribers to the Essex and Suffolk Hunt, held on Tuesday last, at Ipswich, a letter was read from Colonel Jelf, master of the hunt, announcing his resignation at the end of the season. Mr. T. W. Munn, a former master, declined to undertake the office again.

Of late cases of fox-slaying otherwise than by hunting have been somewhat prevalent. This seems to have been recently practised in the neighbourhood of Worksop, Notts, in the district of the Galway Hunt. A week ago a splendid dog fox was picked up at Sparking-hill, on the Ollerton turnpike, quite dead. On being prepared for stuffing, it was found to have been riddled with shot, upwards of twenty pellets being extracted from its flesh. A fortnight previously another fox was picked up in the same neighbourhood in a very emaciated condition, and an examination showed that it also had been shot.

Mr. W. Perry Herrick, of Beaumanoir, a gentleman well known in the hunting field in Leicestershire, died suddenly on Tuesday evening, at the age of eighty-one. He had been out with the Quorn, which had met at Woodhouse Eaves, and had been in at the death of the first fox, but, becoming unwell shortly afterwards, rode hurriedly home. Immediately on his arrival he began to sink, and died within a few minutes.

A large party of gentlemen assembled on Wednesday evening, Feb. 9, at a dinner, in Enfield, the occasion being the presentation of a valuable silver cup to Colonel Somerset, the master of the Hertfordshire hounds, and the institutor of the stage coach running between Enfield, St. Albans, and Luton. The dinner was served in the riding-house, a fine building, which Colonel Somerset, in the absence of a townhall, invariably places at the disposal of the inhabitants of Enfield. Mr. Philip Twells, M.P., occupied the chair, the vice-chair being taken by Mr. James Meyer, J.P. The cup, which was adorned with suitable figures, bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Colonel Alfred P. F. C. Somerset, J.P., and Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Middlesex, by the inhabitants of Enfield and the vicinity, in token of their great esteem for his uniform courtesy and liberality towards them, this 9th day of February, 1876." The entire proceedings were animated by the spirit expressed in the foregoing lines. A number of ladies were present at the presentation.

A meeting of the supporters of the East Essex Hunt has been held at Braintree, under the presidency of Mr. Basil Sparrows. Captain White, Master of the Hunt, said he had placed his resignation in the hands of the secretary, Mr. Charles Page Wood, and could only withdraw it on condition that Sir Charles Du Cane and Mr. Round, M.P., gave written undertakings that they would preserve foxes on their estates. During the seven years that he had hunted the East Essex country he had found but one wild fox on the Braxted estate (Sir Charles Du Cane's), and but one in Layer Wood, the last time he drew it. Even this was a "bagman," and the hounds were too high-minded to give tongue to him. Several gentlemen warmly defended Sir Charles Du Cane and Mr. Round from the imputation of being fox-destroyers, pointing out in regard to Sir Charles that he had only just returned home after nearly seven years' absence as Governor of Tasmania. After considerable discussion the following resolutions were proposed:—1. "That Captain White be requested to continue the mastership for another year." 2. "That a small committee be appointed." 3. "That a new master be advertised for." The last proposition was carried by a majority in the proportion of three to one.



"WATERLOO" SKETCHES.



"My life upon her faith!"

"OTHELLO" AND "DESDEMONA," AFTER HERRICK.

STUD NEWS.

The Stud Company (Limited), Cobham, Surrey.—Feb. 10, Mr. Richard Combe's Alberta, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to Carnival; Feb. 12, the Stud Company's Southern Cross, a colt by Hermit, and will be put to Adventurer; Feb. 13, Mr. H. Jones's Eastern Princess, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; the Stud Company's Catherine, a filly by Prince Charlie, and will be put to Blair Athol, and Margery Daw, slipped filly foal to Wild Oats or Blair Athol, and will be put to Carnival; Feb. 14, Mr. W. S. S. Crawford's Mrs. Waller, a colt by Cremorne, and will be put to See Saw, and Miss Roland, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Blair Athol: Feb. 10, Mr. W. R. Marshall's Mersey and Shannon; Feb. 16, Mr. A. Taylor's Aventurière. Arrived to Carnival: Feb. 11, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Victoria Alexandra. Arrived to George Frederick: Feb. 11, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Phoebe Athol; Feb. 16, Mr. Tattersall's Oxford Mixture. Arrived to Caterer: Feb. 16, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Thorwater. Arrived to See Saw: Feb. 11, the Earl of Bradford's Zephyr (in foal to Parmesan) and Miss Pickle.

At Finstall Park Farm, Bromsgrove.—On Feb. 3, Mr. W. E. Everitt's Edith, by Oulston, a bay filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; Feb. 10, Mr. W. E. Everitt's Pardalote, by Stockwell, a bay filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; Feb. 14, Mr. W. E. Everitt's Vagary, by Musjid, a bay or brown filly by Young Melbourne, and will be put to Paul Jones. The following mares have arrived to Cardinal York: On Feb. 8, Miss Isaac Bate's Miss Fanny, in foal to Cardinal York; Feb. 12, Mr. James Terry's Whiteface, by Turnus, with a foal by Blinkhoolie, and Mr. J. Cookson's Metheglin, by Caterer. Also arrived to Paul Jones: On Feb. 3, Captain Davison's Famine, by Daniel O'Rourke, in foal to the Palmer, and Mr. R. S. Cook's Sandstone, by Stockwell, barren to Winslow.

At the Glasgow Stud Farm, Enfield.—Feb. 12, Mr. Payne's Pintail, a chestnut colt by Toxophilite; on the 14th, Glasgow Stud's Sister to General Peel, a bay filly by Orest. Arrived to Toxophilite: Mr. Taylor's Ornament, barren, and La Voleuse, in foal to Restitution.

At Elsham Hall Paddocks.—Jan. 26, Sir J. D. Astley's Lampon, a bay filly by Broomielaw; Feb. 5, Midwife, a bay filly by Broomielaw, to whom both the above mares have again been put. Feb. 6, Sir J. D. Astley's Tiny, a bay filly by Broomielaw, and has been put to Salvanos. Arrived to Broomielaw: Mr. R. Howett's Propinquity, by Lord Clifden out of Affinity, maiden.

At the Devonport Stud Farm, Middleton-one-Row, near Darlington, Lady of the Tees, by Lord of the Isles, a bay colt by The Palmer, and will be put to him again.

At Baumber Park.—Mr. Sharpe's Isabel, twins (a colt and a filly), both dead, by Suffolk, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Suffolk: Mr. Kemp's Mabelle, with filly foal by Merry Sunshine; Mr. Craven's Comedy, in foal to Pero Gomez.

At the Glasgow Paddocks, Doncaster.—On the 7th inst., Mr. Pryor's Bonnie Katie, a bay filly by The Rake, and has been put to him again; on the 10th, Mr. Pryor's Sphinx, a chestnut colt by Friponnier, and will be put to him again; on the 12th, Mantilla, a chestnut colt by The Rake, and will be put to him again; on the 14th, Tragedy, a brown colt by The Rake, and will be put to him again. Arrived to The Rake: Mr. Somerset's Mayflower. To Friponnier: The Earl of Durham's Arpemis, in foal to The Palmer.

At Mentmore, on Feb. 3, the Mentmore Stud's Tomato, a brown colt by Maudrake, and will be put to Macaroni; Feb. 6, Mr. Cookson's White Squall, a chestnut filly by Kingcraft, and will be put to Macaroni; Feb. 7, Prince Soltkyoff's Bounceaway, a bay filly by Restitution, and will be put to him again; Feb. 7, Mr. Lant's Sister to Elegance, a chestnut filly by Favonius, and will be put to him again. Arrived to King Tom: Sir Tatton Sykes's Marigold. To Macaroni: Lord Falmouth's Queen Bertha and Zingarella, and Sir Tatton Sykes's mare by King Tom out of Miss Agnes and mare by King Tom out of Little Agnes. To Favonius: Mr. Lant's South Hatch and Gold Pen and Mr. Wardell's Lucilla. To Restitution: Mr. Wardell's Night Thought, by Ely.

Wareham's Stud Farm, Sutton Place, Guildford, Surrey. Feb. 8, Mr. Alexander's mare by Peon, her dam Stars and Stripes, a chestnut colt by Thunderbolt; on the 11th inst., Lord Alington's Carita, a chestnut colt by Marsyas; and on the 12th inst., Mr. Alexander's Minna, a chestnut filly by Thunderbolt. All the above mares will be put to Thunderbolt.

Hungerford House, Malton. At Mr. T'Anson's Blink Bonny Stud Farm, Malton, on Monday, Feb. 14, Alice, a brown colt by Adventurer, and will be put to Speculum.

Stud Farm, Tickhill, Rotherham.—On Feb. 4, Lord Scarborough's Fragrance, a colt by Strathconan, and put to Silverster. Arrived to Strathconan: Mr. R. Howett's Fravolo, barren, and his England's Queen, maiden; Earl of Durham's Frory, barren; Mr. Leigh's Flying Sap, in foal to Lacyles; the Glasgow Stud's Flurry, in foal to Toxophilite, and Faraway, barren. Arrived to Silverster: Mr. Webster's Slut, barren.

Rufford Abbey, Feb. 1.—Chance, a bay colt by Cremorne, will be put to Parmesan. Feb. 4, Mayonaise, a bay colt by Parmesan, will be put to him again. Feb. 9, St. Angile, a bay colt by Cathedral, will be put to Parmesan. Arrived to Parmesan: Mr. Gibson's Red Leaf, and Cherwell, barren. Feb. 8, Cythian Princess, a chestnut filly by Blair Athol, will be put to Cremorne. Arrived to Cremorne: the Stud Company's Celerima; Mr. Dawson's Lady Glenorchy.

At Bonehill Paddocks, the following mares have arrived to Pero Gomez: Baroness de Rothschild's Hippolyta, in foal to Adventurer, and Hippia filly, in foal to Joskin; Lord Strafford's Legacy, barren; and Mr. W. S. Crawford's Lancet and Juanita, both in foal to Rosicrucian. Arrived to Musket: Mr. Crawford's Wild Myrtle, maiden, and his Carina, in foal to Musket.

Swalecliffe Stud Farm, Banbury, Oxon.—Arrived to Barefoot: Mr. Bibby's Hoyaabella and Mr. Gulliver's Battaglia. To Highlander: Mr. Washbourne's Golden Eagle and Mr. Gulliver's Lady Peel.

At Neasham Hall Stud Farm.—Pestilence, a brown colt by Palmer, and will be put to him again. The following have arrived to be put to Palmer: Lord Rosslyn's Lady Harcourt (by Breadalbane); Mr. Hughes's Araby's Daughter, Maid Servant (by Vedette), and mare by Romulus out of Atherstone's dam; and Mr. Batt's chestnut mare by Wallace out of Thom's dam. The subscription to The Palmer is full.

At Water Tower Stud Farm, Rugby.—Quicksand by Touchstone, out of Celerity, a bay colt by Cremorne, and will be put to John Davis. Arrived to John Davis: Aster, by Asteroid out of Cavriana, in foal to Cardinal York; Sandstone, by Stockwell out of Silkstone, barren to Winslow; Terre de Feu, by Nabob out of Nova, in foal to John Davis. To Mogador: Hagar, by Alarm out of Barbara, in foal to Paul Jones; Camelia, by Prime Minister out of Ethelinda, in foal to Mogador.

At Woodlands Stud.—On Feb. 3, Mr. Anstruther Harrison's Bonnie Roe (South Bank's dam), a grey colt by Strathconan, and will be put to Macgregor. The above-named mare foaled an hour or two after her arrival at Woodlands: this is running it rather close. On Feb. 4, Mr. A. Harrison's Changeable (Weathercock's dam), a filly by Knight of the Garter, and will

be put to Macgregor, to whom have arrived Mr. Etches's Cheesecake by Sweetmeat, barren to Favonius, and Fascination by Wild Dayrell, in foal to Macgregor. To Idus: Queen of the May (dam of Jack in the Green) by Oulston.

At Eaton Stud Farm the following mares have arrived from Sledmere, York: Feb. 4, Sir T. Sykes's Little Agnes, to be put to Doncaster; Feb. 8, from Baumber Park, to Mr. T. Sharpe's Highland Fling, in foal to Favonius, and will be put to Doncaster.

Landmark.—The following mares are already engaged to this horse: Mr. Milner's Lambda, the dam of Xi, Nu, and Omega; Omicron, the dam of Phi and Oberon; and Pi, by Defender out of Lambda; also, Captain Vynner's Gayous, half-sister to Organist, with filly foal by Landmark; Mr. Boston's Jessie, by King Tom, maiden, and mare by Brocmielew out of Maid of Napper, maiden.

At Blankney, near Sleaford, arrived to Hermit: Feb. 4, Mr. Crawford's Rub-a-dub, in foal to Hermit; Feb. 7, Sir Tatton Sykes's Miss Agnes and his Sweet Briar; Feb. 8, the Marquis of Huntley's Cinderina, in foal to Hermit; also, same day, the Earl of Bradford's Zelle, barren, and his Quick March, in foal to Hermit.

At Phantom House, Newmarket.—Jan. 31, Nudity, by Crater, a chestnut filly by Caterer, and will be put to Vestminster.

At Sandgate Stud Farm, on Feb. 3, Fog, a brown colt by Rosicrucian, and will be put to Siderolite. Arrived to Spennithorne: Mr. Fletcher's Norna, by Van Tromp, with a colt by The Miner.

At Heath House Stud Farm, Newmarket, on the 3rd inst., Lord Falmouth's Atlantis, by Thormanby, in foal to Adventurer, and Pet (dam of Peto and Glendale), in foal to Honiton, arrived to Kingcraft.

At Newbridge Hill Stud Farm, Feb. 4, Toison d'Or, a bay filly by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to Asteroid. Mr. Maule's Toxophilite and Clarissimus mares, barren, have arrived to Asteroid.

Athletic Sports.

EVERYTHING has not been going on so well as could be wished at Oxford with the University Eight in regard to their preparation for the boat-race. Owing to the temporary indisposition of two of the crew, their practice has to some extent been interfered with; but, in spite of this drawback, they are, taken as a lot, quite as far advanced as might be expected at this early period of their probation. Although the crew may be considered as almost definitely settled, some slight changes have taken place since I last wrote about them, Michison and Boustead having changed places, and consequently sides, and they now row from the same thwarts as last year. Mr. Warre (late of Balliol) and Mr. Woodgate (late of Brasenose), both old "blues," have been down to Oxford to have a look at the eight; and I am more than pleased to observe that no radical change has taken place in consequence of their criticisms. On Thursday week their new boat—one of J. Clasper's masterpieces of the boatbuilder's art—was tried for the first time; and although the men are by no means so well together as they might be, she seems to suit the crew to a marvel, and there was much less unsteadiness than might have been anticipated. I shall have an opportunity later on of describing the boat more fully, and I shall content myself at present by merely stating that she is 58½ ft long and 25 in at her greatest breadth of beam. The eight visit Eton on the day I write, their boat accompanying them; and they will remain the guests of the Provost until Saturday, when I hope to have a run down and obtain some idea of their form. At present I am informed they row a good long stroke, with plenty of dash, and are quick both with their hands and bodies, but that there is a great tendency to "bucket," owing to too fast a stroke being set them. The Cambridge crew seem still to be in a transition state, and change after change takes place in the eight until details become almost sickening; in short, I think it would puzzle the president of the C.U.B.C. himself to give a list of the men who will be likely to row at Putney. It is very certain that the eight originally selected were by no means the best men at his command, and to this fact he seems to have been at last fully aroused. True it is that they have a reserve four in training; but when first one man is shunted from the four to the eight, and then another, and these are chopped about from pillar to post, the issue must be very unsatisfactory to their supporters. Can all these changes be the result of the old party spirit which of old characterised the formation of the Cambridge crew, or is it that Mr. Close has so great a number of good men at his disposal that he does not know whom to select or whom to reject? For myself, I have my own opinion, which, perhaps, is better kept to myself. Unlike Oxford, they seem to have fallen into that dreadfully bad habit of rowing too slow a stroke, and, in consequence, the whole crew "hang" in a manner most painful to witness. I believe it is now certain that Rhodes will not row again this year; and, for the sake of the Cantabs, I deeply regret this fact, as, were he once more to act as stroke, the faults now so glaringly manifest would, doubtless, soon be eradicated.

In consequence of the various changes in the weather since my last week's jottings, fog, frost, and snow, all having had their turn, there is but little to chronicle about football. On Thursday, however, the second ties of the Inter-Hospital challenge cup were commenced at Kennington-oval, when St. George's were opposed to St. Thomas's. The ground was dreadfully hard, owing to the frost; but so eager for the fray were the "Sawbones," that it was determined to play, in spite of risking a broken limb or two. St. George's early in the game showed a marked superiority, and before half time had compelled their opponents to touch down twice in self-defence. Ends being changed, St. George's still further increased their advantage, and when time was called were hailed the winners by a touch in goal and seven touch-downs to nothing. This result was hardly unexpected; in fact, with Guy's, the holders last year, out of the way, I shall not trouble myself to look any further than to St. George's to supply the winner of the cup. St. Mary's and London, who, it will be remembered, played a drawn match in the first ties, were to have met on Friday; but, owing to the dense fog, the match did not take place. A postponement of the tie between University and Middlesex, on Monday, was also imperative, owing to the frightfully heavy state of the oval from the heavy downfall of snow on Sunday night and the subsequent thaw.

The annual athletic sports at Eton College were commenced on Wednesday, and although the weather was anything but of an inviting nature, a large company was present. As might be imagined after the recent frost and snow, the going was the reverse of good, being very soft and yielding. As the sports are continued to-day (Thursday), I shall content myself by merely giving the results of the various events, premising that most of the running in all the competitions was fully up to the average. Scott-Chad won the School Hurdle Race by two yards from Cooper, Pars being a good third; time, 19sec. The Junior Hurdle Race was carried off by P. Turner, maj., Wellesley and Hohler being second and third respectively. In

the School Quarter-mile Race Manning carried off the first heat, with Dunning, maj., and Foley as his nearest attendants; while the second heat was won by Phillips, maj., Elliot and Forbes occupying the second and third places. The Junior Quarter was won by Cleave, Pott being second, and Barnes third.

The veteran Dufton and J. Fowler played 1000 up at billiards at the Stanley Arms, Camden Park-road, on Thursday week, the stake being £100 (?). Fowler was in receipt of 100 points start, but in spite of this Dufton fairly trod on his heels all the game, and eventually won by 250 points. Apropos of billiards, I notice that the champion, John Roberts, jun., is about to visit Australia on a professional tour at the end of next month. By this, I presume, that nothing will come of Cook's challenge to play him once more for the championship. Be this as it may, however, Roberts's admirers intend presenting him with a testimonial prior to his departure, and I understand it is definitely settled that he will have a benefit at St. James's Hall on March 17, when Cook and Stanley will play Roberts and Taylor in a four-handed game on an ordinary table. Before leaving the old country, however, he is matched to play Timbrell, of Liverpool, one of the best spot-stroke players extant, 1000 up, on an ordinary table, at St. James's Hall, next Monday for £600, Timbrell receiving 300 points start. I notice that Hart of the Gaiety is not satisfied with his late defeat by Fred Bennett, and has thrown out a challenge to play him for £50 a side, the spot stroke barred, Hart to receive 100 points in 1000. Among other items of billiards, Messrs. Turner and Price, of 367, Strand, are, I am told, about to organise a tournament on the American principle, in about a month's time, in which eight of our best players will take part. The first prize will be a table of their own manufacture, valued at £100, on which the handicap will be played, while other prizes will be allotted to the other successful competitors in a corresponding ratio to the profits of the speculation. The management of the whole affair has been intrusted to D. Richards, who already holds five guineas as a prize for the best average. It is with deep regret that I notice the death of Mrs. William Cook, the wife of the ex-champion and sister to the late Mrs. Joseph Bennett. Her decease took place on Wednesday week, after a long and painful illness.

Stanton, the long-distance bicycle-rider, has at length come to terms with Messenger, the long-distance champion of America. The race, which is to be for no less than 1000 miles for 600 dollars a side, is to take place at an early date at the Royal Skating Rink, New York. The winner is, in addition to the stakes, to receive the whole of the gate-money. Before leaving England, Stanton announces a benefit at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday next, when he will ride his bicycle fifty miles against four noted trotting horses, one horse only to trot at a time. It is stated that he has also backed himself, for £50, to beat the fastest time yet on record for fifty miles. This year, I understand, the bicycle-race between Oxford and Cambridge will not take place, as has formerly been the case, on the high road, but the venue will, in all probability, be changed to the Alexandra Park. The distance, fifty miles, has been agreed to by both Universities, but the time of racing is not at present finally settled.

Weston completed 180 miles 668 yards by the stipulated time on Thursday night. I defer full remarks until next week. He and A. Clark started on Tuesday night at a quarter to ten; and at twenty minutes to ten on Wednesday morning Clark gave up, after walking fifty-four miles and six laps, and left the American alone in his glory. EXON.

THE CROYDON SKATING-RINK.

CROYDON rejoices in the possession of one of the prettiest skating-rinks yet established, and most thoroughly do the Croydonites enter into the enjoyment of their blessing. Wet or dry, foul or fair, the roll of wheels is constant until late in the evening; and when the evening grows dim, the covered rink bursts out all aglow with gas, and those who have been enjoying the outdoor rink, with its pretty island with large overhanging elms and rustic seats and bridge, flock in, and the nightly promenade commences to the lively strains of the band.

The open-air rink consists of a pretty oval lakelike piece of ground, with a grassy island in the centre, on which are arranged inviting seats. The island is reached by means of a rustic bridge high above the heads of the skaters, the steps of it leading down to the raised path which runs round the skating-ground and joins the great building of the covered rink. Outside is a pretty raised band-house, of a rustic character, and in summer a number of large sunshades of bright colours are erected for the comfort of loungers. Indoors, in this winter season, one may enjoy a seat in the rockery, which, like the rest of the building, is subtly heated by gas. There are capital arrangements for the entrance and exit of skaters and non-skaters, and also for the fitting on of the wheels. The refreshment department suffers sadly from a want of a license to vend something stronger and more comforting than lemonade or even coffee, which, undoubtedly, the high class of the visitors will warrant the magistrates in granting.

The covered rink is some 70ft by 46ft, and the outdoor covers 230ft. The establishment is the property of Mr. Cleaver, who is already well-known as a successful rink promoter; and, under the supervision of the courteous manager, Mr. Ross, the visitor finds everything work as smoothly as the most comfortable flooring and well-balanced wheels.

THE DEATH OF VISCOUNT EXMOUTH took place on Friday, Feb. 11, at his town residence, Prince of Wales's-terrace, Kensington, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His Lordship was at one time a regular frequenter of the more fashionable race-meetings, but of late years he was seldom seen even at Newmarket.

WHOLESALE DOG-POISONING IN THE SUBURBS.—There seems to be a determined continuance of wholesale dog-poisoning in the western suburbs. At Richmond, within the last week, no fewer than twenty-one dogs have been destroyed, one of which belonged to Dr. Anderson (a coach-dog), valued at £20; another (also a valuable animal) to Captain Horton, of Hermitage-road; also one belonging to Colonel Burdett, and one to Mr. Croft, of Richmond-hill, valued at £5; a valuable Maltese dog belonging to Mr. Walton, No. 31, Paragon, Richmond, was poisoned whilst in its master's garden; and a dog, valued at £10, belonging to Mr. Attenborough, of Twickenham, also died from poison lately in the Richmond streets. A reward of £20 has been offered for information; whilst at Shephard's-bush, where a number of dogs have been poisoned, a reward of £50 has been offered on a conviction of the offenders. The agent by which this wholesale slaughter has been carried out is supposed to be strychnine.

SALE OF HONEYMOON.—Mr. Ford-Hutchinson has disposed of Honeymoon to Mr. W. H. Clark, of Horden, for £500, the bitch to be delivered up after her performance in the Waterloo Cup.

Racing Past.

BROMLEY SPRING STEEPLECHASES.

TUESDAY, FEB. 15.

A HUNTER'S FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, with 30 added. Two miles. Mr. Fraser's Miss Doubtful, 6 yrs, 13st 3lb Mr. Yates 1
Mr. E. Brayley's Jack's Alive, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr. Crawshaw 2
11 to 10 on Miss Doubtful. Won by twelve lengths.

The BROMLEY HURDLE RACE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added. About two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. Harvey's Austerlitz, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb R. P. Anson 1
Silverley, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb J. Prince 2
Rose Blush, aged, 12st 7lb J. Comber 3
Gamekeeper, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb J. Adams 0
East Acton, aged, 11st 5lb F. Lytham 0
Little Rover, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb Duffin 0
Worthy, aged, 10st 5lb A. Price 0
Blacksmith, aged, 10st 5lb Burrow 0
Austrey, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb Mr. W. Bambridge 0
2 to 1 agst Austerlitz, 100 to 30 agst East Acton, 5 to 1 agst Silverley, 11 to 2 agst Little Rover, 6 to 1 agst Austrey, 100 to 15 agst Gamekeeper. Won by six lengths; same distance separated second and third.

A HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 50 sovs. Two miles and a half, over the New Course.

Mr. A. Yates's Crawler, aged, 13st Owner 1
Whirlwind, aged, 12st Mr. Holland 2
L'Eclair, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr. Headley 3
3 to 1 on Crawler. Won by eight lengths; bad third.

A SELLING STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 25 added. About two miles.

Mr. B. Harvey's De la Motte, aged, 11st 11lb (£30) R. P. Anson 1
Dunois, aged, 11st 11lb (£30) Murphy 2
Edward, aged, 12st (£50) Mr. R. Shepherd 3
Bridget, aged, 11st 11lb (£30) Lord M. Beresford 0
7 to 4 on De la Motte, 3 to 1 agst Edward, 10 to 1 agst Dunois. Won by four lengths; bad third. Winner sold to Mr. Digby for 405gs.

The RAILWAY STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added. About two miles.

Mr. T. V. Morgan's St. David, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb R. P. Anson 1
Stanton, aged, 11st 2lb F. Lytham 2
Surmise, 6 yrs, 10st Hales 3
Prince Patrick, aged 11st 5lb Allen 0
Outpost, aged, 10st 7lb Colonel Harford 0
Wasp, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb Little 0
5 to 4 agst Stanton, 2 to 1 agst Prince Patrick, 7 to 1 agst St. David, 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by three parts of a length; six lengths between second and third.

SELLING HURDLE STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 25 added. About one mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. B. Harvey's Helsthorpe, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb (£30) R. P. Anson 1
Mr. A. Yates's Brunswick, aged, 12st (£60) Mr. Yates 2
7 to 4 on Helsthorpe. Won by twelve lengths. Winner sold to Mr. T. Case-Walker for 110gs.

MAIDEN HURDLE STAKES of 30 sovs. One mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. W. Vallender's Cocotte, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Penfold 1
Mr. Savage's Framboise, aged, 12st 2lb G. Lowe 0
Betting opened at 6 to 4 on Framboise and closed at 11 to 8 on Cocotte. Won by twenty lengths.

WEDNESDAY.

HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE of 40 sovs. One mile and three-quarters.

Mr. J. Hill's Outrigger, 5 yrs, 12st Mr. Laxton 1
Helena, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb (£200) Owner 2
Duchess of Gloucester, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb (£200) Lord M. Beresford 3
Miss Doubtful, 6 yrs, 13st 7lb Mr. A. Yates 0
L'Eclair, 6 yrs, 12st Mr. Hadley 0
7 to 4 agst Miss Doubtful, 2 to 1 agst Outrigger, 3 to 1 agst Duchess of Gloucester. Won by eight lengths; half a length between second and third.

STEEPLECHASE PLATE (Handicap) of 50 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. T. V. Morgan's St. David, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb (inc. 7lb ex) P. Anson 1
Hilarity, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb Hales 2
Wasp, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb Little 3
Melusine, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb Cassidy 0
Outpost, aged, 11st 7lb Colonel Harford 0
Corail, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb Owner 0
Minnie, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb May 0
Bretby, aged, 10st 7lb Mr. Hobson 0
Even on St. David, 3 to 1 agst Hilarity, 7 to 1 agst the others. Won by a head; two lengths between second and third.

The BICKLEY STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 3 sovs each, with 20 added. Two miles.

Mr. A. Poole's Lady Kew, aged, 12st Hales 1
Mr. E. Woodland's Master Richard, aged, 11st 7lb Didman 2
3 to 1 on Lady Kew. Won by ten lengths. Winner sold for 110gs to Mr. B. Harvey.

KENT OPEN HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 3 sovs each, with 20 added. Two miles.

Mr. Jesse Winfield's Birdcatcher, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb P. Anson 1
Mr. A. Poole's Hilarity, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb Hales 2
6 to 1 on Birdcatcher. Won by three-quarters of a length.

BECKENHAM HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 1 ft, with 40 added. One mile and a half.

Mr. C. Bush's Little Rover, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb J. Adams 1
Balquhider, aged, 10st 9lb Ashman 2
Hermitta, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb Davis 3
Austerlitz, 4 yrs, 11st (inc 7lb ex) R. P. Anson 0
Framboise, aged, 10st 9lb G. Lowe 0
Patrick, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb Cassidy 0
Silverley, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb J. Prince 0
5 to 2 agst Austerlitz, 3 to 1 each agst Silverley and Hermitta, 5 to 1 agst Little Rover. Won by twenty lengths; bad third.

SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 40 sovs. Onemile and a half.

Mr. Weaver's Shy Girl, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb Hardcastle 1
Decoy, 4 yrs, 11st Little 2
Old Harry, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb Murphy 3
Strong-P-th-Arm, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr. F. G. Hobson 0
Brunswick, aged, 12st 4lb Owner 0
Castille, 5 yrs, 12st Didman 0
5 to 2 agst Old Harry, 3 to 1 agst Strong-P-th-Arm, 4 to 1 agst Shy Girl. Won by three lengths; same between second and third.

HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 40 sovs. Two miles and a half. Was declared void.

TATTERSALL'S INNER RING AT NEWMARKET.—The Sportsman of Saturday last announced that the Jockey Club had at length decided upon purging the Ring at Newmarket of the wretched fraternity who manage, by hook or by crook, to squeeze themselves into the inclosure set apart for the members of Tattersall's. Following that announcement, the authorities at Tattersall's, on Monday last, posted the subjoined notice in the Subscription Room:—"Provided a sufficient number of annual subscribers can be obtained, it is intended by the Stewards of the Jockey Club to reserve a special inner ring at Newmarket for the exclusive use and convenience of members of Tattersall's; and gentlemen who, not being themselves members, may be introduced by due proposal and seconded by two such members. The terms of annual subscription will be £10 10s. (ten guineas) to members of Tattersall's, each of whom will be provided by the Jockey Club with a distinguishing badge, and such gentlemen as may be introduced will be charged at the rate of £2 2s. (two guineas) for each meeting. With a view to expedite matters as much as possible, and in order that the Stewards of the Jockey Club may know how many badges may be required, it is important that members should at once send in their names to Mr. Sydney Smith, Boy-court, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C."

THE OBJECTION TO BIRD-CATCHER for the Middle Park Hurdle Handicap at Eltham, on the ground of being incorrectly described, has been withdrawn.

LA MARCHÉ STEEPLECHASES, which should have taken place on Sunday near Paris, were postponed till Thursday on account of frost.

BROMLEY SECOND SPRING MEETING is announced for March 10 and 11, being the two days following the Croydon big meeting.

LINCOLN SPRING MEETING.—A number of stakes for the approaching Lincoln fixture are advertised to close on Tuesday next, Feb. 22, among the more important items being the Yarborough Handicap of 150 sovs; the Trial Handicap of 100 sovs; the Lindum Steeplechase and the Eltham Hurdle Race, each with 100 sovs added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; and the Stonebow Hurdle Plate (handicap) of 80 sovs.

NOTTINGHAM SPRING MEETING.—Entries for the two Hunters' Stakes for this meeting close on Tuesday next. The entrance money to both races is reduced from 3 sovs to 2 sovs.

SEDFIELD HUNT STEEPLECHASES are fixed to be held on Tuesday, April 4.

NEWPORT (COUNTY TIPPERARY, IRELAND) RACES will be held on Tuesday, March 14.

LONDONDERRY (IRELAND) RACES are to be held on Thursday and Friday, July 27 and 28.

MESSRS. LAWLEY AND FORD have been appointed handicappers at Manchester in place of Mr. R. Johnson, who formerly held that position.

MR. W. VALLENDER is rapidly recovering from his recent accident. He is said to be sufficiently well to have left the Windsor Infirmary.

SIR ROBERT.—The Stewards of the Windsor Meeting have decided not to entertain the objection lodged against this horse for the Selling Hunters' Stakes, on the ground of its having been made too late.

THE OBJECTION TO MOONLIGHT for the Hunters' Stakes at Eltham has been decided against him, and the race awarded to Brother to Portflower.

NEWMARKET CRAYEN MEETING.—Captain Bayley's Azov was accidentally included among the acceptances for the Newmarket Handicap, instead of Princess Bon Bon, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb.

PRODICAL should have been included in the acceptances for the Chester Cup.

DEATH OF A STEEPLECHASE JOCKEY.—Mr. George Darby, the celebrated steeplechase jockey, died at his residence at Rugby, on the 10th inst., through injuries received at the Birmingham steeplechases, on Tuesday week, when he was thrown when riding Pearl King. He was highly respected by all who knew him, both on the turf and in the neighbourhood of Rugby.

LANCET.—In the Court of Bankruptcy at Dublin on Tuesday Mr. S. M. Uppington, the owner of Lancel and other racehorses, came up for examination. Among other details it transpired that Mr. R. Porter and George Fordham had stated that Lancel was worth £2000, whereupon the judge recommended that in the event of that amount being tendered for the horse it should be accepted; but should it turn out that Lancel might fail to realise the sum mentioned, then the Court would advise that £1500 be taken. It was ultimately agreed that the motion should stand over for a week.

DEATH OF ADAMAS.—Mr. W. Robinson, of Castle Eden, has had the misfortune to lose the well-known stallion Adamas, who died recently, after a few days' illness, from constipation of the bowels. He was by Touchstone out of Ada Mary, by Bay Middleton, and was foaled in 1854. When three years old he won for Mr. Mellish the City and Suburban Handicap, and on the same day was beaten only a head from Poodle for the Metropolitan Stakes. George Fordham riding him for both events. For the Derby won by Blink Bonny, Adamas, ridden by Wells, finished third to Black Tommy, the verdict being a neck, a short head, and a neck, Strathnaver being placed fourth.

THE TURF AT PHILADELPHIA DURING THE EXPOSITION.—We read in the New York Sportsman that "The Point Breeze Park Association propose to make Philadelphia attractive to the lovers of the turf during the centennial exposition. A programme has been marked out for six trotting meetings and two running meetings. Mr. J. D. Ferguson, of the Maryland Jockey Club, has been engaged to superintend the running meetings. The inaugural running meeting will commence on Saturday, June 24, with the Inaugural Sweepstakes, for all ages; 50 dols. entrance, half forfeit, 500 dols. added; 100 dols. to second horse."

SANDOWN PARK CLUB FIRST SPRING MEETING.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2.

The HOME COUNTIES' GRAND HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; winner of a hurdle race (selling races excepted) after Feb. 10, at noon, 5lb extra; of 100 sovs, 10lb extra; second to receive 25 sovs. About two miles. 39 subs, of whom 21 pay 3 sovs each to the fund.

Age	st	lb	Age	st	lb
Oxonian	a	12 7	Peep o' Day	a	10 6
Revenge	a	12 0	Friar Tuck	a	10 6
Peeping Tom	a	11 12	Rattle Away	a	10 6
Whitebait	a	11 0	Sivori	a	10 5
Lady of the Lake	a	11 0	Dagolino	a	10 4
Castle Wellan	a	10 11	Little Boy Blue	a	10 2
Leveret	a	10 10	Lytton	a	10 0
Hessleden	a	10 9	Agnes Peel	a	10 0
Rougemont (late Lord Rosebery)	a	10 7	Challenger	a	10 0

FRIDAY.

The PRINCE OF WALES'S STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 300 added; the winner of a steeplechase after Feb. 10, at noon, 5lb; of 100 sovs, 10lb extra; second to receive 50 sovs; third, 25 sovs. About three miles and a quarter. 26 subs, of whom 14 pay 3 sovs each to the fund.

Age	st	lb	Age	st	lb
Revenge	a	12 7	Daniel	a	10 13
Oxonian	a	12 4	Régénérateur	a	10 12
Regal	a	12 0	Rattle Away	a	10 10
Daybreak	a	12 0	His Lordship	a	10 9
Derviche	a	11 5	Spectro	a	10 9
Little Tom	a	11 5	Chancellor	a	10 0

A COLONIAL ANTI-BETTING CRUSADE.

MR. TERRY (not the popular actor at the Strand Theatre, but a member of the New South Wales Parliament) is evidently a bold, if not a very wise, individual. Animated by a spirit similar to that which caused the late Sir Peter Laurie to regard himself as a public benefactor, he has announced his intention to "put down" betting in the colony of which he is a native (a "cornstalk," in local phraseology), and with that view has submitted a betting bill of unusually stringent character to the consideration of his fellow-legislators. Now it is not denied in the colony, any more than in this country, that betting is an evil; but men are by nature gamblers, and, although the passion can be controlled, it cannot be eradicated. It is one thing to attempt the regulation of the betting system, by suppressing many of the abuses which have sprung up in connection therewith, and another to declare all betting illegal. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Terry modestly demands. The English law is content with the suppression of betting-offices and professional betting. Mr. Terry would make it a misdemeanour for a young lady to win a single pair of Houbigants on the issue of a horse-race. What a shocking want of gallantry! Surely there must be some chivalrous feeling left among colonial legislators to prevent the consummation of such an act of folly. No one would blame Mr. Terry for proposing to declare betting-houses illegal, or to protect the public from the artful devices of dishonest persons who, after receiving money as stakes, think fit to decamp; but when he would prohibit betting in any "room, office, or place," he goes a step too far. If such prohibition were to take effect, it would not prevent men from secretly gambling, but it would go a long way to destroy the present high standard of horse-racing. Very few horses are run merely for the sake of winning. Every owner would have to be a Rothschild to enable him to enjoy such a costly pleasure, for it is rarely that the stakes are of sufficient value to defray the cost of stable keep, leaving alone all other expenses. If betting was to be declared illegal we should have no Derby, no Ascot, no Newmarket, for it would not pay anyone to breed race-horses. A colt that now would bring £500 or £1000 would not then find a purchaser at one-tenth of his value, for how could his owner expect to recoup the outlay? As a natural result, the national pastime would degenerate, the number of good horses in the field would annually become less and less, and in the course of time the thoroughbred race-horse would take its place with the dodo and other extinct creatures. There is a medium in all things. Prohibit abuse if you will, but do not interfere with proper use. This is our advice to Mr. Terry and his English sympathisers, for it is no secret that there are certain individuals who are desirous of effecting in this country the same results which Mr. Terry proposes to achieve in New South Wales. Blessed, however, are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

ALWYN VILLIERS.

A SHOOTING EXPEDITION IN CHINA.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Daily News from Pekin, under date of Dec. 4, 1875:—"I came back from my Mongolian trip a week ago yesterday. We had a splendid trip. We travelled very comfortably, with all our baggage, &c., in six carts, while we rode on ponies. We also had a little two-wheeled carriage with springs, made on a Russian model, which we sometimes went in as a change from riding, and in which we put coats, furs, cartridges, &c. We had each a Chinese servant, besides R.'s French servant, who acts as a sort of majordomo over all his Chinese; also two mafus, a falconer, who also looked after the dogs, and R.'s Chinese cook. We first of all went to Ku-Pei-Kou, a town about eighty miles to the north-north-east of Pekin, where we passed through the Great Wall. From there we went north-west for a few days to a place in some very wild country, where there are all sorts of game. We stayed there more than a week, in a mud-built inn, in a valley among

wooded mountains, and there we shot two crosbills, or hochi, as the Chinese call them. These birds are, I suppose, about the rarest game in the world, as I think they are only known in the mountains there and in some places still further west in Mongolia. They look rather like a sort of cross between turkeys and pheasants. They are much bigger than pheasants, but smaller than turkeys—black body, red legs, and two long grey curved feathers in the tail. They are magnificent birds. I shot the first, thereby winning a sweepstakes we had made for them, and D. the second. I believe I am either the third or fourth European that has ever killed one. At this place we were extremely astonished to discover trout, which have hitherto not been supposed to exist in China or its adjoining parts at all. I caught one with my hands. They are just like the English trout, only with black spots instead of red ones. From there we went north-east for several days, stopping at two or three places for shooting. Pheasants were what we had come for principally, but we only found one very good place for them, for the other shooting-grounds which R. had been to before we found all burnt bare and black. We saw at least two hundred square miles of burnt country there. It is a great shame, and I do not know what they do it for. They say it is to drive the pheasants into places where they snare them. We stayed for a good many days in the house of a native landowner at the best place. He invited us, and treated us very hospitably. The furthest point we reached was about 300 odd miles from Pekin. We were among mountains the whole time after passing Ku-Pei-Kou, and we got up to a good height above the sea, as the ground rose nearly the whole way. It had got rather late in the season, so it was getting cold as we came home. Altogether we killed between 600 and 700 head of game. We had no accidents, except that R.'s foot got bad for three days during the best of the shooting, and that one of the dogs got a horrible complaint and had to be shot, as it was infectious or contagious. It was some kind of mortification, and quite incurable. The trip did us all good. We came back much browner and stronger. We were away just fifty days."

Chess.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. BOWYER.—Again we regret to say that the problem sent is too simple for our columns.

A. G. F.—If you will look at the position again, you will see that there is no mate in the main variation of your problem. Besides, the idea is very simple and not original.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from I. S. T., A. J. S., Munden, W. H. Anderson, and J. Wickham. That by T. F. C. H. is wrong.

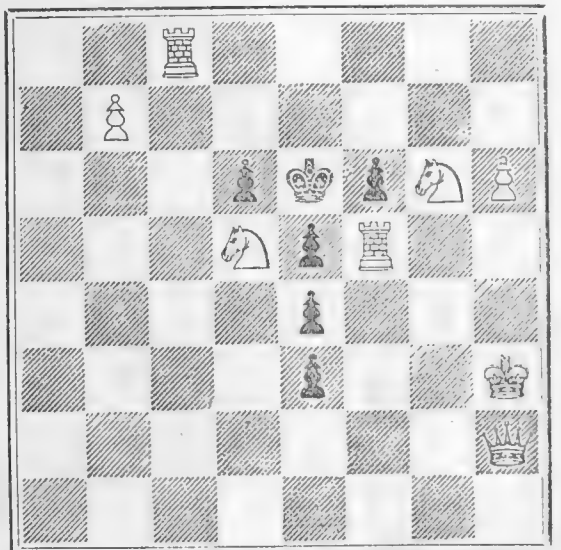
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 86.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to KB7 Anything 2. Q, R, or P mates.

PROBLEM No. 87.

By Mr. HAWKINS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

We give below another Game in the recent Match between Messrs. ALBERONI and ENSOR.

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K4	P to K4	27. P to Kt4	R to Q Kt sq
2. Kt to KB3	Kt to QB3	28. B to Q2	P to Q Kt5
3. B to Q Kt5	P to Q R3	29. K to Kt2	P to Q4 (c)
4. B to R4	Kt to KB3	30. P takes P	R takes P
5. P to Q3	P to Q3	31. B to B sq	Q R to Q sq
6. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B	32. R takes R	R takes R
7. P to K R3	B to K R3	33. K to KB3	P to K Kt3
8. Castles	B to K2	34. P to Kt5 (d)	R takes P
9. Kt to Q B3	Castles	35. B takes P	K to Kt2
10. Kt to K2	P to Q B4	36. B takes Kt (ch)	K takes B
11. Kt to Kt3	Kt to K R2	37. P takes P	K takes P
12. Kt to K R2	P to KB4	38. K to K2	K to B3
13. P to KB4	P takes KP	39. R to KB2	R to Q sq
14. Q P takes P	B to Q Kt2	40. K to K4 (ch)	K to K3
15. P to KB5 (a)	B to K R5	41. R to K2	R to Q5 (ch)
16. Q to KB3	Kt to KB3	42. K to K3	P to K R5
17. Q to Q Kt3 (ch)	K to R2	43. R to Kt3	P to Q R4
18. Q takes B	B takes Kt sq (b)	44. K to Q2	P to Q B5
19. Q to KB3	Q to Q Kt sq (b)	45. P to Q R3	R to Q5 (ch)
20. Q to Q B6	Q to Q Kt3	46. K to K2	R to K5 (ch)
21. Q takes Q	P takes Q	47. K to Q2	R to K B5
22. Kt to Q2	B to B5	48. P takes P	P takes P
23. R to R sq	B takes Kt	49. R to Kt2	K to Q4
24. B takes B	P to Q Kt4	50. K to K2	P to K5
25. B to Q R5	Q R to Q R2	51. R to K R2	R to R5
26. Q R to Q sq	R to Q2	52. K to Q2	K to Q4

and after a few more move the game was drawn.

(a) Perhaps dangerous, leaving his K's P without the necessary support, particularly if it comes to an end game.

(b) Q to Q2 would perhaps have been better, threatening to win a Pawn.

(c) Premature and risky.

(d) Very weak, giving away all the advantage obtained of the premature advance of Black's Q P.

(e) It seems as though Mr. Alberoni had a slight advantage, having his Pawn in the centre, but he does not play this end game as accurately as he is accustomed to play in such positions.

FLORINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Dose: 2-4, 6, per bottle. The Fragrant Florine removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 483, Oxford-street, London. Retailers everywhere.—[Advrt.]



FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.—GEORGE FREDERICK.

Our Captious Critic.

A PAMPHLET lately published, amongst other veracious information, discloses the name of the *original* Captious Critic. I would the gentleman in question were the Captious Critic now. For I assure you, my faithful readers, that during the twelve long months in which I have striven to point the moral



Mr Irving as "Othello, or the infuriated Sepoy."

and adorn the tale, I have more than once groaned inwardly with a poignant sense of my shortcomings, and wished that Heaven had made me such a man.

'Tis true that I have not laboured all in vain to amuse ye. I faith I have a pretty wit and a quaint turn for lively jesting. I can spin ye a stanza or two with the best of them. But I am a bad critic. There's no use in my trying to conceal it from you any longer. I may as well confess at once that my utterances upon the drama are neither profound nor acute. I lack that philosophic urbanity which distinguishes my critical brethren. Neither do I possess their erudition. I do not understand the meaning of hard words, such as psychology, &c. Though, mind you, I would not hesitate to use them, for all that, if I thought they would come in well. I could no more write a novel than I could preach a sermon. Therefore I hasten to correct a report which has lately been circulating to the effect that I am the author of a certain three-volume novel called "Clytie." I assure you solemnly (which is language I would not use were I not in earnest) that I never wrote a single line of that novel. A man told me that it was written by the author of "The Popular Idol;" but there's no believing anything one hears nowadays.

Yet, in spite of all my disabilities, I possess one qualification for the office I hold—namely, I have been, in vulgar idiom, "through the mill."

You would bless yourself could you hear some of my theatrical experiences. And some day I will write a few of them in



Passion

a book, which I promise you shall not be an expensive one. The obscurity of my origin I will not attempt to deny; indeed, where would be the use? For I am so well known in the profession, both in this country and in the colonies, that any attempt to pass myself off as other than I am would be met with instant ridicule and exposure. And, after all, what have I to be ashamed of in the humble beginning from which I have climbed to fame and fortune? Though, like Shakspeare, I have "small Latin and less Greek," yet my long and hard experience as a "scene-painter, who can act if required," has taught me that thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the stage, its business, and effects, which so distinguishes me from all the other critics upon the press, daily or weekly.

I cannot have been more than twelve years of age when my nurse (for I was brought up by hand, and never knew the inestimable blessing of a parent's love) sold me to the proprietor of a travelling-booth, who endeavoured to make an acrobat of me (*ackriback* he spelt it in a letter which I still preserve); but, being slightly deformed about the left eye, my training was so difficult that he abandoned the project, and successfully endeavoured to make me generally useful. In the paint-room I soon discovered my aptitude for sketching, which has since obtained me such great renown. To this beautiful art I owe more than I can say. In the year '50, I think it was, having the misfortune to be thrown out of work by the bankruptcy of a manager—he, by-the-way, is now a wealthy and prosperous man, and well remembers the incident: he owes me fifteen shillings to this day for two weeks' salary—I supported myself during a whole summer season by travelling from village to village and executing silhouette portraits, at which I was rather clever. When I think that at that period of life when all the other dramatic critics were at Eton or Oxford laying in those stores of



Mr Irving's Elmet

erudition which they can so freely command I—the Captious Critic—was wandering precariously over the face of the earth, I feel a pardonable pang of regretful pride. Regretful of the advantages which were denied me, I am proud of the position to which I have raised myself. I need hardly say that I learned to read by spelling out the names on shop-windows and door-plates. To the study of the latter (especially at such times as when the early housemaids were furbishing them) I attribute the extraordinary polish and brightness of my style, though an ill-natured critic, who was aware of my early history, once described it as being "like sounding brass." I can afford, however, to bear such sneers with equanimity, since that fortune which deprived me of the advantages of scholastic training has provided me with that unexampled experience of the histrionic art which render my criticisms the wonder of the age.

Although in this country I was never afforded an opportunity of playing any but small "utility" parts, yet in Australia (where I am well known) I have undertaken successively the important rôles of Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello. So that it will be seen it was ever my ambition to essay the higher walks of art.

I trust, therefore, that these few personal remarks will not bring upon me a charge of egotism. I should feel inexpressively grieved did I imagine that any of my readers could doubt my sincerity. Away with such thoughts! My dear,

my generous patrons, I have the most implicit confidence in you. I have hidden nothing from you. I have told you all. Therefore I no longer fear that you will be led astray in your conclusions regarding my identity by the covert insinuations of any scurrilous pamphlet.

And now to business. I went punctually to the Lyceum, on Monday, to witness the third great Shakspearean revival. My impression was generally favourable. I think it is more complete in mounting, scenery, and costume than either of the preceding revivals. The chiefly remarkable feature of the acting is the Iago of Mr. Forrester. It is a



quite unconventional and exceedingly intelligent performance of a character which has been more obscured by stage tradition than perhaps any other in Shakspeare. Not many years ago the best critics would have cried down such rendering of Iago as Mr. Forrester's with vehemence. The conventional notion of the wily "ancient" was firmly believed in by the public. For instance, as I have seen Mr. John Ryder play the part, it was rendered as a sort of Mephistopheles, who, while he is gulling his master, winks aside to the audience, as one who should say, "Between ourselves, am I not fooling him nicely?" By discarding all the old ideas, and interpreting the character in a natural, easy manner, Mr. Forrester has presented the public with one of the best Shakspearean illustrations that have lately been seen in London. He was well supported by Mrs. Crowe as Emilia. She played the part in a solid, effective manner, which showed a genuine appreciation of it. I liked this actress better in this part than in any I have seen her play since Medea.

The account I have given of myself above will be a sufficient excuse for my not attempting to criticise Mr. Irving's Othello. I am quite unable to do it. I am a great believer in Mr. Irving's genius as a comedian and character actor. I believe him to be the one English actor who can elevate melodrama into the region of fine art. His Othello I would willingly forget if I could. If I attempted to offer an opinion upon it, I should say that Mr. Irving has followed the example of those imbecile young painters who called themselves pre-Raphaelite about twenty-five years ago, and, instead of giving a portrait of Shakspeare's noble Moor, he has produced a distorted and repulsive caricature. He has mistaken eccentricity for art, and has expended much labour and study to produce an utterly incorrect impersonation. As Desdemona Miss Isabel Bateman was over-weighted, and much too lachrymose. Mr. Brooke gave a spirited and excellent performance of Cassio; I have never seen it so effectively played.

If it were not for the name of Mr. Carton in the bill, I should have thought that Roderigo was played by a girl. The minor parts were satisfactorily played. Again, to allude to the scenery, it is quite exquisite, and the artist, Mr. Hawes Craven, deserves great praise.



Exit Othello

Reviews.

All the World Over. Vol. II. London: Tros. Cook and Son.

This is the Cook's Tourist Magazine *par excellence*, and, in the best sense of the phrase, it is worthy of him. Although the traveller whom Mr. Cook's world-wide enterprise has called into being has become a standing joke with writers of burlesque, and playwrights of similar calibre; and is too frequently used to give flavour to a jest by contributors to the comic periodicals, we respect him. If he cannot travel like a Prince, he is surely justified in gratifying his wholesome desire to see the world in the cheapest manner that is consistent with ease and comfort. A wanderer whose means do not enable him to hire the whole of a courier is excusable if he contributes his mite towards securing the fraction of one. *All the World Over* is edited by Mr. Edwin Hodder, himself a traveller of some experience, who has, on the whole, done his work in a worthy manner. Mr. Heath's story, "A Love Chase," is not thrillingly interesting, but it is harmless and decidedly somniferous, which, if the book is intended for Sunday reading, is a comfortable quality for a story to possess. Many of the papers on travel, especially those by the editor, will repay perusal, and there is a capital description of field sports in Ceylon from the pen of John Capper. We have an idea that we have seen several of the engravings elsewhere. The volume contains half a dozen remarkably intelligible maps.

One in a Crowd. A novel. In two volumes. By ISABELLA WALKER. Charing-cross Publishing Company.

The key-note of this half-moukish, half-musical, and altogether grandiose novel is very properly struck in the prologue, thus:—"The hopeless serf who toiled for his daily bread, and whose morrow was but a counterpart of the present and a reflex of the past, bounded by a dark and sunless future, has merged into the free man, who recognises the true beauty and nobility of work, and claims as his privilege a share in the mighty scheme of progress. In this federation a cycle is as yesterday, and the toil of a generation counts but as a unit of time—a grain of sand on the seashore; yet not a single effort is lost. It numbers amongst its votaries every age and nation, high and low, rich and poor—all who join in the watchword 'Forward!' which rings, clarion-toned, through the ignorance and sin of ages." "The vernal equinox" is raging with "unusual fury round the sea-girt coast"—"lashing the shores of La Belle France." "Wind and sea, the true leviathans of the deep," are "ying with each other in the work of destruction," as we are introduced by the authoress to the monastery of St. Roque, which is situated on the aforesaid coast (of Picardy), and is inhabited by the Trappist Fathers. The hero, one Noël Raymond, to whom we are also introduced, is in a brown study. His musings, however, are not commonplace. They embrace Bayard the peerless knight, Newton and Linnaeus, Michael Angelo and Raphael, Handel and Wolfgang Mozart. An account of the foundation of the order of La Trappe and a recital of the woes of the Waldenses lead up in the most natural manner to a description of Père Raymond, Noël's foster-father. The Père is of noble birth: Noël is a foundling. The latter interesting babe grows up, tenderly nurtured by his discoverer until he poses before our admiring gaze as a lay brother of unusual comeliness and vast musical genius. His volubility on the organ are the pride of the monastery, and in due time when he has decided to face the world he enters upon the office of organist at the cathedral of the neighbouring town of Auvers-sur-Mayenne. He meets what novelists and poets would call "his fate." She, Gabrielle de Brissac, "only child of Le Count de Brissac," is very lovely, with the soft, dark eyes, rippling chestnut hair, and tall, commanding stature, but rarely seen amongst her countrywomen." In due time he declares his passion, and is spurned by the angelic being with rather more contempt than she would have bestowed on an intruding toad. He leaves her—the line must be drawn somewhere—and in a very short time comes to grief in Paris. In the last extremity of poverty and despair he finds another organ, and once again his playing is the theme of fervid admiration amongst those who are fortunate enough to hear it. But he must fulfil his destiny. He returns to Auvers-sur-Mayenne to find that Gabrielle has pinned to death, for his sake, in a convent—in time to gaze upon the dead face of his foster-father, Raymond. His not altogether unreasonable attempt to commit suicide is frustrated by the watchful monks of La Trappe, and he ends his days—the mystery of his parentage remaining unsolved—a great musician. "And Noël Raymond, when he wields the bâton in the orchestra and directs his own wonderful harmonies, lifts it up high in air, and muttering to the god of harmony, who watches over him, 'Excelsior,' continues to aspire upwards, onwards to the end—to work, to labour—determined to rest not—to faint not by the way." Whether it was worth while going through so much to accomplish so little is a fair question for discussion. For ourselves, we bid adieu with feelings of extreme pleasure to the most uncomfortable hero of romance we have encountered for a long time. Our advice to the authoress is that she suffer some years to elapse—say ten—ere writing another novel.

Black-Eyed Susan's Boys. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. Frederick Warne and Co.

Mr. Plimsoll's noble efforts to clear our ports of coffin-ships have from time to time been enthusiastically supported by the versifier and novelist; but it is due to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold to say that his contribution to the literature of the subject is the most picturesque and forcible that has yet appeared. The story is well and succinctly told. There is a briny flavour about it which will make it palatable in the proper quarter. His sailors talk and act like sailors. The incidents of the story are facts of everyday experience set down in the simplest, and therefore in the most directly dramatic form. Moreover, although there is scarcely a character in the book who would not render a good account of himself before an audience at the Surrey Theatre, all the people stand forth wearing the rugged appearance of reality that is characteristic of an untouched photograph. We have read Mr. Jerrold's brochure with unalloyed pleasure. It has every right to become the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Plimsoll crusade.

The Fine Arts and their Uses. By WILLIAM BELLARS.

This considerable volume of essays travels over a wide range of thought and inquiry. After opening with a "general view of the fine arts and of their mutual relations," the author discusses, more or less exhaustively, Imagination, Beauty and Sublimity: the Fugitive Arts—viz., Dancing, Pantomime, Acting, Elocution, and Executive Music. Music, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Verbal Poetry, are dealt with under the head of the Permanent Arts; and the Subsidiary Arts are treated in a separate paper. Now it is obvious that only an æsthetic Brougham or Macaulay or a Slade Professor of impossible versatility could be expected to infuse novelty into the treatment of such themes; and Mr. Bellars is neither one nor

the other. Indeed, while he disclaims any desire to come forward as an art-teacher, he admits "that much of what he has said has been said before, in a different and better way, by others," and acknowledges "in the fullest manner his obligations to the writings of Reynolds, Eastlake, Leigh Hunt, and especially to those of Mr. Ruskin." It is to be hoped that the commendable honesty of the author will not prevent readers from stepping across the threshold of his book, which is a thoroughly creditable performance, and independent of all. An inquirer who can intelligently gather the fruits of such opposite authorities on art as Reynolds and Mr. Ruskin, who can, without doing violence to the views of either, reconcile Leigh Hunt and Eastlake—and, we presume, Hazlitt—so as to produce a perfectly harmonious view of his own, deserves, perforce, to be heard with respect. He will probably find, as his experience ripens, that several of these essays might wisely have been condensed. To this end he may deem it expedient to expunge altogether the moral reflections with which his observations are too plentifully interlarded. We have too many essayists who conceive it to be their duty to preach in season and out of season. Mr. Bellars laments the decay of good—that is to say poetical—dancing rather incoherently, it seems to us. Would he revive the minuet, or that exceedingly comic exercise called the ronde, which admirers of Mr. Tom Taylor's blank verse and Miss Neilson's pathos may now see any night at the Haymarket Theatre? There is a good deal that is open to question in the essayist's remarks on acting, and the paper on elocution might with advantage have been made more practical. For example, he would have done the State some service if he had analysed the melody of Signor Salvini's almost unapproachable elocution and taught Mr. Irving how to speak the English language with propriety. We entirely agree with Mr. Bellars in the common-sense view which he takes of Mr. Haweis's fine air-drawn theories. Although the latter has all the knowledge which is required by an authority on music, his book, "Music and Morals," abounds in clap-trap of the cheapest kind. Not that Mr. Bellars himself altogether abstains from its use. It rather shocks one to turn from an ironical description of a Covent Garden Concert, page 193, to a passage of this sort three pages further on:—"Then shall music reach its highest perfection, too, and the courts of Heaven shall re-echo to the sound of harpers, and the voices of the redeemed singing their new song in wondrous harmony around the crystal sea." The essay on architecture leaves little to be desired; that on painting much. The latter is ambitious and perfunctory. Is not our essayist merely shouting with the crowd when he flies into raptures over Doré's sacred works, and praises Mr. Holman Hunt? And he would find it difficult to justify, on any known principle of art, the presence of so much dirt in Mr. Watts's colour. In his future examinations of pictures let him try to forget what other critics have said, and judge for himself. We must, nevertheless, sum up heartily in favour of the book. Mr. Bellars has a keen, if in some respects an untutored, sense of beauty. His reading has been catholic, and he has turned it to good account. It is impossible to avoid admiring if we cannot always agree with him.

PATHETICS OF THE PIT.

WHITTINGTON.

"I NEVER handled any of your money, Madam."
"Madam! Who are you calling Madam? I have a name as well as you."

"So you may, but —"
I can report no more of this "brief but first-class conversation," not because I heard anything too shocking following the "but," but because I heard no more; for I passed by the dim door of the badly-lighted, cheap milliner's. It may be said that an altercation between two women in a milliner's is rather irrelevant here; but this dialogue, limited as it is, serves as a key to Pit sentiment; and, hearing it as I went towards Drury Lane on Saturday evening, it fell into my ears like a prologue to my play. No matter what your temper, you must address no man in the Pit without a "Sir," no matter what your temper, you must speak to or of no woman as "Madam."

It may be thought that, as an observer of my fellow-man in the Pit, I have no right to intrude my personal feelings; but am I not a man, too? one, moreover, of the Pit? Therefore I claim not only a right to have my own feelings, but also to give utterance to them.

I have to record at the outset three great grievances at the hands of Fate. At ten minutes past seven I resigned myself for disposal into the hands of a young man who combined excellent personal appearance and gracious manners with the office of programme-seller. He indicated a seat on the verge, as it were, of humanity, and from which no more than an acute angle triangle of the stage was visible, the acute angle of the triangle being pointed at my eyes, the base consisting of about four feet of wing opposite.

"Have you got no worse seat than this?" I demanded sadly of my courteous Charon.

"Yes, Sir. Centre, back."

"Conduct me thither."

The seat to which he now brought me was much better than the former; thus the intelligence of my conductor penetrated my meaning, although I had uttered a distinct opposite. I hope you will think well of that young man. I do.

My second grievance leads me to give this advice. In cold weather, put your opera-glasses inside the fender for a quarter of an hour before going to a theatre, otherwise they will be useless for the first quarter of an hour. On Saturday night I did nothing but rub my glasses and murmur soft nothings to myself during that period.

My third grievance was that I found on the boards the same "suet dumpling" farce I noticed months ago, and saw it with no development of satisfaction. Respecting this farce, I am bound to say that the Pit of Saturday night last enjoyed it more than any other Pit I saw under it. This may be accounted for by the fact that it was a pantomime Pit.

A little reflection will serve to prove that a pantomime is a bad kind of performance for drawing out the hidden inequalities of character. It is too monotonous. People come to laugh, and laugh accordingly, more out of regard to tradition than by reason of individual provocation. The slenderest joke will be found quite sufficient to set the Pit roaring. Then, there are few surprises in a pantomime, except scenic effects, and these appeal only to superficial emotions residing in what may be called the physical structure of the mind. There is, perhaps, no less spiritual aspect of the human countenance than when the mind is under the influence of unintelligent admiration or wonder. It requires a highly cultivated mind to wonder properly, and perhaps one of the noblest delights of poets is their full-toned wondering. But we don't find many poets in the Pit, which is rather well for the Pit, as poets no longer live on nectar and are commonly but unhappy.

The three people in front of me on Saturday night were a man and two women; but, beyond this fact, they were little worthy of note. The women being fat, elderly, sallow maiden ladies, who evidently looked on themselves as adepts at the play, and spoke learnedly of theatrical names.

One wore a huge Brummagen gold locket on her shoulder, that thus both the people in front and rear might be the better of her finery.

On my left was a tall, good-looking, long-nosed, large-mouthed young man, who, as far as my purpose went, turned out a complete blank, displaying no interior glimpses, and remaining the whole time, concealed carefully behind a smile of no great merit as a work of nature or art.

Beyond this impassable young man stood (be good enough to remember that this was the back row) a brown-bearded man of about thirty. He was handsome and manly-looking, well-dressed and well-mannered, and, to end and make perfect the list of his pleasing attributes, he had on his left a shapely, dark-eyed, fine-looking, brilliant girl, with whom he was evidently very much in love, as the saying goes. They were a fresh and pleasant sight in the Pit, and much of my regard went that way. She wore a large light-pink valentine under her white, round chin, and thus the colour of the bright face was, as an artist would phrase it, carried down to a red nosegay in her bosom. And all this red did not make the young woman look in the least vulgar, for her beauty was of the tropical character (if you please, not Nigger), and consorted gratefully with vivid colour and bore light well.

If, through some dull piece, some desert of a burlesque, or tragedy, or comedy, or farce, in which the jokes are the dried-up fountains, and furtive yawns the only oases, you hang over the back of your neighbour's seat, trifling with your glasses, throw off your lassitude, raise your glasses, and search out a pair of lovers. Then, if you but watch closely, you can read much and learn much, and the chances are you may soften your heart a little, which is a thing but seldom done nowadays, or, I believe, ever. Laugh, if you like, but let your laughter be kindly. I laugh most at those I love best. Let there be no bitterness in your laughter. The bitterness in you will not reach them, and will be of little service to your happiness. The man of such a pair never faces the play fully. There is always a drag in his figure towards her. She is the theme; the play the incident. She faces the stage fully, and seems unconscious of his presence, except when he speaks; the play is the theme; he the incident. There are many reasons for this. One, the simplest, men are more accustomed to theatres than women.

During the overture to the pantomime there rose a murmur; the music glided into a more solemn and very familiar air, over which floated a buzz and a clamour, and all the men were standing bare-headed in a moment. Some one of great note had entered, but who it was no neighbour could tell me.

The seat on my right was vacant. A low-sized, sharp-featured young man stepped over it, and looked savagely around. I don't think I ever saw a less endearing countenance. The cheeks were hollow and dark, the eyes sunken, slow, and cruel, the brows heavy, and the lips compressed, and hard with chronic bad temper. His head was not unshapely, his neck was long and blotchy, his hat a shabby billycock. He did not carry his letter of credit on his face.

The way in which this young man looked at me appeared to savour of the personal. At length he stooped towards me, jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and said,

"Will you move up a little to make room for this young lady." There was no superfluous formality, no idle ornament, no extraneous matter introduced into the request.

I looked over my shoulder and saw a young girl, very red and seemingly very happy. By way of reply I indicated the iron divisions and showed I could not stir an inch. Then I pointed to the next row and said, "There's a seat there and here's one." With a bad grace he handed the girl to the next row, and sat down beside me himself.

I am in no way responsible for things I cannot alter or events I cannot influence; and if I see certain things and talk about them the things themselves ought not to be put down as derogatory to me, but only the manner of my talk, should it not be wisely ordered. I am loth now, even after this preface, to tell all I saw in the Pit that night, for I desire credit, and I dread that some may dream I am no better than a fabulist if I say this uninviting-looking young man and this red-faced girl were lovers. Yet I assure you I do not make the assertion without ample proof, for the young man gave himself up to gloom when he found he could in no way compass sitting near her, and, conclusive evidence, before the pantomime had reached the middle he handed her a parcel made up in a newspaper from which she extracted solid food, and, having tasted it with honest relish, returned the paper, still containing much. He, being out of conceit with life, and the means by which it is sustained seeming no better than vexatious vanities, thrust the paper away into some pocket, and kept his fast. Later I discovered that the young man was indulging in tobacco treated as a solid, which disquieted me much, as my hat lay on the floor no more than a foot removed from his centre of gravity. But Fortune had me under her kindly guardianship, and the young man proved to be at once expert and considerate. From these two latter circumstances he has risen much in my esteem, and I wish him well—of course without prejudice.

At length I sat down, and, as I felt a little weary, I thought I could not treat myself to less than five minutes for refreshment. This took the form of bending my body almost double and examining the occupants of such other parts of the house as were within range. I tried the grand tier in vain for the illustrious visitors who had caused the interpolation of the National Anthem into the overture. Then, giving up all hope, I rose above the grand tier and sought diversion amongst the people in the second line.

Presently I dropped the glass, rubbed it, and looked carefully again. Yes, in the right-hand stage box on the second tier sat the Princess of Wales and two of her sons. I had never before found either in a theatre, nor any other place where I could see very plainly or for more than a few moments, and somehow I had got it into my head that the Princess was much paler than she is. I never can look on Royalty without feeling a deep melancholy. Kings and Princes always seem so utterly isolated; so lonely, so desolate; so far removed from the simpler pleasures of life. The gloom of a living tomb appears to hang around them. Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. seem to me men whom men might envy. There was such fierce contention, and vivid strife, and dark plots in their daily lives that I can understand how one might wish an hour out of their lives, if it were but to realise the infinite expansion which vast ambition and power must produce in the soul. But an hereditary King, sitting calmly on a secure throne, appals me. He and his seem to be outside life, beyond the thither barrier of action. There is nothing to happen except the end. There is nothing to do but wait for that end. I noticed that the illustrious visitors did not smile when all around were laughing. Fancy telling children not to laugh. Doesn't it seem hard to be brought up not to laugh, at least on occasions when other people laugh without reproach? I feel when I look on Royal people sitting immovable among a roaring audience a most hideous familiarity with them. I cannot persuade myself but that they are living sadly out of the best and richest luxuries of human existence. I seem to think they want a friend, and I am he; and, if I were to follow my im-

pulse, I'd step behind them and say, "You know you can't stand this much longer. Throw down the bauble; follow me into Bohemia and laugh." As a matter of prophecy, I don't think I shall ever do this. Royal people don't know what's in Bohemia, and they might hesitate. Besides, they are as a rule so well known that any setter of lodgings would think an application from one of them only a joke, and you could not walk comfortably down Fleet-street with a King or a Royal Prince on your arm. R. D.

SNOWSHOE-RACE IN CANADA.

A Montreal correspondent writes to the *New York Sportsman* under date of Jan. 31:—

"Snowshoers are almost at their wits' end to kill time. No Wednesday-night tramps over the mountains, and the Saturday-afternoon scurry is entirely out of the question. Fearing that instead of an improvement affairs might become worse, the committee of the Montreal Snowshoe Club determined on holding the annual steeplechase on Wednesday evening, the 26th inst. There was very little snow, but, as the prospect of more was not very encouraging, the fiat was issued.

"The night was dark and sharp, but quite a large crowd had assembled at the rendezvous by a quarter to eight o'clock. There were twenty-five starters, which number would doubtless have been doubled had the shoeing been at all fair. The president drew the competitors up in line at the head of the Union avenue, and sent them off at seven minutes to eight, and a rattling gait was struck, but, owing to the number of pedestrians and sleighs on the street, there was considerable confusion before the runners reached the college gate. In the college grounds the new rink lately made also proved a 'bugbear' to some of the 'peds,' but on they bravely flew, regardless of ditches, fences, and rocks. Up McTavish-street to Ravenscrag the pace was hot and the men well up together. From that began the tailing. Condition had to tell after such a cracking pace. As the runners swung round the corner at Ravenscrag and began to breast the mountain proper, a great many were in difficulties, the track from this to the 'Pines,' being nothing but rock and macadam, covered by the merest suspicion of snow. Still, many stuck well and true to the arduous task cut out for them, but at the 'Pines' the race was virtually over. As we stand at the gate at the foot of the 'Pines,' watching for the appearance of the men, a countryman brings a large old-fashioned lantern, so we can easily distinguish the men as they passed us, and we are not long in waiting before the crackling of the dry twigs and the clack-clack of the shoe is plainly heard on the bare ground. A dark figure appears on the hill, emerges from the waving pines, rushes down the slope, and gallops off at a terrific gait over the plains: by the light, wiry frame and long, sweeping stride we easily recognised Lamothe. Then Starke comes tearing down, with Downs on his heels. The first three are past and we wait no longer, but scampering over the private roadway, jump into a sleigh in waiting, gain the highway, and gallop up to Prendergrast's gate as the first man comes rushing through; and, as we predicted, C. Lamothe is the victor in 24min 30sec; Geo. Starke second in 24min 32sec; F. C. McIndoe third, George Roy fourth, W. L. Allen fifth, and Mowatt sixth. These were all that were entitled to prizes, and the order of the others arriving was not checked. The course from Union avenue to Prendergrast's, as the crow flies, is about two miles and a third; but, as anyone who ever gazed on Mount Royal well knows, the immense hill to climb makes the run equal to three miles and a quarter on the flat. Considering the scarcity of snow and the roughness of the course, from the new reservoir, over the Boulevard to the Pines, and the darkness of the night, the time is very fast. Some of the 'old uns' tried their hands, but, alas! found that they could not forego training and breast that fearful hill with impunity. Many was the 'stitch' complained of before the Pines were reached, nor was there much comfort in finding, after a hard struggle to crawl there, that none but the stragglers were in sight.

"After the race and the excitement attendant thereon had subsided, supper was announced, when about 150 members sat down. The good things having received justice, dancing and songs whiled away the time until the hour approached for the return. The president then presented the prizes to the winners, who were greeted with cheers."

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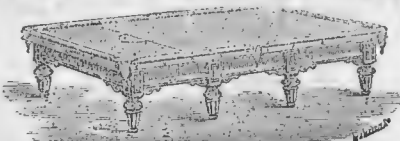
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THE MACCLESFIELD GUARDIAN
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WE notice a Special Edition of the "Macclesfield Guardian," published every Friday, and devoted to sporting matters. It is edited and contains an ably-written letter by "Aldcroft," who has already gained reputation as a careful and reliable authority, and has displayed great judgment in many of his past selections.—The above is an extract from the "Sporting Life" of Saturday, Jan. 29.

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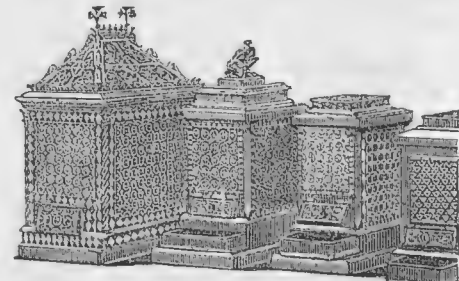
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FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required nothing can be better adapted.

PERSONS OF A FULL HABIT, subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

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The best remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT and INDIGESTION; and safest mild aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies and children.

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BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. In Bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, Apothecaries' Hall, Lincoln.

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J. L. PULVERMACHER, GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

NOTICE.—THURSDAY SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that, in consequence of the increased demand for Stalls, the THURSDAY SALES will COMMENCE EARLIER this Year than usual. The first Thursday's Sale will be held on March 2, for which immediate application for stalls should be made. The Stalls are nearly all booked for Monday's sales in April, May, and June. Albert-gate, Jan. 23, 1876.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, FEB. 21, the following HORSES, the property of J. M. Joshua, Esq., who is going abroad:—

1. KYNETON, chestnut gelding.
 2. KELOR, chestnut gelding.
 3. KREMLIN, chestnut gelding.
 4. KALTBAD, chestnut gelding.
- The above four horses are quiet in double and single harness, with magnificent action, and have been regularly ridden together as a team.
5. RUPERT, grey gelding; an exceedingly handsome T cart horse, a grand stepper.
 6. NELLIE, a thoroughbred brown mare; a perfect lady's hack, with fine action.
 7. COSSACK, black gelding; quiet to ride, a good hack and hunter, and has carried a lady.
 8. PERCY, bay gelding; a very handsome park hack.
 9. YORK, chestnut gelding; quiet in double and single harness, and has been driven wheeler in a team.
- The above are on view at 17, Grosvenor-crescent-mews.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY NEXT, FEB. 21, the following STALLIONS:—

1. BLUE CAP, a bay horse (foaled 1872), by Blue-mantle (half brother to Lord Lyon and Achievement) out of Raffle, by Alarm—The Swede, by Charles XII.—Mangel Wurzel, by Merlin, 15 hands 3 in. high; with fine bone, good action, no white; would make a good country stallion.
2. KING KOFFEE, a brown horse (foaled 1872), by King Victor out of Steel Pen, by I. Birdcatcher out of Needle, by Lanercost; dark brown, without white; covered a few mares last year; fine size and good action; met with an accident in training as a two-year-old.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

ALDRIDGE'S, London.—Established 1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 11 o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between 10 and 4. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham and Phaeton Horses from Messrs. Newman and Co., and other jobmasters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen, new and secondhand Carriages, Harness, &c. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

THOROUGHbred CHESTNUT HUNTER for SALE, rising six; perfect Lady's Hack. Lowest price, 130gs.

VERY Strong, Useful BROUGHAM HORSE. Perfectly quiet to ride and drive. Price 50gs.

VERY Handsome, Strong, Fast, Faultless PONY, over 13 hands, and PARK PHAETON (from Lenny's). Price, together, 80gs; or pony alone, £50. Address, G. NOTTIDGE, Ingatestone, Essex.

NEWBRIDGE-HILL STUD FARM, BATH.

ASTEROID (Sire of Siderolite), by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blacklock. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s. the groom.

HENRY HOPKINS, Stud Groom.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham. Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars.

MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15gs. STENTOR (sire of Absalon and Salmigondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10gs.

IDUS (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10gs.

AT FINSTALL PARK FARM, BROMSGROVE.

CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 40gs each. PAUL JONES, by Buceaneer. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 20gs each. Foaling mares, 23s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate.

KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Pandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30gs a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full. Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

AT WAREHAM'S FARM, SUTTON-PLACE, GUILDFORD.

THUNDERBOLT. Fifteen Mares, besides his owner's, at 50gs a mare, groom's fee included.

THE SPEAKER, by Filbert, dam, Needle, by Camel. Ten Mares, besides his owner's. Thoroughbred Mares at 10gs; Half-bred, 5gs; groom's fee included.

Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s. per week. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Apply to Mr. G. PAYNE, Stud Groom, as above.

AT PACKINGTON HALL, COVENTRY.

VANDERDECKEN (7 yrs), by Saccharometer out of Stolen Moments. Ran third for the St. Leger, won the Liverpool Cup, and many other important races. At 25gs.

GUY DAYRELL (aged), by Wild Dayrell out of Reginella. Winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, Stockbridge Cup, and many other races. Thoroughbred, 6gs; half-bred, 3gs; foaling mares, 21s.; barren mares, 16s. per week.

Good accommodation for mares. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Nearest Station for Packington, Hampton-in-Arden, L.N.W. For any information apply to W. MERCER, Stud Groom.

AT OLD OAK FARM, SHEPHERD'S-BUSH (Three Miles from Albert-gate).

MARSYAS (Sire of Albert Victor, George Frederick, &c.), a chestnut horse, by Orlando out of Malibran, by Whisker. A limited number of mares, at 50gs each (groom's fee included).

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

Apply to D. DOLLAHORE, Stud Groom.

STALLIONS.

1876.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN (Sire of Plebeian, winner of the Middle Park Plate), by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Ratanian, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom.

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2 in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Balcine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

1876.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guinea, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluenant, Gardevoir, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom.

COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10 gs, and 10s. the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Maggie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s. the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares. Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey, **CARNIVAL. Thirty Mares (including the Company's),** at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

GEORGE FREDERICK. Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

CATERER (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.), at 40gs.

WILD OATS. Thirty-five mares, at 25gs. CHATTANOOGA (sire of Wellington and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacantha, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15gs.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week, barren mares 20s. per week. Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York.

SPECULUM. A limited number of Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea. **KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, at 25gs;** Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

MARTYRDOM, at 10gs; Groom's fee, 10s. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Apply to JOHN HUNY, Stud Groom, as above.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth.

PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs a Mare.

MUSKET, at 40gs a Mare. Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s. per week. For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

AT ALWALTON, PETERBOROUGH.

MONTAGNARD (bred in France), by Fitz-Gladiator out of Milwood, by Sir Hercules; thoroughbred mares at 25 5s.; half-breds at half price.

Mares at 11s. a week; with corn, at 16s. Apply to C. KIRK, Alwalton, Peterborough; or Mr. Core, Angel Inn, Peterborough.

AT MYTON STUD FARM, NEAR YORK.

SYRIAN. A limited number of mares at 10gs; groom's fee, 10s.

BLUEMANE. Thoroughbreds, 5gs and 10s. the groom; half-breds, 2gs and 5s. the groom. **SHEPHERD F. KNAPP, the famous trotter, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. the groom.**

Apply to EDWARD C. MUNBY, Myton, Helperby, York.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

SUFFOLK, by North Lincoln out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15gs a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c. Apply to Mr. W. TAYLOR SHARP, as above.

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FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Our success has caused a number of counterfeit imitations to be made of highly dangerous and un-nutritious ingredients. They are sold by unprincipled tradesmen as ours for the sake of a small extra profit which the makers allow them.

Please observe that every cake is stamped "Spratt's Patent," without which none are genuine.

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Noblemen and others contemplating forming Skating Rinks will find, in the adoption of CLARIDGE'S PATENT ASPHALTE, a material better adapted for the floors of them than any material yet tried, and the surface closely resembles rubbed slate as to smoothness. Cement, which was at first tried for roller-skating purposes, works into dust and injures the spindles of the skates, two objections which the use of this company's Asphalt avoids.—J. FARRELL, Secretary, Claridge's Patent Asphalt Company (Limited). Offices—Victoria Embankment, W.C.

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General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accidents.
O. HARDING, Manager.

LINCOLN SPRING MEETING,

1876.

Under Grand National Rules.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, MARCH 20.

The DODDINGTON HUNTERS HURDLE-RACE of 50 sovs for hunters qualified under Grand National Rules. Weight for age, with penalties and allowances. Entrance 2 sovs. About two miles and a half over ten hurdles.

A HURDLE-RACE PLATE of 80 sovs for horses that never won a hurdle-race of the value of 100 sovs. Weight for age. Entrance 3 sovs. One mile and a half over six hurdles.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, MARCH 21.

The ELSHAM HURDLE-RACE of 5 sovs each, 3 ft to the fund, with 100 added. The second to save his stake. Two miles over eight hurdles.

The FULL CRY STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 80 sovs and 5 for the second, for hunters duly qualified under Grand National Rules. Weight for age, with penalties and allowances. Entrance 3 sovs. Over the Steeplechase course, about three miles and a half.

THIRD DAY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22.

The LINDUM STEEPLECHASE (handicap) of 5 sovs each, 3 ft to the fund, with 100 added. About three miles and a half.

The GONE AWAY PLATE of 50 sovs, and 5 sovs for the second horse, for hunters qualified under Grand National Rules. Weight for age, with penalties and allowances. Entrance 2 sovs. About two miles on the flat.

The STONEBOW HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE of 80 sovs. Entrance 3 sovs. One mile and a half over six hurdles.

The above Stakes close and name on Tuesday, Feb. 22, to Messrs. Weatherby, or Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London; Mr. R. Johnson, York; or to Wm. Ford, Clerk of the Course.

LINCOLN SPRING MEETING,

1876.

Under Newmarket Rules.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, MARCH 20.

The YARBOROUGH PLATE (Handicap) of 150 sovs, for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance, 3 sovs. Five furlongs.

The TRIAL PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs, for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance, 3 sovs. One mile.

The above Stakes close and name on Tuesday, Feb. 22, to Messrs. Weatherby or Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London; Mr. R. Johnson, York; or to W. Ford, Clerk of the Course.

NOTTINGHAM SPRING MEETING, 1876.

Under Grand National Rules.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, APRIL 11.

The ANNESLEY HUNTERS' STAKE of 50 sovs, for any hunter qualified under Grand National Rules; four-year-olds to carry 11st 5lb, five 12st 1lb, six and aged 12st 5lb; a winner in any country of a steeplechase, hurdle-race, or hunters' flat-race to carry once 7lb, twice 10lb, three times or once 100 sovs 14lb extra; horses that never won any race either under Newmarket or Grand National Rules allowed—five-year-olds 7lb, six and aged 12lb; horses, not being maidens, that have not won in 1875 or 1876 allowed half their penalty; horses that have never at any time been in a training-stable, and never ran on a public racecourse before the day of the race, allowed 5lb; to be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire; entrance, 2 sovs. Two miles on the flat.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12.

The VALE OF BELVOIR HUNT CUP of 50 sovs, for any hunter qualified under Grand National Rules. Four-year-olds to carry 10st 5lb, five 11st 8lb, six and aged 12st; the winner of any race under Grand National Rules to carry 7lb, twice 10lb, three times or once 100 sovs 12lb extra; horses that never won a steeplechase, hurdle-race, or hunters' flat-race allowed five-year-olds 5lb, six and aged 10lb; horses not being maidens that have not won in 1875 or 1876 allowed half their penalty; horses that never ran on a public racecourse before the day of the race allowed 5lb; entrance 2 sovs. About two miles, over eight hurdles.

The above stakes name on Tuesday, Feb. 22, to Messrs. Weatherby or Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London; Mr. R. Johnson, York; or to W. J. Ford, Clerk of the Course.

GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 22nd inst.

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THE STRANGE DOG.

fled in his daughter, has perhaps an equally exaggerated contempt for them. The business of the play opens by Mrs. Clarkson (L'Etrangère) sending a letter to the Duchess Maximin, who is patroness of a charity, offering 25,000f for permission to drink a cup of tea in her Grace's drawing-room. The Duchess writes in answer that if Mrs. Clarkson can find any gentleman among the friends or relatives of the family to introduce her she will be welcome, not otherwise. The company assembled hear this letter read in profound silence, and then the Duke rises and says, not without a kindly gallantry, that since nobody else will volunteer for so honourable a service, he himself will offer his arm to the stranger, and lead her into the presence of his wife. The Duchess, thus constrained to receive the adventuress, hands her a cup of tea; and, after a brief passage of womanly arms, dismisses rather than takes leave of her. When she is gone, the enraged wife dashes the cup from which her unwelcome visitor has drank upon the floor, and smashes it to atoms. Then she cries,

"Fling wide the house doors to purify the air; all the world may enter now."

"So the curtain falls on the first act, the part of the angry Duchess being played by Mdle. Croisette, the reigning favourite of the French stage; and that of L'Etrangère being powerfully rendered by Sarah Bernhardt. Mrs. Clarkson, who had her own reasons for seeking the Duchess, now insists

on a return visit; and their second interview is the great sensation scene of the play. The Duchess, to whom her husband has become both odious and contemptible, feels her affection revive for Gerard, the son of a former governess, for whom she felt a girlish attachment before her marriage; and it happens that Mrs. Clarkson, who has saved the life of this young man in Italy, has also fallen in love with him. The adventuress, therefore, warns the Duchess to leave Paris at once with her husband, or to dread her vengeance in case she dares to dispute the love of Gerard with her. In order to show the terrible sort of revenge she could take if aroused to hostilities, she explains that she is the daughter of a slave who has been publicly sold by her father and master, whose property she was, and that she has passed her existence in aiding and abetting a series of murders and atrocities in hatred of mankind ever since, considering that she has no affinity with the human family and is a born alien. Gerard, she declares, is the only man who ever inspired her with love, and she will never consent to give him up to a rival. The Duchess, having calmly heard this fearful account of Mrs. Clarkson's antecedents, defies her, and the war between the two women begins in earnest. Mrs. Clarkson puts the Duke on his guard against Gerard, and he is thus enabled to intercept a letter in which the Duchess avows her love for her former playmate. This brings about another sensation

scene between the Duke and his wife. The Duke offers to forgive and forget the letter, if she will promise him that some day, by repentance and atonement, he may induce her to write such words to him. He acknowledges that he has not hitherto appreciated her, because he never knew how beautiful and good she was till now that his eyes and heart were opened. But it is too late; and, after heaping scorn and insults upon him, she flings him away for ever in a hurricane of passion. This scene is the gem of the piece. The Duke, now reduced to despair, determines to challenge his wife's lover, and sends to Mr. Clarkson (husband of L'Etrangère), an American speculator of fabulous wealth, who is passing a few days in Paris, to act as his second. M. Moriceau having in vain tried to dissuade him from a duel which will become a public scandal, compromise his daughter, and deprive her of her dearly-bought title, determines to checkmate the Duke's move by acting as second to Gerard, thus publicly asserting his confidence in his daughter's innocence. The duel is arranged to take place next day, but meanwhile a quarrel occurs between the Duke and his chosen second, Mr. Clarkson. That shrewd Yankee does not at all like the Duke's idea of murdering Gerard by his superior skill in fence, because Gerard is an engineer who has made a new discovery in gold-washing which will save Clarkson 25 per cent on the working of some mines he has recently discovered. He, therefore, 'concludes' to

fight the Duke himself, and kills him without ceremony. L'Etrangère and her husband then depart for their enormous estates in America, agreeing to overlook a divorce which has been a passing episode in their existence; and Gerard (M. Mounet-Sully) is left to be happy with the Duke's widow, untroubled by further let or hindrance.

"It only remains to be added that the costumes of Mdlles. Croisette and Sarah Bernhardt are quite models of dressmaking and millinery. In the first act Croisette, who has lately developed into a fuller order of beauty than she promised a year ago, wears a primrose-coloured dress, with a cuirass and gauntlets in admirable taste. In the second act she wears a carriage-dress of velvet, and a bonnet which is a miracle of art; in the third act a superb visiting-dress of ruby velvet and silver grey, most magnificent, yet of such a grave sobriety and decorum that its great splendour seems as though hushed and hidden by modesty. In the fourth and fifth acts the charming actress wears a robe of flowered brocade, and a wig which is delightful by reason of its colour and luxuriance. The dresses of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt are equally well chosen; and a black costume in which she appears for the last time in mourning for her love and hope, is wonderfully designed for artistic effect and elegance."

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* adds, with respect to the first performance of *L'Etrangère*:—"The dialogue is marvellously sparkling, and delivered by the best French actors in the world. Coquelin plays the Duke with admirable delicacy; Got represents the Diogenes of the piece, Dr. Rémonin, with masterly genius; while Mounet-Sully makes a forcible Gerard; and Fevre depicts Clarkson with inimitable humour and breadth. Mdlle. Croisette, who plays the Duchesse de Septmons with feeling and elegance was neither quite a Duchess nor quite a Mdlle. Moriceau; but M. Dumas has had rare good luck in having Mrs. Clarkson played by one of the most finished actresses of the French stage. Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt has given to the part of Mrs. Clarkson a grandeur and a lofty character of mingled scorn and hatred which will make it one of the most complete and greatest creations of the modern drama. The remembrance of this will incontestably survive M. Dumas's piece, for which a very long stay on the bills of the Théâtre Français cannot be predicted."

Shooting Notes.

A SHOOTING WAGER.—The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, whose "place" near Sandringham rivals the splendid country seat of the Prince of Wales, is said to have offered to take £100,000 to £5000 that within three years he will kill a thousand brace of partridges to his own gun, on his own estate, in a single day.

REMARKABLE SHOOTING BY MR. HERCULES ROSS.—A letter was received last week by the secretary of the National Rifle Club of Scotland from Captain Horatio Ross, the late captain of the Scotch eight, stating that his son, Mr. Hercules Ross, the champion rifle-shot of India, was to be home this year on leave, and that he intended to compete for a place among the Scotch eight for the Elcho Challenge Shield match. Mr. Ross has just been successful in carrying off the handsome cup offered by the Viceroy of India with a total of 141. The conditions were ten shots at each of the 800, 900, and 1000 yards ranges, with two sighting-shots at each; and the following was the score he made, it being understood that the two first are sighting-shots, and do not count in making up the aggregate:—800 yards, 55, 55, 45, 55, 45, 55—48; 900 yards, 55, 55, 55, 55, 55—50; 1000 yards, 54, 55, 55, 55, 55—48; total, 141.

MR. CHAPLIN, M.P., is about to bring in a bill to prevent wildfowl from being exterminated. Singularly enough, in the "good old times" an Act had to be passed to prevent the ancestors of the Lincolnshire ("Fen country") M.P.'s constituents from killing the young of the wild duck by sweeping the fens with nets.

ELEY'S WIRE CARTRIDGES.—It is affirmed by the proprietors of this cartridge that it cannot burst at any distance, because it empties itself gradually and regularly on its issue from the barrel until it is wholly emptied, which occurs only at about forty or fifty yards' distance, at which the charge of shot groups itself and penetrates as well again as that of a gun loaded in the ordinary way. The ranges of the green cartridges considerably exceed those of the red, on account of the greater consistency given to the texture of the metallic envelope in the former, proportioned to the results required to be obtained, a feature which wholly annuls the leading of the barrel. If the precaution is, moreover, taken to grease slightly the exterior envelope, a greater ease in loading is obtained, with a decreased friction of the cartridge in the barrel. It is further affirmed by the inventor that by affixing the powder wad to the cartridge the expansion of the powder is much more accelerated, and increases both the projective force of the latter and the penetration of the shot. The merits of the Eley cartridges were very highly attested to by that enthusiastic sportsman the late Colonel Hawker, and their superiority over the ordinary charge is incontestable at long ranges; hence for that description of sport to which the Colonel was particularly devoted (duck and wild-fowl shooting) he found it merit every encomium; but it is not so eligible for the kinds of game usually brought down at short distances, where the ordinary mode of shot charge has quite sufficient penetrative force, and does not lacerate the bird too much. A slight increase of the powder charge has the effect of increasing both the range and the grouping of the Eley cartridge; but beyond an increase of one-fourth of the charge of powder, the dispersion of the shot, as with an increased powder charge in the ordinary way of loading, increases in the proportion of the greater range required. Nevertheless, the Eley shot cartridge may be used with advantage in lieu of ball, swan drops, &c., for the shooting of many animals which are thick in fur and too tenacious of life to succumb to the weaker penetration and less concentrated stroke of the ordinary shot charge.—"SWAN DROP."

THE PENETRATION OF RIFLE-BULLETS.—The inability of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to "knock over" a tiger, although repeatedly struck by bullets from an "express rifle," has again revived the long-dormant discussion on the penetration of "sporting" rifle projectiles. Mr. Greener, of Birmingham, gives some interesting information on this matter. He remarks that the steel-pointed bullet has always been regarded as the best kind for penetration, but when fired at the skull of an elephant it has been discovered that the lead separates from the steel point on striking; this is owing to the diameter of the lead being greater than that of the steel point. This cannot be avoided, for if the steel point is not kept smaller than the lead it will scratch and injure the rifling of the barrel. Hardened lead bullets are far better for this purpose. Twelve-bore double rifles are made for elephant-shooting, taking a cartridge-case which will contain eight drachms of powder, with a hardened spherical or short conical bullet. The weight of these rifles should be 13lb to 14lb. Some sportsmen prefer the Henry bullet, 450-bore, weighing 480 grains. This is slightly hardened, and with a charge of 85 grains we can penetrate six 1-in elm boards, nailed in apart, at a distance of 12 yards; but the bullet gets flattened very much (nearly five times its diameter). By hardening the bullet

more a still better penetration may be obtained. Mr. W. Greener, of Birmingham, has tried a bullet much lighter—350 grains, with 4 drachms of powder; but the penetration with this is but five boards. The bullet should not be lighter than 480 grains, and made as hard as possible, composed of two thirds of old type and one third of lead, or if alloyed with tin or antimony it will answer quite as well. Mr. Greener also maintains that there is nothing so effective as a large-bore shell for elephant-shooting. The same authority also remarks that a light hollow express bullet, 450-gauge, with a charge of four drams of powder, will penetrate five 1-inch elm boards at twelve yards. The Snider express bullet, with three drachms of powder, will penetrate four boards, entering the first board by a hole the diameter of the bullet, and increasing in size gradually to two inches. Mr. W. Greener has built several No. 8 bore guns, weighing 16lb, and 24-inch barrels, the charge of powder being ten drachms, with spherical ball. This large bore is required to stop a charging elephant at close quarters. He also makes them as large as No. 4 bore for this purpose, and weighing 20lb, and considers this to be the largest rifle that can be used from the shoulder. The breech action works pleasantly, and will resist double the above charge if required, without any possibility of the cartridge case bursting at the rim, or to admit of any escape of gas at the breech. There is no spring in this breech action, and it possesses great binding power. The top bolt is worked by a spindle fixed between the break-off and the trigger-plate; the spindle is connected by a crank or swivel to the double-grip lever. By moving the lever to open the gun the spindle is acted upon, and withdraws the top bolt; by closing the gun, the double-grip and top bolt secure the barrels at the same time. Mr. Greener calls this the treble grip-fast.

THE LAST RAVEN OF THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

ACCORDING TO ERASMUS "a proverb is a well-known saying, remarkable for some elegant novelty," while Cervantes describes it as being "a short sentence drawn from long experience." One of the oldest English proverbs is "every rock has its raven;" and, no doubt, in the "bad old times," our Saxon forefathers had good reason to dread the onslaught of the numerous members of the *Corvus corax* family upon the ragged poultry which eked out a precarious existence by gleanings from the barn yard. But *nous avons changé tout cela*, and the raven has been all but exterminated in Great Britain. From intelligence received (as a matter of course by submarine telegraph and special courier) from the Scilly Islands, we are sorry to hear that "the last raven" in those distant lands has fallen a victim to some one possessed by the prevalent epidemic for "killing something or other!" And, if a rare bird, why so much the better: does not the defunct *rara avis* then become "an elegant novelty"?

We confess to a liking for the grand and solemn-looking old raven—which derives its name from the Saxon *hrefian*, to plunder, to rob—whose effigy was tattered by the fierce winds of the rough North Sea, while emblazoned on the banners of our Viking ancestors. The great geographical range of the raven north of the equator causes it to be exceedingly well known, and it is as universally recognised in many other parts of the world as it was once in this country. It is, in fact, a universal species, found both in the old and new continents—from Greenland to the Cape of Good Hope in the one, and from Hudson's Bay to Mexico in the other. It is one of the few birds that are capable of braving the severity of an arctic winter and the scorching rays of a tropical sun, without any change being produced in its plumage by the extremes of climate. It is by far the largest specimen of the genus to which it belongs, and, being bold as well as sagacious, is always an object of suspicion to shepherds and husbandmen; for no sooner does an animal show any signs of weakness than the raven is on the watch for an opportunity to satisfy his appetite. If no interruption occurs, he makes his first attack upon the eye of the defenceless animal, afterwards feeds at his leisure, retires to digest his food, and then returns to feed again. Like the other birds of its genus, it is not particular as to its food, eating indiscriminately small animals, such as rabbits, birds or their eggs, reptiles, insects, grain, or carrion, and any dead fish or other animal substance which may be washed ashore by the tide. Its favourite abodes are high rocks on the sea-shore, extensive woods, mountains, or open plains. The female breeds early in the season, and by the beginning of February the ravens may be seen visiting and repairing their nest of the previous year, which is usually placed in a very high tree, in the fork of a branch. It is formed on the outside of sticks, with a lining of wool and hair; the eggs are four or five in number, two inches in length, by one inch four lines in breadth, of a pale green ground colour, spotted and speckled with darker greenish-brown. The incubation lasts twenty days, during which the male feeds the female as she sits upon the nest, and occasionally takes her place. When the young appear they are for a time tended with great assiduity by their parents, but are driven away as soon as they are able to provide for themselves. Ravens live to a great age, and are considered to pair for life, and to occupy the same spot until driven away from it. Should both occupiers of any locality be killed, it is almost certain to be occupied by another pair. The raven measures fully 2ft in length, and at least 4ft in the stretch of the wings, and has the tail very firmly feathered, and equal in length to half the body. The plumage over the whole body is black, but glossed with blue reflections, which in certain lights give a very peculiar appearance. Cuvier and some authors mention that in the extreme north it is frequently found more or less white; but other authorities including the famous explorer Sir James Ross, strenuously deny this. They are now comparatively rare in England and south of Scotland. Ravens make no defence against any attempt by men or boys to rob their nest, but against the attacks of other birds they display great power as well as courage, and at close quarters are said to be a match for the more powerful falcons. There are several interesting peculiarities about the raven, one of which is its thievish habit of carrying off shining metallic substances and other articles totally unfit for food or to be used in the construction of its nest; and another, its aptitude for imitating the human voice. The well-authenticated anecdotes in proof of its possession of this power are almost innumerable.

It is sad to think that the Scilly Islands (henceforth let the "c" be deleted from their appellation) should now be without a raven. Curiously enough, these same islands were once held by the Earl of Cornwall, Ranulph de Blanc-Minster, in the fourteenth century, for an annual payment 6s. 8d. (what an attorney charges nowadays for writing a letter), or "300 puffs at Christmas." Puffs are still numerous in the "Silly Islands;" but *Corvus corax non est*. The old Saxon proverb, "Every rock has its raven," must be obliterated from the language of the "Silly Islanders." Still, there is one consolation, perhaps the defunct bird may now be an "elegant novelty," which, without parodying Erasmus's definition of a proverb, is "a well-known saying" we do not wish to see (any more than Mr. Edmund Tattersall) pendent from the neck of either "the last of the robins" or "the last of the ravens" in a bird-stuffer's shop.

THE BIG GAME OF NORWAY.

By "STRAXT."

THE REINDEER.

BEFORE COMMENCING any account of this, the most interesting of the big game of Norway, I must hark back to the subject of my last paper, as one observation of mine about the elk requires a certain amount of modification. *Bis dat qui cito dat*; so I'll at once lay a supplementary note before the reader. A friend of mine, who has just come back from Nova Scotia, takes objection to my remark about the elk's sense of smell, which he says does not at all agree with his experience of the moose in North America. The moose, he says, is always considered there as possessed of a keener nose than any other animal of the deer tribe, and, though his other qualities given him for the purpose of eluding his enemies are by no means ignored, an Indian hunter is most especially careful to avoid getting winded. A Norwegian jäger is much more particular about making as little noise as he possibly can when after elk than taking any other precaution in particular, though he, on his part, is careful about other things. My Halifax friend has, I must admit, much in favour of his view from one physical fact, apart from his very considerable practical experience in the woods. It always struck me as being a strange anomaly that such a provision of nature as the nose of an elk should be held as being of secondary importance amongst his organs of sense. That particular feature could certainly never have been shaped as it is for the sake of mere ornament; and, as it must have been intended for some wise purpose, the most natural conclusion to arrive at is that it was was designed for use, and, that being so, it is only reasonable to give the animal credit for making the best use of what, to outward view, is certainly the most remarkable and prominent of his organs of sense. I am further disposed to agree with my friend, as in several instances he has been a witness of the effect of the presence, or rather existence, of man on a moose's sense of smell. One such instance is worthy of mention here, as it is to my mind conclusive evidence that I did the elk a gross injustice when I depreciated one of his most remarkable qualities. One day, out after moose, the hunting party, consisting of my friend and his Indian, came across the trail that had been made by themselves on the preceding day. Here they found the fresh tracks of a moose which the Indian pronounced to be not more than an hour or two old. These tracks, up to the point where they touched the trail of the hunters, were evidently those of an old bull moose who had been pursuing "the even tenor of his way" at an easy walk; but something must have upset him to make him turn in his tracks and go off in another direction at full trot, which it was evident he had done. There could have been nothing to frighten the animal either in the way of noise or the sight of anything calculated to alarm him. He must have had one good sniff at the place where a man had been twenty-four hours before, and didn't wait to inquire further or see if any one was looking, but turned and fled. Of course, this may have been an exceptional incident, as moose very often make use of the track made by hunters; but it is sufficient to show that my friend was not far out when, in answer to my statement as it appeared in my last paper, he rejoined, "What on earth has a moose—or an elk, if you like to call him so—got such a big nose for?" And now, having taken this opportunity of correcting an error into which I admit having fallen, I will proceed to deal with the reindeer of Norway, and may possibly avail myself of certain notes and memoranda of my friend mentioned above, when time and opportunity occur to make them useful as illustrating my present subject.

There are two sorts of reindeer in Norway, differing, however, in only two particulars of any importance. They differ, in the first instance, in being either wild or domesticated, and they again differ very considerably in size. Contrary to the usual order of things, the tame animal is not the larger one. How this comes to pass I cannot say, but so it is. Of course, it is with the wild denizens of the high fells that I have to deal, and not with the Laplander's most treasured and valuable possession. No one is likely to want to shoot such an animal as the latter; and, in fact, if anyone did feel inclined to do such a thing he would in all probability find himself involved in considerable trouble. Anyone guilty of the offence of being found out in a sinful game of the sort—and the odds would be very much against his not being found out—would, in the end, probably learn that, in the words of Sergeant Buzfuz when he objected to Mr. Pickwick's presence in court, "it would have been more becoming, in better judgment and better taste," if he'd left undone what he ought not to have done. The Lapps, like many other people, are very good fellows in their way until you upset them; and stories have been told of instances of the administration of something too much like lynch law to be entirely pleasant. It does, however, happen that a tyro may by misadventure shoot a tame deer; but with care this ought to be easily avoided. There is very little reindeer-hunting to be had north of Trondjem; at any rate, I never meet with anyone going much beyond there in search of the sport. I have mentioned that the wild reindeer is a larger animal than the tame animal. This difference is no small one. Wild bucks have been killed that weighed over 3cwt; but a tame one half that weight would be looked upon as something very much out of the common. As is the case with the elk, it has been found impracticable to keep reindeer in the Zoological Gardens of London for any length of time; and, though efforts at acclimatisation have been made in Scotland, they have invariably, I believe, been ultimately unsuccessful. Apropos of the elk, by-the-way, I hear that three more calves were shipped from Halifax for this country about a month ago. What their final destination may be I do not know, but I heard the other day that they would go to the Zoo. It is to be hoped that our society would not lose the opportunity, if offered them, of trying again an experiment which did not succeed the first time of asking, and which would be a most interesting one. The Canadians say that the elk cannot live over here because it has no gall; and it is not so much the climate as the absence of suitable food in this country which would counteract this state of things. Some reindeer were, I believe, imported into England about three years ago. As I understand they came from Trondjem, I should imagine they were tame ones. Four or five winters ago a herd were on view in Christiania, and there was some talk about getting them to England; but I fancy the project came to nothing. We shall have to wait some time, I expect, before we get a real wild reindeer to stay with us.

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE has become president of the West Kent Bicycle Club.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]

INDIAN SKETCHES.

No. V.—TIGER-SHOOTING FROM A HILL-FORT.

In the Engraving before the reader, two European gentlemen and a number of the chiefs of Rewah are having a rare evening of it, from a sportsman's point of view. "The moon is up, but yet it is not night." The short twilight of the East is having its last struggle with approaching darkness. The stars are already trying to peep out over those bosky mountains. How grand they are, with their bluffs, and brakes, and precipices! From under them, to the left, glides that broad, shallow stream through rocks and boulders. In the immediate forefront of our Engraving we have the old hill-fort, grim and grey—battlements which have probably sustained many a fierce, savage siege since they were raised by the orders of the Rajah of Rewah, who first built them. The blocks of masonry seen in the sketch certainly look stubborn and solid enough. But we see only the extreme summit of the fort. And there what an extraordinarily sensational scene reveals itself! The European and native gentlemen assembled have evidently been having a merry time of it. Dinner is over; and a little Chateau Y'Yuem, or Johannisberger, is the order of the hour. The air, after the heat of the tropic day, is fresh and cool. No doubt a cigar has been indulged in. We should not be surprised if the chit-chat over the dessert had been about the tigers which infest the neighbourhood, and come out of their lairs at sunset, to drink of the water of that stream. The conversation flows merrily on, when suddenly, as the party are sipping their wine, a sharp-eyed servant whispers softly to the Europeans that a splendid tiger is walking down to the water, not fifty paces distant. The native host is perfectly apathetic. What cares he for tiger-shooting? But the European guests drop their wine-glasses. "Quick!" it is whispered, "Bring the rifles!" A minute passes. The tiger—a splendid animal evidently—approaches slowly the cool brook. The day has, doubtless, been hot, and he has been thirsty as he dined in his lair, full-gorged, or prowled hungrily about in the jungle hoping to pounce down upon some unwary deer or hill-cow; but in the full glare of the sun he dared not issue into the open, even to lap a little limpid water. But now sunset has come. He is too eager to wait through the brief twilight. He must quench his raging thirst. He walks softly and stealthily, looking hither and thither, and swishing about his great tail, to the favourite pool in his favourite brook. He is just about to drink. There is a sudden flash, a sudden report, a sudden desperate roar of rage and pain that goes thundering away in echoes amongst the mountains—and the royal brute rolls over with a broken spine! He sees his assailants now, but can neither advance upon them nor retreat into the thickets behind. He can only tumble about and roar with rage, expecting another stab of pain from that strange distant weapon which he had never so much as dreamt of before. Shall the sportsmen fire again? They wait a little. If the tiger is utterly helpless and dying fast, and cannot creep away, why should they spoil his skin with fresh bullet-holes? But, of course, if he be only slightly wounded, gentle reminders are sent after him, requesting him to stop and allow himself to be quietly skinned.

In the engraving before us the sportsmen are at a perfectly safe height above the tiger. It has often proved a question for controversy, "How high can a tiger spring?" and "How far?" But we do not remember to have heard it asked, "What distance, under any circumstances, can he spring?" Of course we all know that a tiger, after all, is only a huge cat, and the downward leaps cats will take are, as we also know, quite extraordinary, taking their size into consideration. It may be true, as is often affirmed, that, for its size, no created animal has greater powers of spring than grasshoppers. Let speculative naturalists deal with these questions, just as novelists with their jumping frogs. But the tiger is not to be despised in the competition. A shikarry of Coimbatore, South India, once informed a friend of ours that with his own eyes he had seen a remarkable leap taken by a tiger. A flock of goats was passing along some grass land, under one of those small rock-hills with bare precipitous sides—really these hills are, after all, only huge boulders, as a general rule—when a tiger, which had been crouching at the top of a cliff waiting for the flock to pass beneath him, made a sheer clean spring down on the centre of the herd—a leap of between forty and fifty feet! He was apparently quite uninjured; for whilst the affrighted herdsmen ran away for help, and the shikarry himself bolted off for his gun, the tiger dragged away one of the goats he had killed to a neighbouring *shola*, and eat most of him, leaving a portion of the carcass, however, under a tree. Soon after the shikarry, with some friends, arrived and built a platform in the tree, above the half-eaten carcass, and sat up all night waiting for the tiger to return. About morning he came back, and was fired at, severely wounded, tracked, and finally killed. He was a fine young male, measuring about 8ft from tip to tip.

If any of our readers intend soon to try their hands for the first time at tiger-shooting, let them beware of trying a snapshot on foot at a tiger facing the shooter. But really, after all, why should we take the trouble to write this advice? Sportsmen have written volumes on the subject; shikaries breathe warnings, as the tiger approaches, in the ear of every young man eager to possess his first striped skin. But what avails it all? The tiger approaches—sees you—stops—glares at you with his yellow-green eyes—crouches: the fever of your blood is up: your very depth of passionate excitement renders your hand as steady as a rock, when shallower excitement would make you tremble like a reed. Crash goes your bullet through the brute's brain. Yes; but what follows? You have killed him; but most likely your shikarry will have to pick you up killed! At the very moment of the flash of your rifle, the tiger made his death-spring. He is on you—dead! Are you not dead underneath him? Why did you not stand steady, rifle ready, and let him turn and skulk away, after staring a moment at the strange, motionless figures before him? Then you would have sent your bullet through his heart, and whatever leap he then took would have been straight before him—that is, not in your direction. A tiger is somewhat like a shark in this, that for some time after he is killed he does not seem to know that he is dead. Catch a shark, haul it on deck, chop his tail off, disembowel him, and then put your hand into his mouth. You will never do it again! Your arm will probably bear witness for many a day of the terrible snap of his jaws, convulsively clashing together the moment anything is put between them. In the case of tigers, it is very difficult to say how many seconds, or even minutes, they live, and have therefore power of inflicting deadly injury, even after a rifle-bullet has lodged in the centre of their brain. There appears, to speak from a scientific point of view, as much difficulty in determining where life ends and spasmodic action begins, as in determining the precise boundaries between animal and vegetable life. In conclusion, we may narrate an incident which happened in "Courtallum," that most beautiful inland watering-place in Southern India, or perhaps, for the matter of that, in all India. It is situated at the very base of gigantic mountains. There, while over the plains around broods the burning heat of the summer solstice, all is cool and fresh and green—No wonder then that during some three months in the hottest

part of the year most of the Europeans in the provinces around flock to bathe in its exhilarating waters. It possesses a waterfall as grand as any in India, save the unrivalled cascades of Canara and Malabar. As has been before written:—

There, while the fiercest heat reigns all around,
Cool breezes blow, and showers make green the ground;
Through waving palm-groves rippling streamlets wind,
By roads, with tamarinds and with banyans lined:

Above you, arching boughs, bloom-laden, meet,
Whilst flowers, beneath you, kiss your passing feet:
And there, from yon black cliff, towers over all
The flashing waters of Courtallum Fall!

But our concern is not at present about the picturesque scenery of this Indian spa, but about a sporting incident which occurred there some ten years ago. To the best of our recollection, the chief actor in the jungle drama was a Mr. M., a covenanted civilian and eager shikarry. Courtallum, at the time we write of, was infested with tigers. Indeed, one of its English residences goes to the present day by the name of "Tiger Hall." Mr. M. was very eager to get some sport of any and every kind, and in his leisure hours used to go out with his rifle, hoping to get a shot at sambur, or spotted deer, which are numerous on the green hill-sides shelving round about Courtallum. For several days he met with no sport, and was returning home late one evening through the jungle, rifle in hand, when it was barely possible to see twenty yards in front because of the deepening darkness, when lo! in a thicket before him, he saw an animal, evidently a sambur, lying down and trying to conceal itself from him. The thicket was dense, so he hesitated a little before firing, hoping the animal would get up, and crept up closer to the thicket. He was a little surprised, however, that, though evidently looking at him, the creature did not move. There was no help for it evidently, and so he fired, though he could hardly see the sights of his rifle. There was an awful roar, a crash of boughs, a dull thud of a falling body behind him. He turned and saw a full-grown tiger writhing in its death-throes. In the dim light the tiger—it was not a spotted, but a striped animal he had fired at—had miscalculated his distance and sprung clean over him. His bullet, by the veriest chance, had caught the brute straight between the eyes. In a moment or two the tiger was dead, but writhing and tearing about him to the last, so it was a mercy Mr. M. was not under him. Mr. M. has shot many a tiger and other wild game since; but we think he will never shoot at an animal he can't distinctly see again. It is all very well to "walk up to" an elephant and give him a ball just above his trunk; but tigers have to be dealt with gingerly. However, the most nervous of us would not mind trying a pot from off the top of a hill-fort. Sport such as is represented in the Engraving before us may be most deliciously enjoyable; but it has little of the excitement about it which only the presence of danger can evoke.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HUNTING EXPEDITION IN INDIA.

The special correspondent of the *Times* with the Prince of Wales telegraphed on Saturday last from the

"Royal Shooting Camp, Terai Tandah.

"At Barhinee the Prince made his first acquaintance with an Indian hunting-camp, of course on a scale of great magnificence, there being nearly 200 elephants, including those of the Nawab of Rampore and General Ramsay, 550 camels, 120 horses, 526 coolies, 60 ox-carts, about 1000 native camp followers, 75 of the 3rd Goorkha Regiment and band, 20 troopers of Probyn's Horse, camp police, &c. It was a canvas city complete in itself, clean as a new pin, and beautifully organised. Having breakfasted in the spacious mess tent, the Prince continued his route to Nynee Tal in a carriage to the foot of the hill, where he mounted and rode up. He arrived just in time to see the snow peaks under the most favourable aspect, rose-hued in the setting sun. It was bitterly cold in the camp at night, and the natives from Southern India suffered severely—indeed, a chorus of coughing was heard all night. Blankets have been served out since to all the camp followers, but they are black and give a funeral aspect to them as they sit round the camp fires. Next day the snowy range was hidden by fog. The Prince, on returning from Nynee Tal, was met by the shooting elephants, and under General Ramsay's direction the country was beaten for tigers, which were reported to be near at hand. It needs much patience to plod on the back of an elephant in the sun in marsh and jungle. After several blanks, the Prince and party were posted round a patch of deep grass and reeds with water near it. The elephants, formed in line, were sent in to beat. Nothing was seen at first, and, unfortunately, the Prince was shifted to another place. Immediately after the Prince had moved, out rushed a splendid tiger within twenty paces of where the Prince had just been stationed, but whence he had now removed some fifty yards further. The Prince fired, but the grass was high, and the tiger, which received the fire of others of the party, got off untouched. Subsequently a leopard was started from the jungle, which the Prince wounded, and which was killed only after several balls had been lodged in it. Deer were found on the way home, and afforded good sport.

"The novelty of the scenery and of the life in some measure compensated for the disappointment in respect to tigers. Around the vast plains and forests of the Terai the jungle extended as far as eye could reach to the blue Himalayas. At night a great fire is lighted, and the Prince sits, wrapped in his cloak, listening to General Ramsay's stories of Indian life, and discussing the arrangements for the next day's sport. On the 11th, after having breakfasted at the camp, the party was divided into two, and beat the country across to a place called Peepup Perow, thirteen miles to the eastward, but, as on the previous day, there was no luck. Tracks of a tigress followed by three cubs were made out at one place, but the most diligent perquisition by elephants failed to discover their lair. The country is swarming with other game. Peepup Perow will not be found on maps, except those of the local officers. There is no village there; indeed, there is no fixed population visible hereabout at all, but in open glades and spaces cleared by fire we burst upon grass sheds which are built by people from the hills, who migrate here in winter to feed their miserable herds on the coarse herbage, paying the Government for the privilege. These people seem quiet, inoffensive, and poverty-stricken enough. There are no roads—only tracks through the forest; at all events, the shooting parties do not come upon regular highways. But Kumaon makes great strides, and yields an increasing revenue to the Government, though not by any means equal to the amount it yielded in former days under the native Princes. On the 12th the camp was again broken up, and the Prince, under General Ramsay's direction, made a wide sweep through a singularly wild district, but no tigers could be found in the most likely places. It was dark when the Prince moved into a new camp at Tendah; but, though he had shot no tigers, the elephants were loaded with game, including fifteen varieties.

"As these lines are being written, on Saturday night, the

Prince of Wales is seated in front of a blazing camp fire, listening to the music of the excellent band of the 3rd Goorkha Regiment. Goorkhas playing Verdi, Offenbach, Donizetti, Mozart, with a chorus of jackals and wolves in the distance, clear moonlight and stars shining; and this in the heart of the Terai, the home of wild beasts, where the Royal Standard was floating till sundown! The camp at Peepup was broken up at ten this (Saturday) morning, when three parties were formed to shoot on the way to a place nine miles distant; but detours in the jungle are long and many, and the distance absolutely traversed was considerably more. There was some appropriate tiger-ground, which General Ramsay beat admirably; but the landlords were not at home, and it is a drawback to a tiger-search pure and simple that other game must pass unmolested. When the coverts were found void, the Prince and his party shot on their way to the camp, and a great variety of game was obtained—deer, several species of wild boar, and birds. The two parties in charge of Mr. Colvin and Mr. Prinsep got their fair share of sport, but beat for tiger in vain, and were content with sambur, cheetah, and other large and small deer. This part of the Terai is composed of prairie and primeval forest intersected by streams which in places form deep morasses, in which tall elephants were buried up to the shoulders. The wilds teem with strange birds, peacocks, partridges, parakeets, vultures, plover, falconidae, snipes, quails, water-fowl, and an infinity of reed birds, some very minute and beautiful. There are also wolves, jackals, foxes, porcupines, four species of deer and two of antelopes. The grass is so very high that the course of the game is to be tracked only by the waving reeds and the agitation of the elephants. Only tigers are wanting to complete a sportsman's paradise; but there are plenty of them to come, and it will be a great disappointment if at last a score are not killed before the Prince turns southwards to Allahabad, where, by the-by, there are to be a Durbar and Star of India investitures. The people are very anxious that tigers should be killed, as they cause enormous losses in cattle and interfere with agriculture.

"Everyone is well, though all the visitors except the Prince of Wales are somewhat tired by elephant marches."

LAPLANDERS SHOOTING REINDEER.

In pursuance of our mission to illustrate sport in all parts of the world, we this week present our readers with a sketch of reindeer-shooting in the frozen regions of Lapland. The manner of stalking the wild and wary reindeer is similar to that practised in Canada—i.e., by using "snow-shoes," a mode of progression which enables the hunter to skim over the surface of the frozen snow without falling through it. The deer, on the other hand, not being provided with "snow-shoes," and startled by the apparition of a hunter, set off at a plunging gallop, sinking almost up to the shoulder at every stride. We need hardly remark that the hunter eventually gets within range of his quarry, and shoots down the tired deer. The game is then skinned, cut up into convenient pieces for sale, and packed on one of the skins of the animals, which is used as a sledge to drag after the hunters. Last year some Lapland hunters brought a large cargo of reindeer venison to Leadenhall Market, accompanied by a quantity of capercaillie, grouse, ptarmigan, &c., when the following advertisement appeared in the daily papers:—

The Laplanders have arrived! with a large cargo of Game and very Rare Birds. Venison and skins of ermine, bear, beaver, white hare, kangaroo, elk, deer, goat, calf, seal, and otter, direct from Lapland, Norway, and Sweden.

The proceeds of the sale were very considerable, and were invested by the Laplanders in agricultural implements, rifles, &c., to take back to their own bleak and inhospitable country. Mr. Brooke, the well-known salesman and naturalist, of Leadenhall Market, to whom the goods were consigned, extracted much valuable information from these wild hunters about the quantity of wild fowl and game which abounds so "very far north, indeed!" as Lapland.

According to their account wild swans, geese, and every description of wild duck abounded in their own country, which they believed to be the "head-quarters" of such birds, thus unconsciously indorsing Thomson, the poet's inspiration, where he says of the far north—

Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? What nations come and go?
And, how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

One of their commonest modes of taking wildfowl was as follows:—A spot is chosen for the purpose, where a wood happens to stand between two lakes, or, between a lake and a river. A straight opening is then made through the wood, from one lake to the other, by felling and clearing away the trees. Wildfowl soon acquire a habit of passing through a vacuum of this description. The fowler then provides himself with two or three glade-nets of sufficient breadth and extent to stretch across the opening; and, at night, he suspends them on poles as high in the air as the fowl are in the habit of flying, as they pass from one lake to the other. As soon as all is ready, the fowler's assistants disturb the ducks on one of the lakes, and cause them to take wing, when in passing through the vacuum they fly against the nets, and fall captives to his ingenuity. By all accounts, however, Lapland is but a dreary place at the best of times for the British sportsman to visit. To quote from another British poet—Dryden to wit:—

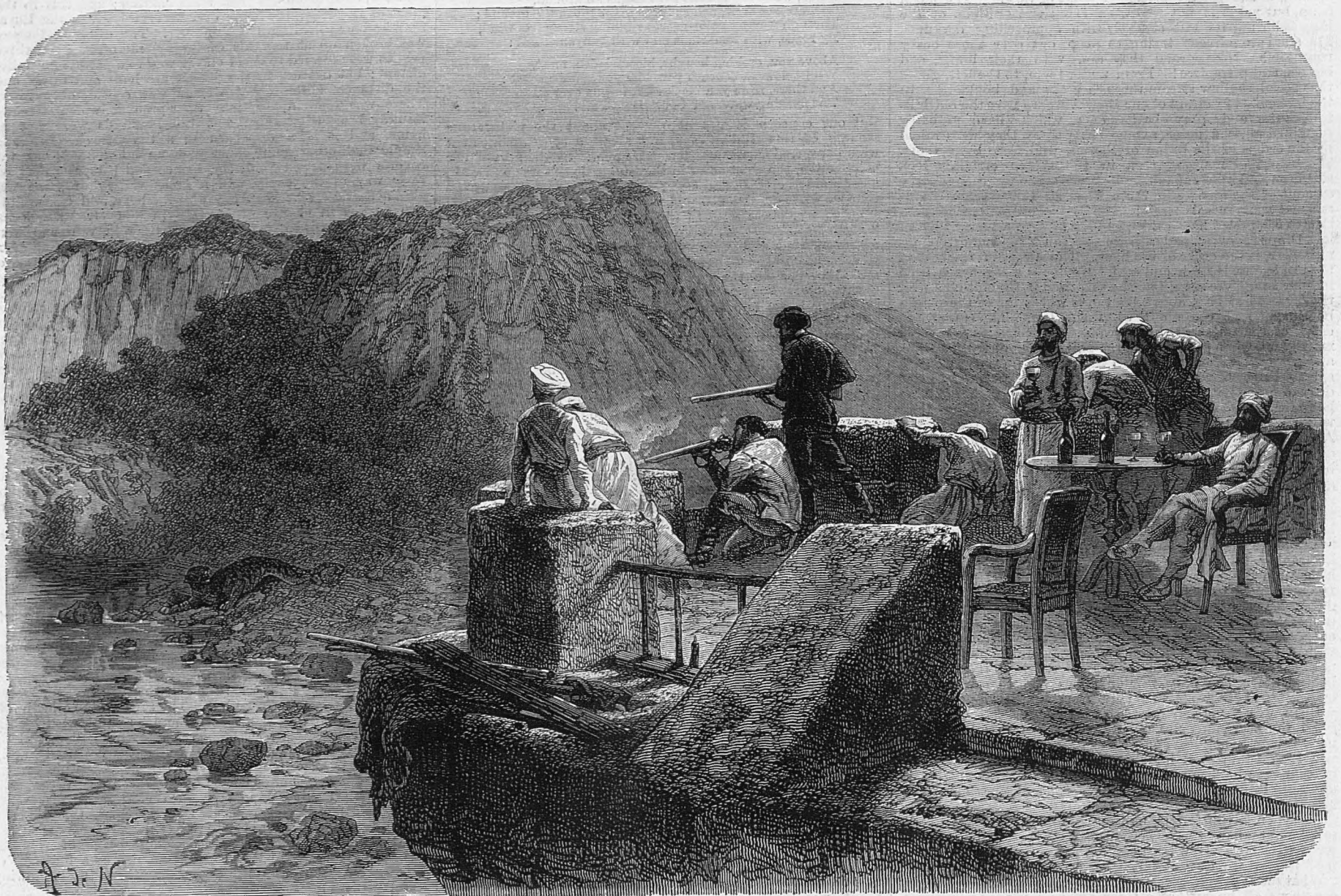
Those cold regions, where no summers cheer,
Where brooding darkness covers half the year;

are not the most cheerful spots in the world for a blasé club man "to pick himself up" in at the close of a London season; and we much prefer the prospect of spending the autumn at Glentoddie Lodge, in the Highlands.

SALES BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.—Of the thoroughbreds announced for sale by auction at Knightsbridge on Monday last, only two were disposed of, viz.:—Prince William (3 yrs), by King of Trumps, dam by Blair Athol (Blair Hill's dam), bought by Mr. French for 30gs; and Arbutus (3 yrs), by Orest out of Evergreen, bought by Mr. Moore for 25gs.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—The annual ball of this club took place last Monday night at Willis's Rooms. The number of tickets of admission was, as usual, limited to five hundred, to prevent inconvenience from overcrowding, and the company assembled nearly reached the limit. Dancing commenced at ten o'clock to Coote and Tinney's band, and was continued for some hours, with an interval in the programme for supper, at which the commodore, Mr. T. Broadwood, presided, supported by the vice commodore, Mr. J. S. Earle.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[ADVT.]



TIGER-SHOOTING AT REWAH.—SEE "INDIAN SKETCHES, NO. V."



LAPLANDERS SHOOTING REINDEER.